













**POETICAL WORKS OF  
LIONEL JOHNSON**







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LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS  
CORK STREET MCMXV

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## PREFACE

A TRADITIONALIST of traditionalists, his poems are criticism for the most part. One might almost say they are literary criticism in verse, for that is the impression which they leave, if one have laid them by for long enough to have an impression of the book as a whole, and not a confusion, not the many little contradictory impressions of individual poems. I am accustomed to meeting his friends, and his friends, with the sole exception of Mr. Yeats, seem to regard him as a prose writer who inadvertently strayed into verse. His language is formal. It has an old-fashioned kind of precision that is very different from the sort of precision now sought, yet, in the dozen places where this stately and meticulous speech is moved by unwonted passion, Lionel Johnson has left poems as beautiful as any in English; as in the poem:

Fair face gone from sight

. . . . .  
Fair lips hushed in death

' Now their glad breath

Breathes not upon our air

Music, that saith

Love only, and things fair.



Or in the poem to O'Leary:

From Howth to Achil, the glad noise  
Rings: and the heirs of glory fall.

Or in the poem to Oliver Georges Destree:

In Merioneth, over the sad moor  
Drives the rain, the cold wind blows;  
Past the ruinous church door,  
The poor procession without music goes.

The curlew cries  
Over her laid down beside  
Death's lonely people:

I think I have been chosen to write this Preface largely because I am known to hold theories which some people think new, and which several people know to be hostile to much that hitherto has been accepted as "classic" in English poetry; that is to say, I reverence Dante and Villon and Catullus; for Milton and Victorianism and for the softness of the "nineties" I have different degrees of antipathy or even contempt. Mr. Elkin Mathews wanted, I think, some definite proof that Lionel Johnson was still respected by a generation, or, if you will, by a clique, of younger poets who scoff at most things of his time. Now Lionel Johnson cannot be shown to be in accord with our present doctrines and ambitions. His language is a bookish dialect, or rather it is not a dialect, it is a curial speech, and our aim is natural speech, the language as spoken. We desire the words of poetry to follow the natural order. We would write nothing that we might not say actually in life—under emotion. Johnson's verse is full of inversions,

but no one has written purer Imagisme than he has, in the line

Clear lie the fields, and fade into blue air.

It has a beauty like the Chinese.

Having held out for a uniform standard of appreciation, having insisted that one should weigh Theocritus and one's neighbour in one balance I cannot, for the sake even of courtesy, cast that standard aside. I do not, however, contradict it when I say that the natural speech of one decade is not the natural speech of another. In 1590 it was the fashion of the court to parley Euphues. Shakespeare's characters use a florid speech to show their good breeding, and "Multitudinous seas incarnadine" probably got as much applause *quia* magniloquent as a witticism of Wilde's *quia* witty. In 1600 people were interested in painted speech. It was vital. It was part of the time. For a later age it is rank affectation. Some say the "nineties" spoke as they wrote. I have heard it said that "A generation of men came down from Oxford resolved to talk as prose had been written." They had, presumably, the conviction that the speech of life and of poetry should be the same. They were quixotic. They loved the speech of books and proposed to make daily speech copy it.

Men of the renaissance had done something like this. They wrote excellent Latin, but daily speech did not follow it. Lorenzo Valla wrote invectively as Johnson might have written elegiacly, "linguam latinam magnum sacramentum est." And, indeed, Johnson

wrote Latin, as beautifully as Flaminius, so far did his reverence lead him.

Defecit inter tenebris cor triste.

He would have been content always writing Latin, I think, but failing that, he set himself the task of bringing into English all that he could of the fineness of Latinity. He wrote an English that had grown out of Latin. He, at his worst, approached the Miltonian quagmire; the old error of supposing that an uninflected language can be written according to rules of order fit for an inflected speech and for that only.

Yet, because he is never florid, one remembers his work, or one thinks of his work in one's memory as if it were speech in unruffled order. One does this in spite of his inversion, in spite of the few treasured archaisms, in spite of his "spelling it *chaunted*."

One thinks that he had read and admired Gautier, or that at least, he had derived similar ambitions from some traditional source. One thinks that his poems are in short hard sentences. The reality is that they are full of definite statement. For better or worse they are doctrinal and nearly always dogmatic. He had the blessed habit of knowing his own mind, and this was rare among writers of his decade.

The "nineties" have chiefly gone out because of their muzziness, because of a softness derived, I think, not from books but from impressionist painting. They riot with half decayed fruit.

The impression of Lionel Johnson's verse is that

of small slabs of ivory, firmly combined and contrived. There is a constant feeling of neatness, a sense of inherited order. Above all he respected his art.

From the Elizabethans to Swinburne, through all that vast hiatus, English poetry had been the bear-garden of doctrinaires. It had been the "vehicle" of opinion. For Swinburne it was at least the art of musical wording. For Johnson it was the art of good writing. The last is a rare thing in England.

I think we respect Johnson to-day, in part for his hardness, in part for his hatred of amateurishness. His sense of criticism is to be gathered from his own prose, though I think it is never more clear than in the notes sent to Katharine Tynan and printed by her after his death ("Dublin Review," October 1907). He had a tradition that the printed page should be courteous, but here we find only his judgement stark naked. The list is as follows:

#### WATSON

An almost unflinching dignity of *external* manner; and always an *attempt* at an *internal* gravity and greatness, which sometimes succeeds, but most often when he is reflecting and commenting, not imagining. An understudy, as actors say, of the great men, Arnold, Wordsworth, etc., capable of deceiving you for a time by his airs of being the true master instead of a very serious and accomplished substitute. At his best he impresses by his frequent stateliness and purity of phrase, his freedom from positively bad work, and his sincere *desire* to be lofty and impassioned and fine. He will tell you, in felicitous phrases and with a grand air, that Duty is difficult and divine: and the poem will be just

an honest and thoughtful moral essay aptly versified.\* Read Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*, and Watson vanishes. He has *worked at poetry*, and has made himself a sorrowful *orator*, a fine declaimer, a dexterous manager of words. He respects himself and the English language.

### DAVIDSON

*Powerful* is the word: fervour, ardour, energy, rapid imagination and passion, sometimes heated and turbulent—a dash of Watson's sobriety would improve him. Intensely interested in *life* and its questions: a Scotch metaphysician turned into a romantic and realistic poet, without losing his *curiosity* about things. Versatile, experimentalist, prolific: writes ballads, which are psychological problems dramatically conceived and put, with wonderful beauty of language at moments, but with a certain lack of delicacy—the poems rush and dash at you, overpower and invigorate you, rather than charm and enchant you. A restless poet—a true countryman of Burns and Carlyle, who has read the Elizabethans, and Keats and Browning. Earthly in a good sense; loves facts and Darwin: dreams and wonders and imagines, but always with a kind of robust consciousness. His beauty and his strength not in perfect accord. Take a poem of Watson; no amount of alteration would improve its decent and decorous mediocrity: Davidson's work often requires a last refining touch to transfigure it into a very wonderful thing. Hardest to estimate of all the younger poets: has tried so many ways and done so much. Has put genuine passion into his poetry, not an "artistic" pose: full-blooded, generous, active: very human. Has not quite "found himself" in literature or in life.

### LE GALLIENNE

*Prettiness*; not beauty, which implies more imaginative thought and faith, than he possesses. Sensitive by temperament, and feels the *sentiment* of beautiful things in art and

life, not their *truth*. A persistent note of—not vulgarity, nor bad taste—but of unconscious familiarity in a bad sense. He belittles things by his touch. When his subject is in itself trivial he can be charming: when it is high he does not rise to it. He rattles, chatters, which he thinks natural and simple: in dread of the “academic” he becomes impertinent. A real love of poetry, utterly undisciplined and unintelligent: he is never to be trusted. Has enough culture not to be a “self-taught” genius: and not enough to desire the discipline, the labour, the pains of art. Now and then is happily inspired, and is never quite contemptible: but usually very irritating. Conceivable, that he might write an *Endymion*: impossible, that he should ever write *Hyperion* or the *Odes*. Is too much the “professional” poet, thinking of Chatterton and Keats and Shelley. Should take a long course of Arnold and Dr. Johnson. Contrives to get a certain curious *personality* into his work, which either fascinates or exasperates.

### SYMONS

A singular power of technique, and a certain imaginative-ness of conception, mostly wasted upon insincere obscenities. Baudelaire and Verlaine generally ring true, and their horrors and squalors and miseries and audacities have the value and virtue of touching the reader to something of compassion or meditation. Symons no more does that than a teapot. “This girl met me in the Haymarket, with a straw hat and a brown paper parcel, and the rest was a delirious delight: that girl I met outside a music hall, we had champagne, and the rest was an ecstasy of shame.” That is Symons. And this sort of thing in cadences of remarkable cleverness and delicacy! He can be pleasant and cleanly when he chooses: has written things of power and things of charm. But is a slave to impressionism, whether the impression be precious or no. A London fog, the blurred, tawny lamplights, the red omnibus, the dreary rain, the depressing mud, the glaring gin-shop,

the slatternly shivering women : three dexterous stanzas, telling you that and nothing more. And in nearly every poem, one line or phrase of absolutely pure and fine imagination. If he would wash and be clean, he might be of the elect.

### THOMPSON

Magnificently faulty at times, magnificently perfect at others. The ardours of poetry, taking you triumphantly by storm : a surging sea of verse, rising and falling and irresistibly advancing. Drunk with his inspiration, sometimes helplessly so : more often, he is merely fired and quickened, and remains master of himself. Has done more to harm the English language than the worst American newspapers : *corruptio optimi pessima*. Has the opulent, prodigal manner of the seventeenth century ; a profusion of great imagery, sometimes excessive and false : and another opulence and profusion, that of Shelley in his lyric choruses. Beneath the outward manner, a passionate reality of thought : profound, pathetic, full of faith without fear. "Words that, if you pricked them, would bleed," as was said of Meredith. Incapable of prettiness and pettiness : for good and bad, always vehement and burning and—to use a despised word—sublime. *Sublime*, rather than *noble* ! too fevered to be austere : a note of ardent suffering, not of endurance.

### MICHAEL FIELD

Alone of the younger poets aims at tragedy above all other forms of poetry : the lyrics and sonnets are well enough, but the play is the thing. An imaginative grasp of historic tragedy, the clash of high passions and forces, the sense of destiny at work. Vigorous language, sometimes over-Elizabethan, but never flat and tame. The earlier work the best : is becoming too subtle and eccentric, less broad and strong. Not afraid of attempting great work : no mincing delicacy,

in the prevailing fashion. The plays are *dramatic*, moving, urgent: some scenes of extraordinary force, others of extraordinary grace. In a way, like Mrs. Browning: ambitious, vehement, sometimes turbid and turgid and strained, but at least enamoured of strength and largeness.

### VARIOUS.

Horne and Image, both artists in many arts, both have published one book of verse: infinitely refined work; inspired scholarship; awaiting upon perfection, an admirable restraint; a somewhat old-world daintiness, clothing rather than concealing a very true and fine passion. Binyon: a beautiful seriousness, a gracious pensiveness, a sort of Puritanism and mild austerity: an artist in rhythms and music. Rhys: best in Celtic things of the gentler sort and in a kind of shy and reverent love-poetry. Benson: a quaint charm of moral meditation and loving intimacy with nature's "little" things.

So sorry to have delayed: I have not been up to anything. These notes are very poor and hasty stuff, barely intelligible: but they try to be true. I say nothing of Beeching: you know him better than I. John Gray, perhaps, a sometimes beautiful oddity: not more. I send my *Chronicle* review of Yeats: will you return it at your leisure? Among the women poets, Madame Darmesteter comes high; far above Mrs. Bland and Miss Blind and Mrs. Marriott Watson. You might mention Dowson and Victor Plarr as men sure to be successful when their first books appear: Dowson you appreciate, I know: but Plarr is delightful, a kind of half-French, half-Celtic Dobson with nature and the past and dying traditions and wild races for his theme. Radford: a very limited, but very true, lyrical gift of singular simplicity and "forthrightness."

If this rigmarole be of any service to you, 'twill be a wonder.

L.J.



Allowing for a certain friendliness and for temporary enthusiasm, these judgements remain as he made them; that is, the estimates remain for us, in each case, true in kind, if a little less in degree.

He never pardoned in himself a fault which he would have detected, and perhaps even have condoned, in another. These criticisms were written about '95. Johnson is not the first poet of the "nineties" to reach one. Perhaps that is only a confusion of my personal memory. In America ten or twelve years ago one read Fiona MacLeod, and Dowson, and Symons. One was guided by Mr. Mosher of Bangor. I think I first heard of Johnson in an odd sort of post-graduate course conducted by Dr. Weygandt. One was drunk with "Celticism," and with Dowson's "Cynara," and with one or two poems of Symons's "Wanderers" and "I am the torch she saith":

I am the flame of beauty  
And I burn that all may see  
Beauty.

Johnson's poems were almost the last to catch one's attention. Their appeal is not so much to the fluffy, unsorted imagination of adolescence as to more hardened passion and intellect of early middle-age. I cannot speak of more than that. They hold their own now, not perhaps as a whole, but because of certain passages, because of that effect of neatness and hardness.

In the midst of enthusiasms one thinks perhaps that, if Gautier had not written, Johnson's work might even

take its place in Weltliteratur, that it might stand for this clearness and neatness. In English literature it has some such place, with the writings of Arnold and of Christina Rossetti.<sup>1</sup> His attitude toward the past was pragmatic. He seemed to regard what had been as good, or as, at least, bearable. His taste was catholic. There is no use regretting this fault. He had its virtues. The "Post Liminium" is a complete world of culture; his own, wrought out of worthy things. His mind was openly receptive. This gentleness sets him apart from our decade. But if he was traditionalist, he was so in the finest sense of that term. He really knew the tradition, the narrow tradition, that is, of English, Latin, and Greek. This intelligent acquaintance with the past differentiates him from the traditionalists of his time, and of ours.

He would, for instance, have welcomed good *vers libre*; he would have known how the Greeks had used it. You could have discussed with him any and every serious problem of technique, and this is certainly a distinction among "the poets of England." He might have differed from your views of good writing but he would have believed in good writing. His hatred of slovenliness would have equalled your own.

Accepting his belief that poetry was not "a rendering of one's own time in the terms of one's own time"

<sup>1</sup> The "Wykehamist" contains a premature appreciation of Christina by L. J., but as it was written at a time when he was appreciating nearly everything indiscriminately, one cannot lay great store by it. He was also mad over Hugo.

but a using of the lineal term in the purest sense of that lineage, one might well say of his few best poems, as Parrhasius said of his own:

Φημὶ γὰρ ἤδη  
τέχνης εὐρῆσθαι τέρματα τῆσδε σαφῇ  
Χειρὸς ὑφ' ἡμετέρας ἀνυπέμβλητος δεπέπηγεν  
οὐρος ἀμώμητον δ' οὐδὲν ἔγεντο βροτοῖς.

And even without my restriction his language is, in a sense, of his time, though it would never have deigned to be the common speech. It was part of his fear of life, a fear that he was not afraid of, but which he openly acknowledged (Nihilism):

I shall be calm soon, with the calm death brings.  
The skies are grey there, without any star.

His sense of traditional book-speech and his sense of traditional form combine to make him somewhat unreadable. He falls into stanza poems, that is to say into vain repetitions and weakenings of the original statement. For instance, the complete poem

Man is a shadow's dream!  
Opulent Pindar saith:  
Yet man may win a gleam  
Of glory, before death.

is carried on into a series of strophes and is probably weakened by quoting "golden Shakespear" in the second of them. The inversions do not lend it vitality. The beautiful poem beginning "In Merioneth" is to my sense complete without the last stanza, though I dare say our fashion is no more permanent than his

fashion, but we are done with imaginative reason—at least for our time. Poetry is concerned with statement, not with arguments and conversions. This is no more than saying of Johnson what one must say of all save the greatest poets; that a part of his work is transient. *Pars labitina vitabit.*<sup>1</sup>

## II

As the editor of this complete book of his verse it is perhaps rash for me to discriminate between the few scattered poems which were not included in the two volumes published during his lifetime. His last volume appeared five years before his death. He died suddenly. He had no time to put his house in order. A hospitality to late work should not however apply to early work rejected by him, I mean, to the boy's poems published, often under pseudonyms in a school paper, the "Wykehamist."

It was quite natural that Johnson at seventeen should have been writing Swinburniana:

Before the winds awaken  
The sleeping years;  
Before the stars are shaken  
Within high spheres;  
Enough of old caresses, etc.

The above appears over the signature "ICH" which

<sup>1</sup> Naturally one does not condemn "the stanza poem" categorically. It has its use and its place. The villanelle, even, can at its best achieve the closest intensity, I mean when, as with Dowson, the refrains are an emotional fact, which the intellect, in the various gyrations of the poem, tries in vain and in vain to escape.

Mr. Scott Moncrieff, who has kindly lent us the "Wykehamist," supposes to mean L. J., the editor himself. It is neither better nor worse than some of the other school verse, as for example an earlier version of the sapphics to Hugo, ending, "Sappho salutes thee." Though he never quite freed himself from slightly obvious alliterations, he was, by the time he came to publish, quite capable of discarding such lines as:

Tumult of monochordal mastery.

and

Diaphanous lawns of dawn-light.

and one would do little credit to his memory by reprinting these verses. The first song printed over the "ICH" signature opens gracefully:

My lady lieth low along  
 • A rippling rill;  
 Smiling her little laugh-light song  
 Lulling the air still.  
 Sweeter lady liveth none  
 Than my lady lives;  
 To whom the burning red round sun  
 Clear beauty gives.

This was promptly parodied by someone signing himself "V." An early and more lengthy draft of "Julian at Eleusis" appeared in the "Wykehamist" in '86, but I think it better to print only his final version, as it appeared in "Ireland and Other Poems" (1897). This is the earliest of his poems to which he later gave sanction. I omit also a long verse-letter to the editor

of the "Wykehamist," containing numerous names of poets, and the one pleasing passage:

How many woo the beautiful  
To end in adoration of the dull!  
The dull is too much with you . . .

I trust I have not transgressed in reprinting some few of the earlier poems.

EZRA POUND.

1914.

THE publisher desires to express his thanks to Mr. Campbell Dodgson, Mrs. Tynan Hinkson, and to all others who have in one way or another assisted in the preparation of this volume.



## ILLUSTRATIONS

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LIONEL JOHNSON. From a photograph taken at New College, Oxford, when President of the New College Essay Society, 1889 . . . . . <i>to face</i>	I
BRASS TABLET erected in 1904 in the Cloisters of Winchester College by Wykehamical and literary friends . . . . . <i>to face</i>	308
The inscription was composed by Mr. Campbell Dodgson, his contemporary and friend at Winchester.	

## ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TITLES









# POEMS

## WINCHESTER

To the fairest!

Then to thee  
Consecrate and bounden be,  
Winchester! this verse of mine.  
Ah, that loveliness of thine!  
To have lived enchanted years  
Free from sorrows, free from fears,  
Where thy Tower's great shadow falls,  
Over those proud buttressed walls;  
Whence a purpling glory pours  
From high heaven's inheritors,  
Throned within the arching stone!  
To have wandered, hushed, alone,  
Gently round thy fair, fern-grown  
Chantry of the Lilies, lying  
Where the soft night winds go sighing  
Round thy Cloisters, in moonlight  
Branching dark, or touched with white:  
Round old, chill aisles, where moon-smitten  
Blanches the *Orate*, written  
Under each worn, old-world face  
Graven on Death's holy place!

To the noblest!

None but thee.

Blest our living eyes, that see  
Half a thousand years fulfilled  
Of that age, which Wykeham willed  
Thee to win; yet all unworn,  
As upon that first March morn,  
When thine honoured city saw  
Thy young beauty without flaw,  
Born within her water-flowing,  
Ancient hollows, by wind-blowing  
Hills enfolded ever more.  
Thee, that lord of splendid lore,  
Orient from old Hellas' shore,  
Grocyn, had to mother: thee,  
Monumental majesty  
Of most high philosophy  
Honours, in thy wizard Browne:  
Tender Otway's dear renown,  
Mover of a perfect pity,  
Victim of the iron city,  
Thine to cherish is: and thee.  
Laureate of Liberty;  
Harper of the Highland faith,  
Elf, and faery, and wan wraith;  
Chaunting softly, chaunting slowly,  
Minstrel of all melancholy;  
Master of all melody,  
Made to cling round memory;  
Passion's poet, Evening's voice,  
Collins glorified. Rejoice,  
Mother! in thy sons: for all

Love thine immemorial  
Name, august and musical.  
Not least he, who left thy side,  
For his sire's, thine earlier pride,  
Arnold: whom we mourn to-day,  
Prince of song, and gone away  
To his brothers of the bay:  
Thine the love of all his years;  
His be now thy praising tears.

To the dearest!

Ah, to thee!

Hast thou not in all to me  
Mother, more than mother, been?  
Well toward thee may Mary Queen  
Bend her with a mother's mien;  
Who so rarely dost express  
An inspiring tenderness,  
Woven with thy sterner strain,  
Prelude of the world's true pain.  
But two years, and still my feet  
Found thy very stones more sweet,  
Than the richest fields elsewhere:  
Two years, and thy sacred air  
Still poured balm upon me, when  
Nearer drew the world of men;  
When the passions, one by one,  
All sprang upward to the sun:  
Two years have I lived, still thine;  
Lost, thy presence! gone, that shrine,  
Where six years, what years! were mine.

Music is the thought of thee;  
Fragrance, all thy memory.  
Those thy rugged Chambers old,  
In their gloom and rudeness, hold  
Dear remembrances of gold.  
Some first blossoming of flowers  
Made delight of all the hours;  
Greatness, beauty, all things fair  
Made the spirit of thine air:  
Old years live with thee; thy sons  
Walk with high companions.  
Then, the natural joy of earth,  
Joy of very health and birth!  
Hills, upon a summer noon:  
Water Meads, on eves of June:  
Chamber Court, beneath the moon:  
Days of spring, on Twyford Down,  
Or when autumn woods grew brown;  
As they looked, when here came Keats  
Chaunting of autumnal sweets;  
Through this city of old haunts,  
Murmuring immortal chaunts;  
As when Pope, art's earlier king,  
Here, a child, did nought but sing;  
Sang, a child, by nature's rule,  
Round the trees of Twyford School:  
Hours of sun beside Meads' Wall,  
Ere the may began to fall;  
Watching the rooks rise and soar,  
High from lime and sycamore:  
Wanderings by old-world ways,  
Walks and streets of ancient days;

Closes, churches, arches, halls,  
Vanished men's memorials.  
There was beauty, there was grace,  
Each place was an holy place:  
There the kindly fates allowed  
Me too room, and made me proud,  
Prouder name I have not wist!  
With the name of Wykehamist.  
These thy joys: and more than these:  
Ah, to watch beneath thy trees,  
• Through long twilights linden-scented,  
Sunsets, lingering, lamented,  
In the purple west; prevented,  
Ere they fell, by evening star!  
Ah, long nights of Winter! far  
Leaps and roars the faggot fire;  
Ruddy smoke rolls higher, higher,  
• Broken through by flame's desire; •  
Circling faces glow, all eyes  
Take the light; deep radiance flies,  
Merrily flushing overhead  
Names of brothers, long since fled;  
And fresh clusters, in their stead,  
Jubilant round fierce forest flame.  
Friendship too must make her claim:  
But what songs, what memories end,  
When they tell of friend on friend?  
And for them, I thank thy name.  
• •  
Love alone of gifts, no shame  
Lessens, and I love thee: yet  
Sound it but of echoes, let



This my maiden music be,  
 Of the love I bear to thee,  
 Witness and interpreter,  
 Mother mine: loved Winchester!

1888.

## TO MORFYDD

A VOICE on the winds,  
 A voice by the waters,  
 Wanders and cries:  
*Oh! what are the winds?*  
*And what are the waters?*  
*Mine are your eyes!*

Western the winds are,  
 And western the waters,  
 Where the light lies:  
*Oh! what are the winds?*  
*And what are the waters?*  
*Mine are your eyes!*

Cold, cold, grow the winds,  
 And wild grow the waters,  
 Where the sun dies:  
*Oh! what are the winds?*  
*And what are the waters?*  
*Mine are your eyes!*

And down the night winds,  
 And down the night waters,  
 The music flies:

*Oh! what are the winds?  
And what are the waters?  
Cold be the winds,  
And wild be the waters,  
So mine be your eyes!*

1891.

## PLATO IN LONDON

*To Campbell Dodgson.*

•  
THE pure flame of one taper fall  
Over the old and comely page:  
No harsher light disturb at all  
This converse with a treasured sage.  
Seemly, and fair, and of the best,  
If Plato be our guest,  
Should things befall.

Without, a world of noise and cold;  
Here, the soft burning of the fire.  
And Plato walks, where heavens unfold,  
About the home of his desire.  
From his own city of high things,  
! He shows to us, and brings,  
! Truth of fine gold.

The hours pass; and the fire burns low;  
The clear flame dwindles into death:  
Shut then the book with care; and so,  
Take leave of Plato, with hushed breath:  
A little, by the falling gleams,  
Tarry the gracious dreams:  
And they too go.

Lean from the window to the air:  
 Hear London's voice upon the night!  
 Thou hast held converse with things rare:  
 Look now upon another sight!  
 The calm stars, in their living skies:  
     And then, these surging cries,  
     This restless glare!

That starry music, starry fire,  
 High above all our noise and glare:  
 The image of our long desire,  
 The beauty, and the strength, are there.  
 And Plato's thought lives, true and clear,  
     In as august a sphere:  
     Perchance, far higher.

1889.

# IN FALMOUTH HARBOUR

*To Frank Mathew.*

I  
 THE large, calm harbour lies below  
 Long, terraced lines of circling light;  
 Without, the deep sea currents flow:  
     And here are stars, and night.

No sight, no sound, no living stir,  
 But such as perfect the still bay:  
 So hushed it is, the voyager  
     Shrinks at the thought of day.

We glide by many a lanternd mast;  
Our mournful horns blow wild to warn  
Yon looming pier: the sailors cast  
    Their ropes, and watch for morn.

Strange murmurs from the sleeping town,  
And sudden creak of lonely oars  
Crossing the water, travel down  
    The roadstead, the dim shores.

A charm is on the silent bay;  
Charms of the sea, charms of the land.  
Memories of open wind convey  
    Peace to this harbour strand.

Far off, Saint David's crags descend  
On seas of desolate storm: and far  
From this pure rest, the Land's drear End,  
    And ruining waters, are.

Well was it worth to have each hour  
Of high and perilous blowing wind:  
For here, for now, deep peace hath power  
    To conquer the worn mind.

I have passed over the rough sea,  
And over the white harbour bar:  
And this is Death's dreamland to me,  
    Led hither by a star.

And what shall dawn be? Hush thee, nay!  
Soft, soft is night, and calm and still:  
Save that day cometh, what of day  
    Knowest thou: good, or ill?

Content thee! Not the annulling light  
 Of any pitiless dawn is here;  
 Thou art alone with ancient night:  
 And all the stars are clear.

Only the night air, and the dream;  
 Only the far, sweet-smelling wave;  
 The stilly sounds, the circling gleam,  
 And thine: and thine a grave.

1887.

## II

HENCE, by stern thoughts and strong winds borne,  
 Voyaged, with faith that could not fail,  
 Who cried: *Lead, kindly Light!* forlorn  
 Beneath a stranger sail.

/ Becalmed upon a classic sea;  
 Wandering through eternal Rome;  
 Fighting with Death in Sicily:  
 He hungered for his home.

These northern waves, these island airs!  
 Dreams of these haunted his full heart:  
 Their love inspired his songs and prayers,  
 Bidding him play his part.

| The freedom of the living dead;  
 The service of a living pain:  
 He chose between them, bowed his head  
 And counted sorrow, gain.

Ah, sweetest soul of all! whose choice  
Was golden with the light of lights:  
But us doubt's melancholy voice,  
Wandering in gloom, unites.

Ah, sweetest soul of all! whose voice  
Hailed morning, and the sun's increase:  
We of the restless night rejoice,  
We also, at thy peace.

1887.

## A FRIEND

*To H. B. Irving.*

ALL, that he came to give,  
He gave, and went again:  
I have seen one man live,  
I have seen one man reign,  
With all the graces in his train.

As one of us, he wrought  
Things of the common hour:  
Whence was the charmed soul brought,  
That gave each act such power;  
The natural beauty of a flower?

Magnificence and grace,  
Excellent courtesy:  
A brightness on the face,  
Airs of high memory:  
Whence came all these, to such as he?

Like young Shakespearian kings,  
He won the adoring throng:  
And, as Apollo sings,  
He triumphed with a song:  
Triumphed, and sang, and passed along.

With a light word, he took  
The hearts of men in thrall:  
And, with a golden look,  
Welcomed them, at his call  
Giving their love, their strength, their all.

No man less proud than he,  
Nor cared for homage less:  
Only, he could not be  
Far off from happiness:  
Nature was bound to his success.

Weary, the cares, the jars,  
The lets, of every day:  
But the heavens filled with stars,  
Chanced he upon the way:  
And where he stayed, all joy would stay.

Now, when sad night draws down,  
When the austere stars burn:  
Roaming the vast live town,  
My thoughts and memories yearn  
Toward him, who never will return.

Yet have I seen him live,  
And owned my friend, a king:

All that he came to give,  
 He gave: and I, who sing  
 His praise, bring all I have to bring.

1889.

## A BURDEN OF EASTER VIGIL

AWHILE meet Doubt and Faith:  
 For either sigheth and saith,  
     That He is dead  
 To-day: the linen cloths cover His head,  
 That hath, at last, whereon to rest; a rocky bed.

Come! for the pangs are done,  
 That overcast the sun,  
     So bright to-day!  
 And moved the Roman soldier: come away!  
 Hath sorrow more to weep? Hath pity more to say?

Why wilt thou linger yet?  
 Think on dark Olivet;  
     On Calvary stem:  
 Think, from the happy birth at Bethlehem,  
 To this last woe and passion at Jerusalem!

This only can be said:  
 He loved us all; is dead;  
     May rise again.  
*But if He rise not?* Over the far main,  
 The sun of glory falls indeed: the stars are plain.

1888.



# BY THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES AT CHARING CROSS

*To William Watson.*

SOMBRE and rich, the skies;  
Great glooms, and starry plains.  
Gently the night wind sighs;  
Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings  
Around me: and around  
The saddest of all kings  
Crowned, and again discrowned.

Comely and calm, he rides  
Hard by his own Whitehall:  
Only the night wind glides:  
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court: and yet,  
The stars his courtiers are:  
Stars in their stations set;  
And every wandering star:

Alone he rides, alone,  
The fair and fatal king:  
Dark night is all his own,  
That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate:  
The stars; or those sad eyes?  
Which are more still and great:  
Those brows; or the dark skies?

| Although his whole heart yearn  
| In passionate tragedy:  
Never was face so stern  
With sweet austerity.

Vanquished in life, his death  
By beauty made amends:  
The passing of his breath  
Won his defeated ends.

- Brief life, and hapless? Nay:
- Through death, life grew sublime.
- *Speak after sentence?* Yea:
- And to the end of time.

Armoured he rides, his head  
/ Bare to the stars of doom:  
He triumphs now, the dead,  
Beholding London's gloom.

Our wearier spirit faints,  
Vexed in the world's employ:  
| His soul was of the saints;  
| And art to him was joy.

- King, tried in fires of woe!
- Men hunger for thy grace:
  - And through the night I go,  
Loving thy mournful face.

Yet, when the city sleeps;  
• When all the cries are still:  
• The stars and heavenly deeps  
Work out a perfect will.

## LALEHAM

*To Arthur Galton.*

ONLY one voice could sing aright  
 His brother poet, lost in night:  
 His voice, who lies not far away,  
 The pure and perfect voice of Gray.  
 The sleep of humble men he sang,  
 For whom the tolling church bells rang  
 Over their silent fields and vales,  
 Whence no rude sound their calm assails.  
 He knew their melancholy rest,  
 And peaceful sleep, on earth's kind breast;  
 Their patient lives, their common doom,  
 The beauty of their simple tomb.  
 One thing he left unsung: how some,  
 To share those village slumbers, come:  
 Whose voices filled the world with joy,  
 Who made high thoughts their one employ.  
 Ah, loving hearts! Too great to prize  
 Things whereon most men set their eyes:  
 The applauding crowd; the golden lure  
 Of wealth, insatiate and unsure;  
 A life of noise! a restless death:  
 The sanctities of life's last breath  
 Profaned with ritual pride and state;  
 Last pageant of the little great!  
 But these, to whom all crowns of song,  
 And all immortal praise, belong,  
 Turn from each garish sight and sound,  
 To lay them down in humble ground:  
 Choosing that still, enchanted sleep  
 To be, where kindly natures keep:

In sound of pleasant water rills,  
In shadows of the solemn hills.  
Earth's heart, earth's hidden way, they knew:  
Now on their grave light falls her dew.  
The music of her soul was theirs:  
They sleep beneath her sweetest airs.

Beside the broad, gray Thames one lies,  
With whom a spring of beauty dies:  
Among the willows, the pure wind  
Calls all his wistful song to mind;  
And, as the calm, strong river flows,  
With it his mightier music goes;  
But those winds cool, those waters lave,  
The country of his chosen grave.  
Go past the cottage flowers, and see,  
Where Arnold held it good to be!  
Half church, half cottage, comely stands.  
An holy house, from Norman hands:  
By rustic Time well taught to wear  
Some lowly, meditative air:  
Long ages of a pastoral race  
Have softened sternness into grace;  
And many a touch of simpler use  
From Norman strength hath set it loose.  
Here, under old, red-fruited yews,  
And summer suns, and autumn dews,  
With his lost children at his side,  
Sleeps Arnold: Still those waters glide,  
Those winds blow softly down their breast:  
But he, who loved them, is at rest.

1889.

# OUR LADY OF FRANCE

*To Ernest Dowson.*

LEAVE we awhile without the turmoil of the town;  
 Leave we the sullen gloom, the faces full of care:  
 Stay we awhile and dream, within this place of prayer,  
 Stay we, and pray, and dream: till in our hearts die  
     down  
 Thoughts of the world, unkind and weary: till Christ  
     crown  
 Laborious day with love. Hark! on the fragrant air,  
 Music of France, voices of France, fall piercing fair:  
 Poor France, where Mary's star shines, lest her children  
     drown.

Our Lady of France! dost thou inhabit here? Behold,  
 What sullen gloom invests this city strange to thee!  
 In Seine, and pleasant Loire, thou gloriest from of old;  
 Thou rulest rich Provence; lovest the Breton sea:  
 What dost thou far from home? *Nay! here my children*  
     *fold*  
*Their exiled hands in orison, and long for me.*

1891.

## IN MEMORY

I

UNDER the clear December surf,  
     Perishing and cold,  
 Sleep, Malise! who hast early won  
     Light of sacred gold.  
 Sleep, be at rest: we still will keep  
 Dear love for thee lain down to sleep.

Youth, loving faces, holy toil,  
 These death takes from thee:  
 But of our love, none shall despoil  
 Thy fair soul set free.  
 The labours of thy love are done:  
 Thy labour's crown of love is won.

Sleep, Malise! While the winds blow yet  
 Over thy quiet grave:  
 We, labouring deathward, will forget  
 Thee never: wherefore have  
 Hope, and pure patience: we, too, come  
 Presently to thee, in thine home.

1885.

## II

AH! fair face gone from sight,  
 With all its light  
 Of eyes, that pierced the deep  
 Of human night!  
 Ah! fair face calm in sleep.

Ah! fair lips hushed in death!  
 Now their glad breath  
 Breathes not upon our air  
 Music, that saith  
 Love only, and things fair.

AH! lost brother! Ah! sweet  
 Still hands and feet!  
 May those feet haste to reach,  
 Those hands to greet,  
 Us where love needs no speech.

1886

## III

SEA-GULLS, wheeling, swooping, crying,  
Crying over Maes Garmon side!  
Cold is the wind for your white wings' flying:  
Cold and dim is our gray springtide.

But an hundred miles and more away,  
In the old, sweet city,  
Birds of spring are singing to the May,<sup>4</sup>  
Their old, sweet ditty.

There he lies, whom I loved so well,  
And lies, whom I love so dearly:  
At thought of his youth, our buds will swell;  
Of his face, our sun shine clearly.

Sea-gulls, wheeling, swooping, crying,  
Crying over Maes Garmon side!  
Spirits of fire with him are flying,  
Souls of flame, to the Crucified.

Yet, far away from the ancient places,  
Ancient pleasures, and ancient days:  
He too thinks of our exiled faces,  
Far away from his whiter ways.

Sea-gulls, over Maes Garmon side,  
Flying and crying! flying and crying!  
You and all creatures, since Malise died,  
I have loved the more, both singing and sighing.

1887.

## IV

GLIMMERING lake, waters of Windermere!

Winchester your name must be:

Or is all an evening dream?

Nay! Winton waters wander here,

Delighting me,

Down through that ancient bridge, that old-world  
stream.

I lean against the old, pillared balustrade:

Now upon the red, worn mill,

Now upon the rapid race,

Poring: or where, within the shade

Of freshly chill,

Low arches, wallflowers hide their homely grace.

Swiftly descend those waters of the weir:

Sweeping past old cottages,

Curving round, ah, happy tide!

Into sight of towers most dear,

Of ancient trees

Loved all by heart: glad stream, who there may glide!

Farewell, whom I have loved so in gone years!

Up the little climbing street,

To the memoried Church I pass,

Church of Saint John: whence loving tears

Made the way sweet,

Saddest of ways, unto the holy grass.

Up the slow hill, people and holy Cross

Bore thee to the sleeping place,

Malise! whom thy lovers weep.



Spring lilies crown from the soft moss  
Thy silent face,  
All peaceful, Malise! in thy perfect sleep.

Ah! far away, far by the watered vale,  
By the seaward-rolling hills,  
Lies he, by the gray-towered walls,  
Northern calm lake, wild northern dale,  
Gently fulfils,  
Each, its serene enchauntment: and night falls.

Windermere gleams: as would some shadowy space  
Out from willowed dream-world drawn.  
Under the pure silence, earth  
Looks up to heaven, with tranquil face:  
And patient dawn,  
Behind the purple hills, dreams toward the birth.

1888.

## V

To think of thee, Malise! at Christmas time!  
The Glory of the world comes down on earth,  
Malise! at Christmas: but the Yule bells chime  
Over thy perfect sleep: and though Christ's birth  
Wake other men to melody of heart,  
Thou in their happy music hast no part.

Or dost thou wake awhile, to feel thy gloom  
Illuminated by the shepherds' light?  
To stretch out longing hands from thy still tomb,  
And think on days, that were: before that night  
Fell on thee, Malise? and the world as well  
Was darkened over us, when that night fell!

1888.

## VI

WHENAS I knew not clearly, how to think,  
 Malise! about thee dead: God showed the way.  
 Thine holy soul among soft fires can drink  
 The dew of all the prayers, that I can pray.

Prayers for thy sake shall pierce thy prison gate;  
 Prayers to the Mother of Misericord:  
 Mary, the mighty, the immaculate;  
 Mary, whose soul welcomed the appointed sword.

Malise! thy dear face from my wall looks down:  
 The Crucifix above its beauty lies.  
 Now, while I look and long, I see a crown  
 Bright on thy brow, and heaven within thine eyes.

1892.

## THE PRECEPT OF SILENCE

I KNOW you: solitary griefs,  
 Desolate passions, aching hours!  
 I know you: tremulous beliefs,  
 Agonized hopes, and ashen flowers!

The winds are sometimes sad to me;  
 The starry spaces, full of fear:  
 Mine is the sorrow on the sea,  
 And mine the sigh of places drear.

Some players upon plaintive strings  
 Publish their wistfulness abroad:  
 I have not spoken of these things,  
 Save to one man, and unto God.

1893.

## HILL AND VALE

NOT on the river plains  
Wilt thou breathe loving air,  
O mountain spirit fine!  
Here the calm soul maintains  
Calm: but no joy like thine,  
On hill-tops bleak and bare,  
Whose breath is fierce and rare.

Were beauty all thy need,  
Here were an haunt for thee.  
The broad laborious weald,  
An eye's delight indeed,  
Spreads from rich field to field:  
And full streams wander free  
Under the alder tree.

Throw thee upon the grass,  
The daisied grass, and gaze  
Far to the warm blue mist:  
Feel, how the soft hours pass  
Over, before they wist,  
Into whole day: and days  
Dream on in sunny haze.

Each old, sweet, country scent  
Comes, as old music might  
Upon thee: old, sweet sounds  
Go, as they ever went,  
Over the red corn grounds:  
Still sweeping scythes delight  
Charmed hearing and charmed sight.

Gentle thy life would be:  
To watch at morning dew  
Fresh water-lilies: tell,  
How bears the walnut tree:  
Find the first foxglove bell,  
Spare the last harebell blue:  
And wander the wold through.

Another love is thine:  
For thee the far world spied  
From the far mountain top:  
Keen scented, sounding pine,  
The purple heather crop:  
And night's great glorious tide  
Of stars and clouds allied.

1887.

## GWYNEDD

*To Ernest Rhys.*

THE children of the mingling mists: can they,  
Born by the melancholy hills, love thee,  
Royal and joyous light? From dawn of day,  
We watch the trailing shadows of the waste,  
The waste moors, or the ever-mourning sea:  
What, though in speedy splendour thou hast raced  
Over the heather or wild wave, a ray  
Of travelling glory and swift bloom? Still thou  
Inhabitest the mighty morning's brow:  
And hast thy flaming and celestial way,  
Afar from our sad beauties, in thine haste.

Have thou thy circling triumph of the skies,  
Horseman of Goldwhite Footsteps! Yet all fire  
Lives not with thee: for part is in our eyes,  
Beholding the loved beauty of cold hills:  
And part is patron of dear home desire,  
Flashing upon the central hearth: it fills  
Ingle and black-benched nook with radiances,  
Hearts with responding spirit, ears with deep  
Delicious music of the ruddy leap,  
And streaming strength, and kindling confluences:  
The hearth glows, and the cavernous chimney thrills.

Pale with great heat, panting to crimson gloom,  
Quiver the deeps of the rich fire: see there!  
Was that not your fair face, in burning bloom  
Wrought by the art of fire? O happy art!  
That sets in living flames a face so fair:  
The face, whose changes dominate mine heart,  
And with a look speak my delight or doom:  
Nay, now not doom, for I am only thine,  
And one in thee and me the fire divine!  
The fire, that wants the whole vast world for room:  
Yet dwells in us contented and apart.

The flames' red dance is done: and we crouch close  
With shadowy faces to the dull, red glow.  
Your darkling loveliness is like the rose,  
Its dusky petals, and its bower of soft  
Sweet inner darkness, where the dew lies low:  
And now one tongue of flame leaps up aloft,  
Brightening your brows: and now it fails, and throws  
A play of flushing shadows, the rich mist

Of purple grapes, that many a sun hath kissed;  
•The delicate darkness, that with autumn grows  
On red ripe apples in a mossy croft.

Nay! leave such idle southern imageries,  
Vineyard and orchard, flowers and mellow fruit:  
Great store is ours of mountain mysteries.  
•Look, where the embers fade, from ruddy gold  
Into gray ashes falling without bruit!  
Yet is that ruddy lustre bought and sold,  
•Elf with elf trafficking his merchandise:  
Deep at the strong foot of the eagles' pass,  
They store the haunting treasure, and amass  
The spirit of dead fire: there still it lies,  
Phantom wealth, goodlier than Ophir old.

Across the moor, over the purple bells,  
Over the heather blossom, the rain drives:  
Art fired enough to dare the blowing fells,  
And ford the brawling brooks? Ah, come we then!  
Great good it is to see, how beauty thrives  
For desolate moorland and for moorland men;  
To smell scents, rarer than soft honey cells,  
From bruised wild thyme, pine bark, or mouldering  
peat;  
To watch the crawling gray clouds drift, and meet  
Midway the ragged cliffs. O mountain spells,  
Calling us forth, by hill, and moor, and glen!

Calling us forth, to be with earth again,  
Her memories, her splendours, her desires!  
The fires of the hearth are fallen: now the rain

Stirs its delight of waters, as the flame  
Stirred its delight of heat and spirited fires.  
Come! by the lintel listen: clouds proclaim,  
That thunder is their vast voice: the winds wane,  
That all the storm may gather strength, and strive  
Once more in their great breath to be alive;  
And fill the angry air with such a strain,  
As filled the world's war, when the world first came.

Desolate Cornwall, desolate Brittany,  
Are up in vehement wind and vehement wave:  
Ancient delights are on their ancient sea,  
And nature's violent graces waken there;  
And there goes loveliness about the grave,  
And death means dreaming, not life's long despair.  
Our sister lands are they, one people we,  
Cornwall desolate, Brittany desolate,  
And Wales: to us is granted to be great:  
Because, as winds and seas and flames are free,  
We too have freedom full, as wild and rare.

And therefore, on a night of heavenly fires;  
And therefore, on a windy hour of noon;  
Our soul, like nature's eager soul, aspires,  
Finding all thunders and all winds our friends:  
And like the moving sea, love we the moon;  
And life in us the way of nature wends,  
Ardent as nature's own, that never tires.  
Born of wild land, children of mountains, we  
Fear neither ruining earth, nor stormy sea:  
Even as men told in Athens, of our sires:  
And as it shall be, till the old world ends.

Your eyes but brighten to the streaming wind,  
But lighten to the sighing air, but break  
To tears before the labouring hills: your mind  
Moves with the passionate spirit of the land.  
Now crystal is your soul, now flame: a lake,  
Proud and calm, with high scaurs on either hand;  
Or a swift lance of lightning, to strike blind.  
True child of Gwynedd, child of wilds and fields!  
To you earth clings, to you strange nature yields  
Far learning, sudden light, fierce fire: these find  
• Home in your heart, and thoughts that understand.

We will not wander from this land; we will  
Be wise together, and accept our world:  
This world of the gray cottage by the hill,  
This gorge, this lusty air, this loneliness:  
The calm of drifting clouds; the pine-tops whirled  
And swayed along the ridges. Here distress  
Dreams, and delight dreams: dreaming, we can fill  
All solitary haunts with prophecy,  
All heights with holiness and mystery;  
Our hearts with understanding, and our will  
With love of nature's law and loveliness.

•        •  
Old voices call, old pleasures lure: for now  
The wet earth breathes ancient fair fragrance forth;  
And dying gales hang in the branches, blow  
And fall, and blow again: our widest home  
Is with rich winds of West, loud winds of North,  
Sweeping beneath a gray and vasty dome.  
Not with the hearth, whose consolations go,  
Our home of homes: but where our eyes grow tired



Of straitened joys, with stretching joys are fired:  
Joys of the rolling moor and cloudy brow,  
Or worn, precipitous bastions of the foam.

Our fires are fallen from their blossoming height,  
And linger in sad embers: but gray bloom  
Is on the heather, an enchanting light  
Of purple dusk and vesper air: rich rain  
Falls on our hearts, through eve and gentle gloom,  
More than upon our foreheads. The world's pain  
And joy of storm are proven our delight,  
And peace enthroned for ever: ours the mirth,  
And melancholy of this ancient earth:  
Ours are the mild airs and the starred twilight;  
And we, who love them, are not all in vain.

1888.

## A CORNISH NIGHT

*To William Butler Yeats.*

MERRY the night, you riders of the wild!  
A merry night to ride your wilderness  
Come you from visionary haunts, enisled  
Amid the northern waters pitiless,  
Over these cliffs white-heathered? Upon mild  
Midnights of dewy June, oh, rare to press  
Past moonlit fields of white bean-flowers! nor less  
To wander beside falling waves, beguiled  
By soft winds into still dreams! Yet confess,  
You chivalries of air, unreconciled  
To the warm, breathing world! what ghostly stress  
Compels your visit unto sorrow's child?

- What would you here? For here you have no part:  
 • Only the sad voices of wind and sea  
 Are prophets here to any wistful heart:  
 Or white flowers found upon a glimmering lea.  
 What would you here? Sweep onward, and depart  
 Over the ocean into Brittany,  
 Where old faith is, and older mystery!  
 • Though this be western land, we have no art  
 To welcome spirits in community:  
 Trafficking, in an high celestial mart,  
 • Slumber for wondrous knowledge: setting free  
 Our souls, that strain and agonize and start.

The wind hath cried to me, all the long day,  
 That you were coming, chivalries of air!  
 Between the waters and the starry way.  
 Fair lies the sea about a land, as fair:  
 Moonlight and west winds move upon the bay  
 Gently: now down the rough path sweet it were  
 To clamber, and so launching out to fare  
 Forth for the heart of sea and night, away  
 From hard earth's loud uproar, and harder care!  
 But you at will about the winds can stray:  
 Or bid the wandering stars of midnight bear  
 You company: or with the seven stay.

- And yet you came for me! So the wind cried,  
 So my soul knows: else why am I awake  
 • With expectation and desire, beside  
 The soothed sea's murmuring nocturnal lake?  
 Not sleep, but storm, welcomes a widowed bride:  
 Storms of sad certainty, vain want, that make

Vigil perpetual mine; so that I take  
The gusty night in place of him, who died,  
To clasp me home to heart. That cannot break,  
The eternal heart of nature far and wide!  
So now, your message! while the clear stars shake  
Within the gleaming sea, shake and abide.

So now, your message! Breathe words from the wave,  
Or breathe words from the field, into mine ears:  
Or from the sleeping shades of a cold grave,  
Bring comfortable solace for my tears.  
Something of my love's heart could nature save:  
Some rich delight to spice the tasteless years,  
Some hope to light the valley of lone fears.  
Hear! I am left alone, to bear and brave  
The sounding storms: but you, from starry spheres,  
From wild wood haunts, give me, as love once gave  
Joy from his home celestial, so, love's peers!  
Give peace awhile to me, sorrow's poor slave!

In sorrow's order I dwell passionist,  
Cloistered by tossing sea on weary land.  
O vain love! vain, to claim me votarist:  
O vain my heart! that will not understand,  
*He is dead! I am lonely!* Love in a Mist  
My flower is: and salt tangle of the strand,  
The crownals woven by this failing hand:  
In the dark kingdom, walking where I list,  
I walk where Lethe glides against the sand.  
But vain love is a constant lutanist,  
Playing old airs, and able to withstand  
Sweet sleep: vain love, thou loyal melodist!

You wanderers! Would I were wandering  
Under the white moon with you, or among  
The invisible stars with you! Would I might sing  
Over the charmed sea your enchanting song,  
Song of old autumn, and of radiant spring:  
Might sing, how earth the mother suffers long;  
How the great winds are wild, yet do no wrong;  
How the most frail bloom is at heart a king!  
I could endure then, strenuous and strong:  
But now, O spirits of the air! I bring  
Before you my waste soul: why will you throng  
About me, save to take even such a thing?

Only for this you ride the midnight gloom,  
Above the ancient isles of the old main.  
The spray leaps on the hidden rocks of doom:  
The ripples break, and wail away again  
Upon the gathering wave: gaunt headlands loom  
In the lone distance of the heaving plain.  
And now, until the calm, the still stars wane,  
You wait upon my heart, my heart a tomb.  
Though I dream, life and dreams are alike vain!  
Then love me, tell me news of dear death: whom  
Circle you, but a soul astray, one fain  
To leave this close world for death's larger room?

If barren be the promise I desire,  
The promise that I shall not always go  
In living solitariness: break fire  
Out of the night, and lay me swiftly low!  
Soft spirits! you have wings to waft me higher,  
Than touch of each my most familiar woe:

Am I unworthy, you should raise me so?  
If barren be that trust, my dreams inspire  
Only despair: my brooding heart must grow  
Heavy with miseries; a mourning quire,  
To tell the heavy hours, how sad, how slow,  
Are all their footsteps, of whose sound I tire.

Bright sea-fire runs about a plunging keel  
On vehement nights: and where black danger lies,  
Gleam the torn breakers. But all days reveal  
Drear dooms for me, nor any nights disguise  
Their menace: never rolls the thunder peal  
Through my worn watch, nor lightning past mine eyes  
Leaps from the blue gloom of its mother skies,  
One hour alone, but all, while sad stars wheel.  
This hour, was it a lie, that bade me rise;  
Some laughing dream, that whispered me to steal  
Into the sea-sweet night, where the wind cries,  
And find the comfort, that I cannot feel?

My lord hath gone your way perpetual:  
Whether you be great spirits of the dead,  
Or spirits you, that never were in thrall  
To perishing bodies, dust-born, dustward led.  
Sweet shadows! passing by this ocean wall,  
Tarry to pour some balm upon mine head,  
Some pity for a woman, who hath wed  
With weariness and loneliness, from fall  
To fall, from bitter snows to maybloom red:  
The hayfields hear, the cornlands hear, my call!  
From weariness toward weariness I tread;  
And hunger for the end: the end of all.

## MYSTIC AND CAVALIER

*To Herbert Percy Horne.*

Go from me: I am one of those, who fall.  
 What! hath no cold wind swept your heart at all,  
 In my sad company? Before the end,  
     Go from me, dear my friend!

Yours are the victories of light: your feet  
 Rest from good toil, where rest is brave and sweet.  
 But after warfare in a mourning gloom,  
     I rest in clouds of doom.

Have you not read so, looking in these eyes?  
 Is it the common light of the pure skies,  
 Lights up their shadowy depths? The end is set:  
     Though the end be not yet.

When gracious music stirs, and all is bright,  
 And beauty triumphs through a courtly night;  
 When I too joy, a man like other men:  
     Yet, am I like them, then?

And in the battle, when the horsemen sweep  
 Against a thousand deaths, and fall on sleep:  
 Who ever sought that sudden calm, if I  
     Sought not? Yet, could not die.

Seek with thine eyes to pierce this crystal sphere:  
 Canst read a fate there, prosperous and clear?  
 Only the mists, only the weeping clouds:  
     Dimness, and airy shrouds.

Beneath, what angels are at work? What powers  
 Prepare the secret of the fatal hours?  
 See! the mists tremble, and the clouds are stirred:  
     When comes the calling word?

The clouds are breaking from the crystal ball,  
 Breaking and clearing: and I look to fall.  
 When the cold winds and airs of portent sweep,  
     My spirit may have sleep.

O rich and sounding voices of the air!  
 Interpreters and prophets of despair:  
 Priests of a fearful sacrament! I come,  
     To make with you mine home.

1889.

### PARNELL

*To John McGrath.*

THE wail of Irish winds,  
 The cry of Irish seas:  
 Eternal sorrow finds  
 Eternal voice in these.

I cannot praise our dead,  
 Whom Ireland weeps so well:  
 Her morning light, that fled;  
 Her morning star, that fell.

She of the mournful eyes  
 Waits, and no dark clouds break:  
 Waits, and her strong son lies  
 Dead, for her holy sake.

Her heart is sorrow's home,  
And hath been from of old:  
An host of griefs hath come,  
To make that heart their fold.

Ah, the sad autumn day,  
When the last sad troop came  
Swift down the ancient way,  
Keening a chieftain's name!

Gray hope was there, and dread;  
Anger, and love in tears:  
They mourned the dear and dead,  
Dirge of the ruined years.

Home to her heart she drew  
The mourning company:  
Old sorrows met the new,  
In sad<sup>er</sup> fraternity.

A mother, and forget?  
Nay! all her children's fate  
Ireland remembers yet,  
With love insatiate.

She hears the heavy bells:  
Hears, and with passionate breath  
Eternally she tells  
A rosary of death.

Faithful and true is she,  
The mother of us all:  
Faithful and true! may we  
Fail her not, though we fall.



Her son, our brother, lies  
 Dead, for her holy sake:  
 But from the dead arise  
 Voices, that bid us wake.

Not his, to hail the dawn:  
 His but the herald's part.  
 Be ours to see withdrawn  
 Night from our Mother's heart.

1893.

## IN ENGLAND

*To Charles Furse.*

BRIGHT Hellas lies far hence,  
 Far the Sicilian sea:  
 But England's excellence  
 Is fair enough for me. ♪

I love and understand  
 One joy: with staff and scrip  
 To walk a wild west land,  
 The winds my fellowship. ♪

For all the winds will blow,  
 Across a lonely face,  
 Rough wisdom, good to know:  
 An high and heartening grace.

Wind, on the open down!  
 Riding the wind, the moon:  
 From town to country town,  
 I go from noon to noon.

Cities of ancient spires,  
Glorious against high noon;  
August at sunset fires;  
Austere beneath the moon.

Old, rain-washed, red-roofed streets,  
Fresh with the soft South-west:  
Where dreaming memory meets  
Brave men long since at rest.

Evening, from out the green  
Wet boughs of clustered lime,  
Pours fragrance rich and keen,  
Balming the stilly time.

Old ramparts, gray and stern;  
But comely clothed upon  
With wealth of moss and fern,  
And scarlet snapdragon.

Harbours of swaying masts,  
Beneath the vesper star:  
Each high-swung lantern casts  
A quivering ray afar.

From round the ancient quay,  
Ring songs with rough refrains:  
Strong music of the sea,  
Chaunted in lusty strains.

Freshness of early spray,  
Blown on me off the sea:  
Morning breaks chilly gray,  
And storm is like to be.

A cliff of rent, black rock,  
About whose stern height flies  
The wrangling sea-gull flock,  
With querulous, thin cries.

The sea-gulls' wrangling cry  
Around the black cliff rings;  
I watch them wheel and fly,  
A snowstorm of white wings.

With savoury blossoms graced,  
A craggy, rusted height:  
Where thrift and samphire taste  
The sea and wind and light.

A light prow plunges: red,  
Red as the ruddy sand,  
The tall sail fills: well sped,  
The fair boat leaves the land.

I wander with delight  
Among the great sea gales:  
Exulting in their might,  
They thunder through the vales.

Cries of the North-west wind,  
Crying from roseless lands:  
From countries cold and blind,  
Hard seas and unsunned strands.

A dark forest, where freeze  
My very dreams: gaunt rows  
Rise up, the forest trees;  
Black, from a waste of snows.

Long, fragrant pine tree bands,  
Behind whose black, straight ranks  
The dusky red sun stands,  
On clouds in purple banks.

In tree-tops the worn gale  
Hangs, weakened to a sigh:  
The rooks with sunrise hail  
From out the tree-tops fly.

- A deep wood, where the air  
Hangs in a stilly trance:  
While on rich fernbanks fair  
The sunlights flash and dance.

I hear the woodland folks,  
Each well-swung axe's blow:  
And boughs of mighty oaks,  
Murmuring to and fro.

My step fills, as I go,  
Shy rabbits with quick fears:  
I see the sunlight glow  
Red through their startled ears.

Mild, red-brown April woods,  
When spring is in the air:  
And a soft spirit broods  
In patience, everywhere.

Primroses fill the fields,  
And birds' light matin cries:  
The lingering darkness yields,  
Before the sun's uprise.

Deep meadows, white with dew,  
Where faeries well may dance;  
Or the quaint fawnskin crew,  
Play in a red moon's glance.

Quivering poplar trees,  
Silvered upon the wind:  
In watermeads and leas,  
With silver streams entwined.

Waters in alder shade,  
Where green lights break and gleam  
Betwixt my fingers, laid  
Upon the rippling stream.

In merry prime of June,  
Birds sun themselves and sing:  
Mine heart beats to the tune;  
The world is on the wing.

The sun, golden and strong,  
Leaps: and in flying choirs  
The birds make morning song,  
Across the morning fires.

Old gardens, where long hours  
But find me happier,  
Beside the misty flowers  
Of purple lavender.

Heaped with a sweet hayload,  
Curved, yellow waggon pass  
Slow down the high-hedged road;  
I watch them from the grass:

A pleasant village noise  
Breaks the still air: and all  
The summer spirit joys,  
Before the first leaves fall.

Red wreckage of the rose,  
Over a gusty lawn:  
While in the orchard close,  
Fruits redden to their dawn.

September's wintering air,  
When fruits and flowers have fled  
From mountain valleys bare,  
Save rowan berries red.

These joys, and such as these,  
Are England's and are mine:  
Within the English seas,  
My days have been divine.

Oh! Hellas lies far hence,  
Far the blue Sicel sea:  
But England's excellence  
Is more than they to me.

1892.

## TO OCEAN HAZARD: GIPSY

BURNING fire, or blowing wind;  
Starry night, or glowing sun:  
All these thou dost bring to mind,  
All these match thee, one by one:  
Ocean is thy name, most fair!  
Strangest name, for thee to bear.

Daughter of the sun, and child  
Of the wind upon the waste;  
Daughter of the field and wild:  
Thee, what oceans have embraced?  
What great waves have cradled thee,  
That thy name is of the sea?

In thy beauty, the red earth,  
Full of gold and jewel stone,  
Flames and burns: thy happy birth  
Made and marked thee for her own.  
Winds held triumph in the trees:  
Thou wast lying on earth's knees.

For thine ancient people keep  
Still their march from land to land:  
Ever upon earth they sleep,  
Woods and fields on either hand.  
Not upon the barren sea  
Have thy people dandled thee.

Closer they, than other men,  
To the heart of earth have come:  
First the wilderness, and then  
Field and forest, gave them home:  
All their days, their hearts, they must  
Give to earth: and then their dust.

Was it, that they heard the sea  
In the surging pinewood's voice:  
As they pondered names, for thee  
Fair enough; so made their choice,  
Hailed thee Ocean, hailed thee queen  
Over glades of tossing green?

## UPON A DRAWING

*To Manmohan Ghose.*

NOT in the crystal air of a Greek glen,  
 Not in the houses of imperial Rome,  
 Lived he, who wore this beauty among men:  
 No classic city was his ancient home.  
 What happy country claims his fair youth then,  
 Her pride? and what his fortunate lineage?  
 Here is no common man of every day,  
 This man, whose full and gleaming eyes assuage  
 Never their longing, be that what it may:  
 Of dreamland only he is citizen,  
 Beyond the flying of the last sea's foam.

Set him beneath the Athenian olive trees,  
 To speak with Marathonians: or to task  
 The wise serenity of Socrates;  
 Asking, what other men dare never ask.  
 Love of his country and his gods? Not these  
 The master thoughts, that comfort his strange heart,  
 When life grows difficult, and the lights dim:  
 In him is no simplicity, but art  
 Is all in all, for life and death, to him:  
 And whoso looks upon that fair face, sees  
 No nature there: only a magic mask.

Or set this man beside the Roman lords,  
 To vote upon the fate of Catiline;  
 Or in a battle of stout Roman swords,  
 Where strength and virtue were one thing divine:  
 Or bind him to the cross with Punic cords.



Think you, this unknown and mysterious man  
 Had played the Roman, with that wistful smile,  
 Those looks not moulded on a Roman plan,  
 But full of witcheries and secret guile?  
 Think you, those lips had framed true Roman words,  
 Whose very curves have something Sibylline?

Thou wouldst but laugh, were one to question thee:  
 Laugh with malign, bright eyes, and curious joy.  
 Thou'rt fallen in love with thine own mystery!  
 And yet thou art no Sibyl, but a boy.  
 What wondrous land within the unvoyaged sea  
 Haunts then thy thoughts, thy memories, thy dreams?  
 Nay! be my friend; and share with me thy past:  
 If haply I may catch enchanting gleams,  
 Catch marvellous music, while our friendship last:  
 Tell me thy visions: though their true home be  
 Some land, that was a legend in 'old Troy.

1890.

## THE ROMAN STAGE

• *To Hugh Orange.*

A MAN of marble holds the throne,  
 With looks composed and resolute:  
 Till death, a prince whom princes own,  
 Draws near to touch the marble mute.

*The play is over: good my friends!*  
 Murmur the pale lips: *your applause!*  
 With what a grace the actor ends:  
 How loyal to dramatic laws!

A brooding beauty on his brow ;  
Irony brooding over sin :  
The next imperial actor now  
Bids the satiric piece begin.

1891.

## "TO WEEP IRISH"

*To the Rev. Dr. William Barry.*

LONG Irish melancholy of lament!  
Voice of the sorrow, that is on the sea:  
Voice of that ancient mourning music sent  
From Rama childless: the world wails in thee.

The sadness of all beauty at the heart,  
The appealing of all souls unto the skies,  
The longing locked in each man's breast apart,  
Weep in the melody of thine old cries.

Mother of tears! sweet Mother of sad sons!  
All mourners of the world weep Irish, weep  
Ever with thee: while burdened time still runs,  
Sorrows reach God through thee, and ask for sleep.

And though thine own unsleeping sorrow yet  
Live to the end of burdened time, in pain:  
Still sing the song of sorrow! and forget  
The sorrow, in the solace, of the strain.

1893.

## SUMMER STORM

*To Harold Child.*

THE wind, hark! the wind in the angry woods:  
 And how clouds purple the west: there broods  
     Thunder, thunder; and rain will fall;  
     Fresh fragrance cling to the wind from all  
         Roses holding water wells,  
     Laurels gleaming to the gusty air;  
         Wilding mosses of the dells,  
     Drenched hayfields, and dripping hedgerows fair.

The wind, hark! the wind dying again:  
 The wind's voice matches the far-off main,  
     In sighing cadences: Pan will wake,  
     Pan in the forest, whose rich pipes make  
         Music to the folding flowers,  
     In the pure eve, where no hot spells are:  
         Those be favourable hours  
     Hymned by Pan beneath the shepherd star.

1887.

## TO A TRAVELLER

THE mountains, and the lonely death at last  
 Upon the lonely mountains: O strong friend!  
 The wandering over, and the labour passed,  
     Thou art indeed at rest:  
     Earth gave thee of her best,  
     That labour and this end,

Earth was thy mother, and her true son thou:  
Earth called thee to a knowledge of her ways,  
Upon the great hills, up the great streams: now  
    Upon earth's kindly breast  
    Thou art indeed at rest:  
    Thou, and thine arduous days.

Fare thee well, O strong heart! The tranquil night  
Looks calmly on thee: and the sun pours down  
His glory over thee, O heart of might!  
    Earth gives thee perfect rest:  
    Earth, whom thy swift feet pressed:  
    Earth, whom the vast stars crown.

1889.

## IN MEMORY OF M. B.

OLD age, that dwelt upon thy years  
With softest and with stateliest grace,  
Hath sealed thine eyes, hath closed thine ears,  
And stilled the sweetness of thy face.

That gentle and that gracious look  
Sleeps now, and wears a marble calm:  
Death took no more away, but took  
All cares away, and left the balm

Of pure repose and peacefulness  
Upon thy forehead touched by time:  
So shall I know thee, none the less  
Than earth unwintered, come the prime.

Gone, the white snows, the lingering leaves,  
That once endeared the wintry days:  
But the new bloom of spring receives  
The old love, and has an equal praise.

Fare then thee well! In Winchester,  
Sleep thy last fearless sleep serene.  
Friends fail me not; but kindlier  
Can no friend be, than thou hast been.

The city that we two loved best,  
No fairer place of sleep for thee:  
There lay thee down, and take thy rest,  
And this farewell of love from me.

1888.

## HAWTHORNE

*To Walter Alison Phillips.*

TEN years ago I heard; ten, have I loved;  
Thine haunting voice borne over the waste sea.  
Was it thy melancholy spirit moved  
Mine, with those gray dreams, that invested thee?  
Or was it, that thy beauty first reproved  
The imperfect fancies, that looked fair to me?

Thou hast both secrets: for to thee are known  
The fatal sorrows binding life and death:  
And thou hast found, on winds of passage blown  
That music, which is sorrow's perfect breath:  
So, all thy beauty takes a solemn tone,  
And art, is all thy melancholy saith.

Now therefore is thy voice abroad for me,  
When through dark woodlands murmuring sounds  
make way:

Thy voice, and voices of the sounding sea,  
Stir in the branches, as none other may:  
All pensive loneliness is full of thee,  
And each mysterious, each autumnal day.

Hesperian soul! Well hadst thou in the West  
Thine hermitage and meditative place:  
In mild, retiring fields thou wast at rest,  
Calmed by old winds, touched with aërial grace:  
Fields, whence old magic simples filled thy breast,  
And unforgotten fragrance balmed thy face.

1889.

## GLORIES

*To Theodore Peters.*

ROSES from Paestan rosaries!  
More goodly red and white was she:  
Her red and white were harmonies,  
Not matched upon a Paestan tree.

Ivories blanched in Alban air!  
She lies more purely blanched than you:  
No Alban whiteness doth she wear,  
But death's perfection of that hue.

Nay! now the rivalry is done,  
Of red, and white, and whiter still:  
She hath a glory from that sun,  
Who falls not from Olympus hill.

1893.

# LINES TO A LADY UPON HER THIRD BIRTHDAY

DEAR Cousin: to be three years old,  
 Is to have found the Age of Gold:  
 That Age foregone! that Age foretold!  
 What wondrous names, then, wait thy choice,  
 High sounding for thine helpless voice!  
 I choose instead: and hail in thee  
 A queen of liliated Arcady,  
 Or lady of Hesperides:  
 Or, if Utopia lie near these,  
 Utopian thou, by right divine,  
 On whom all stars of favour shine.  
 Vainly the cold Lycean sage  
 Withheld his praise from childhood's age;  
 Denied thine happiness to thee;  
 Nor as a little child would be!  
 Man to the world he could present,  
 Magnanimous, magnificent:  
 Children, he knew not: for of thee  
 Dreamed not his calm philosophy;  
 Or Pythias was no Dorothy!  
 Thou hast good right to laugh in scorn  
 At us, of simple dreams forlorn:  
 At us, whose disenchaunted eyes  
 Imagination dare despise.  
 Thou hast that freshness, early born,  
 Which roses have; or billowy corn,  
 Waving, and washed in dews of morn:  
 And yet, no flower of woodlands wild,  
 But overwhelming London's child!

About thy sleep are heard the feet  
 And turmoil of the sounding street:  
 Thou hearest not! The land of dreams  
 More closely lies, and clearer gleams.  
 Thou watchest, with thy grave eyes gray,  
 Our world, with looks of far away:  
 Eyes, that consent to look on things  
 Unlike their own imaginings;  
 And, looking, weave round all, they see,  
 Charms of their own sweet sorcery.  
 Thus very London thou dost change  
 To wonderland, all fair and strange:  
 The ugliness and uproar seem  
 To soften, at a child's pure dream:  
 And each poor dusty garden yields  
 The fresh delight of cowslip fields.  
 What is the secret, and the spell?  
 •Thou knowest: for thou hast it well.  
 Wilt thou not pity us, and break  
 Thy silent dreaming, for our sake?  
 Wilt thou not teach us, how to make  
 Worlds of delight from things of nought,  
 Or fetched from faery land, and wrought  
 With flowers and lovely imageries?  
 Pity us! for such wisdom dies:  
 Pity thyself! youth flies, youth flies.  
 Thou comest to the desert plain,  
 Where no dreams follow in thy train:  
 • They leave thee at the pleasure close;  
 Lonely the haggard pathway goes.  
 Thou wilt look back, and see them, deep  
 In the fair glades, where thou didst keep



Thy summer court, thy summer sleep:  
 But thou wilt never see them more,  
 Till death the golden dreams restore.  
 Now, ere the hard, dull hours begin  
 Their sad, destroying work within  
 Thy childhood's delicate memory,  
 Wilt thou not tell us, Dorothy?  
 Nay! thou art in conspiracy  
 With all those faeries, children styled,  
 To keep the secret of the child.  
 Ah! to be only three years old!  
 That is indeed an Age of Gold:  
 And, care not for mine idle fears!  
 Thou need'st not lose it: the far years,  
 Touching with love and gentle tears  
 The treasures of thy memory,  
 May mould them into poetry.  
 Then, of those deep eyes, gray and grave,  
 The world will be a willing slave:  
 Then, all the dreams of dear dreamland  
 Wait with their music at thine hand,  
 And beauty come at thy command.  
 But now, what counts the will of time?  
 Enough, thou livest! And this rhyme,  
 Unworthy of the Golden Age,  
 Yet hails thee, in that heritage,  
 Happy and fair: then, come what may,  
 Thou hast the firstfruits of the day.  
 Fair fall each morn to thee! And I,  
 Despite all dark fates, Dorothy!  
 Will prove me thine affectionate  
 Cousin, and loyal Laureate.

## CELTIC SPEECH

*To Dr. Douglas Hyde.*

NEVER forgetful silence fall on thee,  
 Nor younger voices overtake thee,  
 Nor echoes from thine ancient hills forsake thee;  
 Old music heard by Mona of the sea:  
 And where with moving melodies there break thee  
 Pastoral Conway, venerable Dee.

Like music lives, nor may that music die,  
 Still in the far, fair Gaelic places:  
 The speech, so wistful with its kindly graces,  
 Holy Croagh Patrick knows, and holy Hy:  
 The speech, that wakes the soul in withered faces,  
 And wakes remembrance of great things gone by.

Like music by the desolate Land's End  
 Mournful forgetfulness hath broken:  
 No more words kindred to the winds are spoken,  
 Where upon iron cliffs whole seas expend  
 That strength, whereof the unalterable token  
 Remains wild music, even to the world's end.

1887.

## WAYS OF WAR

*To John O'Leary.*

A TERRIBLE and splendid trust  
 Heartens the host of Inisfail:  
 Their dream is of the swift sword-thrust,  
 A lightning glory of the Gael.

Croagh Patrick is the place of prayers,  
 And Tara the assembling place:  
 But each sweet wind of Ireland bears  
 The trump of battle on its race.

From Dursey Isle to Donégal,  
 From Howth to Achill, the glad noise  
 Rings: and the heirs of glory fall,  
 Or victory crowns their fighting joys.

A dream! a dream! an ancient dream!  
 Yet, ere peace come to Inisfail,  
 Some weapons on some field must gleam,  
 Some burning glory fire the Gael.

That field may lie beneath the sun,  
 Fair for the treading of an host:  
 That field in realms of thought be won,  
 And armed minds do their uttermost:

Some way, to faithful Inisfail,  
 Shall come the majesty and awe  
 Of martial truth, that must prevail  
 To lay on all the eternal law.

. 1893. e

## THE COMING OF WAR

*To John Davidson.*

GATHER the people, for the battle breaks:  
 From camping grounds above the valley,  
 Gather the men-at-arms, and bid them rally:  
 Because the morn, the battle, wakes.

High throned above the mountains and the main,  
Triumphs the sun: far down, the pasture plain  
To trampling armour shakes.

This was the meaning of those plenteous years,  
Those unarmed years of peace unbroken:  
Flashing war crowns them! Now war's trump hath  
spoken

This final glory in our ears.  
The old blood of our pastoral fathers now  
Riots about our heart, and through our brow:  
Their sons can have no fears.

This was our whispering and haunting dream,  
When cornfields flourished, red and golden:  
When vines hung purple, nor could be withholden  
The radiant outburst of their stream.  
Earth cried to us, that all her laboured store  
Was ours: that she had more to give, and more:  
For nothing, did we deem?

We give her back the glory of this hour.  
O sun and earth! O strength and beauty!  
We use you now, we thank you now: our duty  
We stand to do, mailed in your power.  
A little people of a favoured land,  
Helmed with the blessing of the morn we stand:  
Our life is at its flower.

Gather the people, let the battle break:  
An hundred peaceful years are over.  
Now march each man to battle, as a lover:  
For him, whom death shall overtake!

Sleeping upon this field, about his gloom  
Voices shall pierce, to thrill his sacred tomb,  
Of pride for his great sake.

With melody about us: heart and feet  
Responding to one mighty measure;  
Glad with the splendour of an holy pleasure;  
Swayed, one and all, as wind sways wheat:  
Answering the sunlight with our eyes aglow;  
Serene, and proud, and passionate, we go  
Through airs of morning sweet.

Let no man dare to be disheartened now!  
We challenge death beyond denial.  
Against the host of death we make our trial:  
Lord God of Hosts! do thou,  
Who gavest us the fulness of thy sun  
On fields of peace, perfect war's work begun:  
Warriors, to thee we bow.

O life-blood of remembrance! Long ago  
This land upheld our ancient fathers:  
And for this land, their land, our land, now gathers  
One fellowship against the foe.  
The spears flash: be they as our mothers' eyes!  
The trump sounds: hearken to our fathers' cries!  
March we to battle so.

1889.

## IRELAND'S DEAD

*To John O'Mahony.*

IMMEMORIAL Holy Land;  
At thine hand, thy sons await  
Any fate: they understand  
Thee, the all compassionate.

Be it death for thee, they grieve  
Nought, to leave the light aside:  
Thou their pride, they undeceive  
Death, by death untterrified.

Mother, dear and fair to us,  
Ever thus to be adored!  
Is thy sword grown timorous,  
Mother of misericord?

For thy dead is grief on thee?  
Can it be, thou dost repent,  
That they went, thy chivalry,  
Those sad ways magnificent.

What, and if their heart's blood flow?  
Gladly so, with love divine,  
Since not thine the overthrow,  
They thy fields incarnadine.

Hearts afire with one sweet flame,  
One loved name, thine host adores:  
Conquerors, they overcame  
Death, high Heaven's inheritors.

For their loyal love, nought less,  
Than the stress of death, sufficed:  
Now with Christ, in blessedness,  
Triumph they, imparadised.

Mother, with so dear blood stained!  
Freedom gained through love befall  
Thee, by thralldom unprofaned,  
Perfect and imperial!

Still the ancient voices ring:  
 Faith they bring, and fear repel.  
 Time shall tell thy triumphing,  
 Victress and invincible!

1893.

## HARMONIES

*To Vincent O'Sullivan.*

## I

SWEET music lingers  
 From her harpstrings on her fingers,  
 When they rest in mine:  
 And her clear glances  
 Help the music, whereto dances,  
 Trembling with an hope divine,  
 Every heart: and chiefly mine.

Could she discover  
 All her heart to any lover,  
 She who sways them all?  
 Yet her hand trembles,  
 Laid in mine: and scarce dissembles,  
 That its music looks to fall  
 Into mine, and Love ends all.

1889.

## II

THE airs, that best belong,  
 Upon the strings devoutly playing,  
 Your heart devoutly praying:  
 Now sound your passion, full and strong,  
 Past all her fond gainsaying.

First, strangely sweet and low,  
Slowly her careless ears entrancing:  
Then set the music dancing,  
And wild notes flying to and fro;  
Like spirited sunbeams glancing.

The melodies will stir  
Spirits of love, that still attend her:  
That able are to bend her,  
By subtile arts transforming her;  
• And all their wisdom lend her.

Last, loud and resolute,  
Ring out a triumph and a greeting!  
No call for sad entreating,  
For she will grant you all your suit,  
Her song your music meeting.

1889.

## THE LAST MUSIC

*To Frederic Herbert Trench.*

CALMLY, breathe calmly all your music, maids!  
Breathe a calm music over my dead queen.  
All your lives long, you have nor heard, nor seen,  
Fairer than she, whose hair in sombre braids  
With beauty overshades  
Her brow, broad and serene.

Surely she hath lain so an hundred years:  
Peace is upon her, old as the world's heart.  
Breathe gently, music! Music done, depart:



And leave me in her presence to my tears,  
With music in mine ears;  
For sorrow hath its art.

Music, more music, sad and slow! she lies  
Dead: and more beautiful, than early morn.  
Discrowned am I, and of her looks forlorn:  
Alone vain memories immortalize  
The way of her soft eyes,  
Her musical voice low-borne.

The balm of gracious death now laps her round,  
As once life gave her grace beyond her peers.  
Strange! that I loved this lady of the spheres,  
To sleep by her at last in common ground:  
When kindly sleep hath bound  
Mine eyes, and sealed mine ears.

Maidens! make a low music: merely make  
Silence a melody, no more. This day,  
She travels down a pale and lonely way:  
Now, for a gentle comfort, let her take  
Such music, for her sake,  
As mourning love can play.

Holy my queen lies in the arms of death:  
Music moves over her still face, and I  
Lean breathing love over her. She will lie  
In earth thus calmly, under the wind's breath:  
The twilight wind, that saith:  
*Rest! worthy found, to die.*

## A DREAM OF YOUTH

WITH faces bright, as ruddy corn,  
 Touched by the sunlight of the morn;  
 With rippling hair; and gleaming eyes,  
 Wherein a sea of passion lies;  
 Hair waving back, and eyes that gleam  
 With deep delight of dream on dream;  
 With full lips, curving into song;  
 With shapely limbs, upright and strong:  
 The youths on holy service throng.

Vested in white, upon their brows  
 Are wreaths fresh twined from dewy boughs:  
 And flowers they strow along the way,  
 Still dewy from the birth of day.  
 So, to each reverend altar come,  
 They stand in adoration: some  
 Swing up gold censers; till the air  
 Is blue and sweet, with smoke of rare  
 Spices, that, fetched from Egypt were.

In voices of calm, choral tone,  
 Praise they each God, with praise his own:  
 As children of the Gods, is seen  
 Their glad solemnity of mien:  
 So fair a spirit of the skies  
 Is in their going: and their eyes  
 Look out upon the peopled earth,  
 As theirs were some diviner birth:  
 And clear and courtly is their mirth.

Lights of the labouring world, they seem :  
Or, to the tired, like some fresh stream.  
Their dignity of perfect youth  
Compels devotion, as doth truth :  
So right seems all, they do, they are.  
Old age looks wistful, from afar,  
To watch their beauty, as they go,  
Radiant and free, in ordered row ;  
And fairer, in the watching, grow.

Fair though it be, to watch unclose  
The nestling glories of a rose,  
Depth on rich depth, soft fold on fold :  
Though fairer be it, to behold  
Stately and sceptral lilies break  
To beauty, and to sweetness wake :  
Yet fairer still, to see and sing,  
One fair thing is, one matchless thing :  
Youth, in its perfect blossoming.

The magic of a golden grace  
Brings fire and sweetness on each face :  
Till, from their passage, every heart  
Takes fire, and sweetness in the smart :  
Till virtue lives, for all who own  
Their majesty, in them alone :  
Till careless hearts, and idle, take  
Delight in living, for their sake ;  
Worship their footsteps, and awake.

Beside the tremulous, blue sea,  
Clear at sunset, they love to be :

And they are rarely sad, but then.  
For sorrow touches them, as men,  
Looking upon the calm of things,  
That pass, and wake rememberings  
Of holy and of ancient awe;  
The charm of immemorial Law:  
*What we see now, the great dead saw!*

Upon a morn of storm, a swan,  
Breasting the cold stream, cold and wan,  
Throws back his neck in snowy length  
Between his snowy wings of strength:  
Against him the swift river flows,  
The prouder he against it goes,  
King of the waters! For his pride  
Bears him upon a mightier tide:  
May death not be by youth defied?

But the red sun is gone: and gleams  
Of delicate moonlight waken dreams,  
Dreams, and the mysteries of peace:  
Shall this fair darkness ever cease?  
Here is no drear, no fearful Power,  
But life grows fuller with each hour,  
Full of the silence, that is best:  
Earth lies, with soothed and quiet breast,  
Beneath the guardian stars, at rest.

At night, behold them! Where lights burn  
By moonlit olives, see them turn  
Full faces toward the sailing moon,  
Nigh lovelier than beneath high noon!

Throw back their comely moulded throats,  
Whence music on the night wind floats!  
And through the fragrant hush of night  
Their lustrous eyes make darkness bright:  
Their laugh loads darkness with delight.

Almost the murmuring sea is still:  
Almost the world obeys their will.  
Such youth moves pity in stern Fates,  
And sure death wellnigh dominates:  
Their passion kindles such fair flame,  
As from divine Achilles came:  
A vehement ardour thrills their breasts,  
And beauty's benediction rests  
On earth, and on earth's goodliest guests.

The music of their sighing parts  
A silence: and their beating hearts  
Beat to a measure of despair:  
Ah! how the fire of youth is fair,  
Yet may not be for ever young!  
But night hath yielded; there hath sprung  
Morning upon the throne of night:  
Day comes, with solemnizing light:  
Consuming sorrows take to flight.

Magnificent in early bloom,  
Like Gods, they triumph o'er gloom:  
All things desirable are theirs,  
Of beauty and of wonder, heirs:  
Their cities, vassals are, which give  
Them thanks and praise; because they live

Strong, they are victors of dismay;  
Fair, they serve beauty every day;  
Young, the sun loves to light their way.

Where now is death? Where that gray land?  
Those fearless eyes, those white brows grand,  
That take full sunlight and sweet air  
With rapture true and debonair,  
These have not known the touch of death!  
The world hath winds: these forms have breath.  
But, should death come, should dear life set,  
Calm would each go: *Farewell! forget  
Me dead: live you serenely yet.*

See them! The springing of the palm  
Is nought, beside their gracious calm:  
The rippling of cool waters dies  
To nought, before their clear replies:  
The smile, that heralds their bright thought  
Brings down the splendid sun to nought.  
See them! They walk the earth in state:  
In right of perfect youth, held great:  
On whom the powers of nature wait.

No sceptre theirs, but they are kings:  
Their forms and words are royal things.  
Their simple friendship is a court,  
Whither the wise and great resort.  
No homage of the world, they claim:  
But in all places lives their fame.  
Sun, moon, and stars; the earth, the sea;  
Yea! all things, that of beauty be,  
Honour their true divinity.

## ROMANS

*To Arthur Galton.*

How shall I praise thee, Caesar? Thou art he,  
 Through whom all Europe's greatness came to be:  
 And the world's central crime is thy swift death.  
 And thou too, Cicero! the voice of Rome!  
 The listening world is thy perpetual home:  
 Earth's plain, thy floor; the embracing sky, thy dome.  
 No greater things than these, great history saith:  
 Caesarian sword, and Ciceronian breath.\*

You were no friends: but you are brothers now:  
 Equal, the laurels on each victor's brow:  
 Triumphant generations throng each car.  
 This night, I hear those measured tides of sound,  
 Surging above that crownless king discrowned,  
 Dead on that sacred senatorial ground:  
 Low in the dark hangs, burning from afar,  
 With pale and solemn fires, the Julian Star.

1889.

## THE TROOPSHIP

At early morning, clear and cold,  
 Still in her English harbour lay  
 The long, white ship: while winter gold  
 Shone pale upon her outward way.

Slowly she moved, slowly she stirred,  
 Stately and slow, she went away:  
 Sounds of farewell, the harbour heard;  
 Music on board began to play.

Old, homely airs were thine, great ship!  
Breaking from laughter into tears:  
And through them all good fellowship  
Spoke of a trust beyond all fears.

Still, as the gray mists gathered round,  
Embracing thee, concealing thine;  
Still, faintly from the Outward Bound  
Came melodies of *Auld Lang Syne*.

Oh, sad to part! Oh, brave to go  
Between the Piers of Hercules,  
And through the seas of fame, and so  
Meet eastern sun on eastern seas!

O richly laden! swiftly bear,  
And surely, thy two thousand men;  
Till round them burn the Indian air:  
And English lips will hail them then.

NEW YEAR'S DAY: 1890.

## DEAD

*To Olivier Georges Destrée.*

•IN Merioneth, over the sad moor  
Drives the rain, the cold wind blows:  
Past the ruinous church door,  
The poor procession without music goes.

Lonely she wandered out her hour, and died.  
Now the mournful curlew cries  
Over her, laid down beside  
Death's lonely people: lightly down she lies.



In Merioneth, the wind lives and wails,  
On from hill to lonely hill:  
Down the loud, triumphant gales,  
A spirit cries *Be strong!* and cries *Be still!*

1887.

## SANCTA SILVARUM

*To the Earl Russell.*

## I

DEEP music of the ancient forest!  
Through glades and coverts with thy magic winding;  
And in the silence of our hushed hearts finding  
Tremulous echoes of thy murmur,  
Unshapen thoughts thronging and throbbing:  
O music of the mystery, that embraces  
All forest depths, and footless far-off places!  
Thou art the most high voice of nature,  
Thou art the voice of unseen singers,  
Vanishing ever deeper through the clinging  
Thickets, and under druid branches winging  
A flight, that draws our eyes to follow:  
Yet, following, find they only forest;  
But lonely forest, stately melancholy,  
A consecrated stillness, old and holy;  
Commanding us to hail with homage  
Powers, that we see not, hid in beauty:  
A majesty immeasurable; a glorious  
Conclave of angels: wherewithal victorious,  
The Lord of venerable forests,  
Murmuring sanctuaries and cloisters,  
Proclaims his kingdom over our emotion:

Even as his brother Lord of the old ocean  
Thunders tremendous laws, in tempest  
Embattled between winds and waters.  
O mighty friendship of mysterious forces,  
O servants of one Will! Stars in their courses,  
Flowers in their fragrance, in their music  
Winged winds, and lightnings in their fierceness!  
These are the world's magnalities and splendours:  
At touch of these, the adoring spirit renders  
Glory, and praise, and passionate silence.

1886.

## II

THE moon labours through black cloud,  
Through the vast night, dark and proud:  
The windy wood dances.  
Still the massed heavens drive along:  
And, of all night's fiery throng,  
The moon alone glances.

How the lights are wild and strange!  
Only one light doth not change,  
From living fires flowing:  
Where, on fragrant banks of fern,  
Steadily and stilly burn  
The greenwood worms glowing.

Going down the forest side,  
The night robs me of all pride,  
By gloom and by splendour.  
High, away, alone, afar,  
Mighty wills and workings are:  
To them I surrender.

The processions of the night,  
Sweeping clouds and battling light,  
And wild winds in thunder,  
Care not for the world of man,  
Passionate on another plan:  
O twin worlds of wonder!

Ancients of dark majesty!  
Priests of splendid mystery!  
The Powers of Night cluster:  
In the shadows of the trees,  
Dreams, that no man lives and sees,  
The dreams! the dreams! muster.

Move not! for the night wind stirs:  
And the night wind ministers  
To dreams, and their voices:  
Ah! the wild moon earthward bowed  
From that tyranny of cloud:  
The dim wood rejoices.

What do I here? What am I,  
Who may comprehend nor sky,  
Nor trees, nor dreams thronging?  
Over moonlight dark clouds drive:  
The vast midnight is alive  
With magical longing.

1889.

## III

THROUGH the fresh woods there fleet  
Fawns, with bright eyes, light feet:  
Bright eyes, and feet that spurn  
The pure green fern.

Headed by leaping does,  
The swift procession goes  
Through thickets, over lawns:  
Followed by fawns.

Over slopes, over glades,  
Down dells and leafy shades,  
Away the quick deer troop:  
A wildwood group.

Under the forest airs,  
A life of grace is theirs:  
Courtly their look; they seem  
Things of a dream.

Some say, but who can say?  
That a charmed troop are they:  
Once youths and maidens white!  
These may be right.

1889.

IV

OVER me, beeches broad beneath blue sky  
In light winds through their cooling leaves rejoice:  
Now, the red squirrel, lithe and wild, runs by;  
Anon the wood dove from deep glades, with voice  
Of mellow music, lulls the air:  
All murmurs of the forest, stirs and cries,  
Come stilly down green coverts; the high fern  
Smells of rich earth aglow from burning skies.  
Hither my greenwood ways love best to turn:  
Hither my lone hours gladliest fare.

But not for melancholy solitude;  
Not for the fond delight of loneliness:  
Though here nor voice, nor alien feet, intrude.  
Lone am I: but what lone dreams dare repress  
    High presences of vanished days?  
Long billowy reaches of unnumbered trees  
Roll downward from this haunt, and break at length  
Against such walls, as no man unmoved sees,  
But hails the past of splendour and of strength:  
    And heights of immemorial praise.

That Castle gray, marvellous with mighty years,  
Crowning the forest deeps in pride of place:  
Towers, royal in their histories of tears,  
And royal in their chronicles of grace:

    Am I alone, beholding those?  
The solitary forest bowers me round:  
Yet companies august go through the glade,  
Crowned and resplendent! stately and discrowned!  
All, solemn from the tragedies they played:  
    Remembering, each the doom, the close.

Alone! Nay, but almost, would that I were  
Alone: too high are these great things for me.  
Immeasurable glooms and splendours here  
Usurp the calm noon, where my rest should be:

    O proud, O ancient Towers! farewell.  
I turn from you, and take the world of men:  
Gladly I mix me with the common day:  
But should they vex me with their tumult: then,  
Hither my feet will find the accustomed way;  
    Then cast once more your heightening spell.

## BAGLEY WOOD

*To Percy Addleshaw.*

THE night is full of stars, full of magnificence:  
 Nightingales hold the wood, and fragrance loads the  
 dark.

Behold, what fires august, what lights eternal! Hark,  
 What passionate music poured in passionate love's  
 defence!

Breathe but the wafting wind's nocturnal frankincense!  
 Only to feel this night's great heart, only to mark  
 The splendours and the glooms, brings back the  
 patriarch,  
 Who on Chaldæan wastes found God through reverence.

Could we but live at will upon this perfect height,  
 Could we but always keep the passion of this peace,  
 Could we but face unshamed the look of this pure light,  
 Could we but win earth's heart, and give desire release:  
 Then were we all divine, and then were ours by right  
 These stars, these nightingales, these scents: then  
 shame would cease.

1890.

## CORONA CRUCIS

*To the Rev. Father Goldie, S.J.*

DEFIGIT inter tenebras cor triste:  
 Unde fulgebit mihi lux petita?  
 O cor infidum! Nonne dicis, Christe!  
*Ego sum Via, et Veritas, et Vita.*

Via amara Tu, Veritas dura,  
 Vita difficilis, tremende Deus!  
 Deliciarum Via, Veritas pura,  
 Vita vitarum Tu, et amor meus!

Non Te relinquam, carae Dator crucis,  
 Rex caritatis, Domine dolorum! .  
 Splendet longinqua mihi patria lucis,  
 Et diadema omnium amorum.

1893.

## A SONG OF ISRAEL

*To the Rev. Stewart Headlam.*

PRAISE ye Him, with virginals and organs:  
 Praise ye Him, with timbrel and flute!  
 Come from the field, glorify His temple,  
 With red corn, with the ripe first fruit.

He is God, who brought us out from Egypt,  
 Gave us lands of vineyard and oil:  
 He is God, who made the Kings of Canaan,  
 Made their kingdoms, to be our spoil.

Praise ye Him, with psaltery and cymbal:  
 Praise ye Him, with viol and harp!  
 Through the Wilderness, through the rough places,  
 Led He us, for whom Death grew sharp.

Sinai, with thunders and with voices,  
 Praised our God, the Giver of Law:  
 Jordan stayed the rushing of his waters;  
 Israel passed over, and saw:

Saw the plenty, saw the Land of Promise,  
Saw, and praised Him, the Lord of lords:  
King of armies, terrible and holy;  
Light to our eyes, and strength to our swords.

Where be now the gods of all the nations?  
Where is Baal? Where Ashtaroth?  
Fallen! fallen! before the God of Jacob:  
None withstood the day of His wrath.

Praise ye Him, with virginals and organs:  
Praise ye Him, with music and voice!  
Praise the Name of the Lord God Jehovah:  
Praise Him, praise Him, ye Tribes His choice!  
1889.

## THE DARK ANGEL

DARK Angel, with thine aching lust  
To rid the world of penitence:  
Malicious Angel, who still dost  
My soul such subtile violence!

Because of thee, no thought, no thing,  
Abides for me undesecrate:  
Dark Angel, ever on the wing,  
Who never reachest me too late!

When music sounds, then changest thou  
Its silvery to a sultry fire:  
Nor will thine envious heart allow  
Delight untortured by desire.



Through thee, the gracious Muses turn  
To Furies, O mine Enemy!  
And all the things of beauty burn  
With flames of evil ecstasy.

Because of thee, the land of dreams  
Becomes a gathering place of feasts:  
Until tormented slumber seems  
One vehemence of useless tears.

When sunlight glows upon the flowers,  
Or ripples down the dancing sea:  
Thou, with thy troop of passionate powers,  
Beleaguerest, bewilderest, me.

Within the breath of autumn woods,  
Within the winter silences:  
Thy venomous spirit stirs and broods,  
O Master of impieties!

The ardour of red flame is thine,  
And thine the steely soul of ice:  
Thou poisonest the fair design,  
Of nature, with unfair device.

Apples of ashes, golden bright;  
Waters of bitterness, how sweet!  
O banquet of a foul delight,  
Prepared by thee, dark Paraclete!

Thou art the whisper in the gloom,  
The hinting tone, the haunting laugh:  
Thou art the adorer of my tomb,  
The minstrel of mine epitaph.

I fight thee, in the Holy Name!  
Yet, what thou dost, is what God saith:  
Tempter! should I escape thy flame,  
Thou wilt have helped my soul from Death:

The second Death, that never dies,  
That cannot die, when time is dead:  
Live Death, wherein the lost soul cries,  
Eternally uncomforted.

Dark Angel, with thine aching lust!  
Of two defeats, of two despairs:  
Less dread, a change to drifting dust,  
Than thine eternity of cares.

Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not so,  
Dark Angel! triumph over me:  
*Lonely, unto the Lone I go;*  
*Divine, to the Divinity.*

1893.

## A FRIEND

HIS are the whitenesses of soul,  
That Virgil had: he walks the earth  
A classic saint, in self-control,  
And comeliness, and quiet mirth.

His presence wins me to repose:  
When he is with me, I forget  
All heaviness: and when he goes,  
The comfort of the sun is set.

But in the lonely hours I learn,  
How I can serve and thank him best:  
*God! trouble him: that he may turn  
Through sorrow to the only rest.*

1894.

## TO A PASSIONIST

CLAD in a vestment wrought with passion-flowers;  
Celebrant of one Passion; called by name  
Passionist: is thy world, one world with ours?  
Thine, a like heart? Thy very soul, the same?

Thou pleadest an eternal sorrow: we  
Praise the still changing beauty of this earth.

Purple they bloom, the splendour of a King:  
 Crimson they bleed, the sacrament of Death:  
 About our thrones and pleasaunces they cling,  
 Where guilty eyes read, what each blossom saith.

1888.

## ADVENTUS DOMINI

*To the Rev. Radclyffe Dolling.*

ET cherubim et seraphim descendit Rex:  
 Caelcæ caelorum linoquit salvaturus nos.  
 Deserit, ne per saecula stet mortis lex,  
 Angelos Deus noster et Archangelos.

Tu, miserator! Tu, Christe misericors!  
 Tu, peccatores nos qui solus redimis:  
 Ut caeli gaudeant, ut moriatur mors,  
 Veni cum Angelis et cum Archangelis!

1890.

## MEN OF ASSISI

*To Viscount St. Cyres.*

A CROWN of roses and of thorns;  
 A crown of roses and of bay:  
 Each crown of loveliness adorns  
 Assisi, gleaming far away  
 On Umbrian heights, in Umbrian day.

One bloomed, when Cynthia's lover sang  
 Cynthia, and revelry, and Rome:  
 And one his wounded hands did hang,  
 Whose heart was lovelier Love's dear home;  
 And his, an holier martyrdom.

Are the spring roses round thine head,  
Propertius! as they were of old?  
In the gray deserts of the dead,  
Glows any wine in cups of gold?  
Not all the truth, dead Cynthia told!

And round thine head, so lowly fair,  
Saint Francis! thorns no longer close:  
Paradise roses may be there,  
And Mary lilies: only those.  
Thy sister, Death, hurt not thy rose

We to thy shade, with song and wine,  
Libation make, Propertius!  
While suns or stars of summer shine,  
Thy passionate music thrills through us:  
Hail to thee, hail! We crown thee, thus.

But when our hearts are chill and faint,  
Pierced with true sorrow piteous:  
Francis! our brother and God's Saint,  
We worship thee, we hail thee, thus:  
Praying, *Sweet Francis! pray for us.*

O city on the Umbrian hills:  
Assisi, mother of such sons!  
What glory of remembrance fills  
Thine heart, whereof the legend runs:  
*These are among my vanished ones.*

## MEN OF AQUINO

*To Charles Mulvany.*

THOSE angry fires, that clove the air,  
 Heavy with Rome's imperial lust:  
 Those bitter fires, that burn and flare  
 Unquenched, above their kindler's dust:  
 Aquinum can their birth declare.

The wicked splendours of old time,  
 Juvenal! stung thy passionate heart.  
 Wrath learned of thee a scorn sublime;  
 The Muses, a prophetic art:  
 Yet pride and lust kept still their prime.

A greater birth, Aquinum knows:  
 Rank upon rank, in stately wise;  
 Rank upon rank, in ordered rows;  
 Like sacred hosts and hierarchies,  
 The march of holy science goes.

Vain, a man's voice, to conquer men!  
 Rome fell: Rome rose: Aquinum lent  
 • The world her greater citizen:  
 Armed for Rome's war, Saint Thomas went,  
 Using God's voice: they listened, then.

Ah, Juvenal: thy trumpet sound:  
 Woe for the fallen soul of Rome!  
 But the high saint, whose music found  
 The altar its eternal home,  
 Sang: *Lauda Sion!* heavenward bound.

A fourfold music of the Host,  
 He sang: the open Heavens shone plain.  
 Then back he turned him to his post,  
 And opened heavenly Laws again,  
 From first to last, both least and most.

O little Latin town! rejoice,  
 Who hast such motherhood, as this:  
 Through all the worlds of faith one voice  
 Chaunts forth the truth; yet stays not his,  
 Whose anger made a righteous choice.

1890.

## LUCRETIVS

*To William Nash.*

## I

VISIONS, to sear with flame his worn and haunted  
 eyes,  
 Throng him: and fears unknown invest the black  
 night hours.  
 His royal reason fights with undefeated Powers,  
 Armies of mad desires, legions of wanton lies;  
 His ears are full of pain, because of their fierce cries:  
 Nor from his tended thoughts, for all their fruits and  
 flowers,  
 Comes solace: for Philosophy within her bowers  
 Falls faint, and sick to death. Therefore Lucretius  
 dies.

Dead! And his deathless death hath him, so still and  
 stark!  
 No change upon the deep, no change upon the earth,

None in the wastes of nature, the starred wilderness.  
Wandering flames and thunders of the shaken dark:  
Among the mountain heights, winds wild with stormy  
mirth:

These were before, and these will be: no more, no less.  
1890.

## II

LUCRETIUS! King of men, that are  
No more, they think, than men:  
Who, past the flaming walls afar,  
Find nought within their ken:

The cruel draught, that wildered thee,  
And drove thee upon sleep,  
Was kinder than Philosophy,  
Who would not let thee weep.

Thou knowest now, that life and death  
Are wondrous intervals:  
The fortunes of a fitful breath,  
Within the flaming walls.

Without them, an eternal plan,  
Which life and death obey:  
Divinity, that fashions man,  
Its high, immortal way.

Or was he right, thy past compare,  
Thy one true voice of Greece?  
Then, whirled about the unconscious air,  
Thou hast a vehement peace.



No calms of light, no purple lands,  
No sanctuaries sublime:

Like storms of snow, like quaking sands,  
Thine atoms drift through time.

1889.

## III

MIGHTIEST-minded of the Roman race,

Lucretius!

In thy predestined, purgatory place,

Where thou and thine Iphigenia wait:

What think'st thou of the Vision and the Fate,

Wherewith the Christ makes all thine outcries vain?

Art learning Christ through sweet and bitter pain,

Lucretius?

Heaviest-hearted of the sons of men,

Lucretius!

Well couldst thou justify severe thoughts then,

Considering thy lamentable Rome:

But thou wilt come to an imperial home,

With walls of jasper, past the walls of fire:

To God's proud City, and thine heart's desire,

Lucretius!

1887.

## ENTHUSIASTS

*To the Rev. Percy Dearmer.*

LET your swords flash, and wound the golden air of  
God:

Bright steel, to meet and cleave the splendour of His  
sun!

Now is a war of wars in majesty begun:

Red shall the cornfields ripen, where our horses trod,  
Where scythe nor sickle swept, but smote war's iron  
rod:

Where the stars rose and set, and saw the blood still  
run.

So shall men tell of us, and dread our deeds, though  
done:

New annals yet shall praise time's fiercest period.

Let your swords flash, and wound the glowing air:  
now play

A glorious dance of death, with clash and gleam of  
sword.

Did Syrian sun and moon stand still on Israel's day?

Those orbs halt over Ajalon at Joshua's word?

Of us, who ride for God, shall Christian children say:

*To battle, see! flash by armed angels of the Lord.*

1891.

## CADGWITH

*To Laurence Binyon.*

### I

*MAN is a shadow's dream!*

Opulent Pindar saith:

Yet man may win a gleam

Of glory, before death.

Saith golden Shakespeare: *Man*

*Is a dream's shadow!* Yet,

Though death do all death can,

His soul toward life is set,

I, living with delight  
This rich autumnal day,  
Mark the gulls' curving flight  
Across the black-girt bay.

And the sea's working men,  
The fisher-folk, I mark  
Haul down their boats, and then  
Launch for the deep sea dark.

Far out the strange ships go :  
Their broad sails flashing red  
As flame, or white as snow :  
The ships, as David said.

Winds rush and waters roll :  
Their strength, their beauty, brings  
Into mine heart the whole  
Magnificence of things :

That men are counted worth  
A part upon this sea,  
A part upon this earth,  
Exalts and heartens me.

Ah, Glaucus, soul of man !  
Encrusted by each tide,  
That, since the seas began,  
Hath surged against thy side :

Encumbering thee with weed,  
And tangle of the wave !  
Yet canst thou rise at need,  
And thy strong beauty save !

Tides of the world in vain  
Desire to vanquish thee:  
Prostrate, thou canst again  
Rise, lord of earth and sea:

Rise, lord of sea and earth,  
And winds, and starry night.  
Thine is the greater birth  
And origin of light.

1892.

## II

MY windows open to the autumn night,  
In vain I watched for sleep to visit me:  
How should sleep dull mine ears, and dim my sight,  
Who saw the stars, and listened to the sea?

Ah, how the City of our God is fair!  
If, without sea, and starless though it be,  
For joy of the majestic beauty there,  
Men shall not miss the stars, nor mourn the sea.

1892.

## III

MARY Star of the sea!  
Look on this little place:  
Bless the kind fisher race,  
MARY Star of the sea!

Send harvest from the deep,  
MARY Star of the Sea!  
MARY Star of the Sea!  
Let not these women weep.

Mary Star of the Sea!  
Give wife and mother joy  
In husband and in boy:  
Mary Star of the Sea!

With intercession save,  
Mary Star of the Sea!  
Mary Star of the Sea!  
These children of the wave.

Mary Star of the Sea!  
Pour peace upon the wild  
Waves, make their murmurs mild:  
Mary Star of the Sea!

Now in thy mercy pray,  
Mary Star of the Sea!  
Mary Star of the Sea!  
For sailors far away.

Mary Star of the Sea!  
Now be thy great prayers said  
For all poor seamen dead:  
Mary Star of the Sea!

1892.

## VISIONS

*To Mrs. de Paravicini.*

## I

EACH in his proper gleom;  
Each in his dark, just place:  
The builders of their doom  
Hide, each his awful face.

Not less than saints, are they  
Heirs of Eternity:  
Perfect, their dreadful way;  
A deathless company.

Lost! lost! fallen and lost!  
With fierce wrath ever fresh:  
Each suffers in the ghost  
The sorrows of the flesh.

O miracle of sin!  
That makes itself an home,  
So utter black within,  
Thither Light cannot come!

O mighty house of hate!  
Stablished and guarded so,  
Love cannot pass the gate,  
Even to dull its woe!

Now, Christ compassionate!  
Now, bruise me with thy rod:  
Lest I be mine own fate,  
And kill the love of God.

1893.

## II

O PLACE of happy pains,  
And land of dear desires!  
Where Love divine detains  
Glad souls among sweet fires.

Where sweet, white fires embrace  
 The red-scarred, red-stained soul:  
 That it may see God's Face,  
 Perfectly white and whole.

While with still hope they bear  
 Those ardent agonies:  
 Earth pleads for them, in prayer  
 And wistful charities.

O place of patient pains,  
 And land of brave desires!  
 Us now God's Will detains  
 Far from those holy fires.

Us the sad world rings round  
 With passionate flames impure:  
 We tread an impious ground,  
 And hunger, and endure:

That, earth's ordeal done,  
 Those white, sweet fires may fit  
 Us for our home, and One,  
 Who is the Light of it.

1892.

## III

SINCE, O white City! I may be,  
 I, a white citizen of thee:

I claim no saint's high grace  
 Mine, but a servant's place.

I think not vainly to become  
 A king, who knew no martyrdom:  
 Nor crown, nor palm, I crave;  
 But to be Christ's poor slave.

Angels! before the Lord of lords,  
Shine forth, His spiritual swords!  
Flash round the King of kings  
The snow of your white wings!

But I, too fresh from the white fire,  
Humble the dreams of all desire:  
Nay! let me shine afar,  
Who am Heaven's faintest star.

Upon the eternal borders let  
My still too fearful soul be set:  
There wait the Will of God,  
A loving period.

Closer I dare not come, nor see  
The Face of Him, Who died for me.

*Child! thou shalt dwell apart:  
But in My Sacred Heart.*

1893.

• TO LEO XIII

LEO! Vicar of Christ,  
His voice, His love, His sword:  
Leo! Vicar of Christ,  
Earth's Angel of the Lord:

Leo! Father of all,  
Whose are all hearts to keep:  
Leo! Father of all,  
Chief Shepherd of the sheep:



Leo! Lover of men,  
Through all the labouring lands:  
Leo! Lover of men,  
Blest by thine holy hands:

Leo! Ruler of Rome,  
Heir of its royal race:  
Leo! Ruler of Rome,  
King of the Holy Place:

Leo! Leo the Great!  
Glory, and love, and fear,  
Leo! Leo the Great!  
We give thee, great and dear:

Leo! God grant this thing:  
Might some, so proud to be  
Children of England, bring  
Thine England back to thee!

1892.

### AT THE BURIAL OF CARDINAL MANNING

*To James Britten.*

VICTOR in Roman purple, saint and knight,  
In peace he passes to eternal peace:  
Triumph so proud, knew not Rome's ancient might;  
She knew not to make poor men's sorrow cease:  
For thousands, ere he won the holiest home,  
Earth was made homelier by this Prince of Rome.

1892.

## VIGILS

*To C. K. P.*

SONG and silence ever be  
 All the grace, life bring to me  
 Song well winged with sunrise fire;  
 Silence holy and entire:  
 Silence of a marble sea,  
 Song of an immortal lyre.

Take my thanks, who profferest  
 Wistful song and musical:  
 Melodies memorial,  
 Melancholy, augural:  
 Meaning, that Old World is best:  
 • Ours, a witless palimpsest.

Not cool glades of Fontainebleau  
 Hold the secret; not French plains,  
 Crowned with monumental fanes;  
 Not the Flemish waters' flow:  
 Light the fair days come, light go:  
 But the mystery remains.

Here, beneath the carven spires,  
 We have dreams, revolts, desires:  
 • Here each ancient, haunted Hall  
 Holds its Brocken carnival;  
 Where Philosophy attires  
 All her forms, to suit us all.

In a ring her witches crowd:  
Faces passionate and proud,  
Luring eyes and voices loud:  
*Death ends life: And life is death:*  
*Man is dust: The soul a breath:*  
*Who knows aught? Each fair Lie saith.*

Master of the revel rout,  
Flaunts him Mephistopheles:  
Leading up, to where he sees  
Faith, alone and ill at ease,  
Many a winning, light-foot Doubt:  
*Knows each other: dance it out!*

Ah, the whirling, bacchant dance!  
Then no more Faith's crystal glance  
Pierces the benighted skies:  
Then, for her inheritance,  
Hath she but each dream, that lies  
Dying in her wildered eyes.

Breaking hearts! For you the lark  
Cries at morn: for you the deep  
Silence deepens in the dark, "  
When invisible angels mark  
Your tired eyes, that burn and weep,  
Hardly wearied into sleep.

Fearful hearts! For you all song  
Sighs, and laughs, and soars: for you  
Low-preluding winds prolong  
Meditative music through "  
Twilight: till for you there throng  
Calm stars, unprofaned and true.

Song and silence ever be  
 All the grace, life bring to me:  
 Song of Mary, mighty Mother;  
 Song of whom she bare, my Brother:  
 Silence of an ecstasy,  
 When I find Him, and none other.

Song thou sendest, singing fair:  
 But what music past compare  
 That must be when, gathered home,  
 Poor strayed children kneel in prayer:  
 Confessors of Christendom  
 Unto thee, O royal Rome!

Silence all is mine alone  
 Now, before the altar throne  
 Darkling, waiting, happier thus,  
 • Till the night watches be gone.  
 Holy Aloysius!  
 Holy Mother! pray for us.

1887.

• THE CHURCH OF A DREAM.

*To Bernhard Berenson.*

SADLY the dead leaves rustle in the whistling wind,  
 Around the weather-worn, gray church, low down the  
 • vale:  
 The Saints in golden vesture shake before the gale;  
 The glorious windows shake, where still they dwell  
 enshrined;

Old Saints by long dead, shrivelled hands, long since  
designed:

There still, although the world autumnal be, and pale,  
Still in their golden vesture the old saints prevail;  
Alone with Christ, desolate else, left by mankind.

Only one ancient Priest offers the Sacrifice,  
Murmuring holy Latin immemorial:  
Swaying with tremulous hands the old censer full of  
spice,  
In gray, sweet incense clouds; blue, sweet clouds,  
mystical:  
To him, in place of men, for he is old, suffice  
Melancholy remembrances and vespéral.

1890.

## THE AGE OF A DREAM

*To Christopher Whall.*

IMAGERIES of dreams reveal a gracious age:  
Black armour, falling lace, and altar lights at morn.  
The courtesy of Saints, their gentleness and scorn,  
Lights on an earth more fair, than shone from Plato's  
page:

The courtesy of knights, fair calm and sacred rage:  
The courtesy of love, sorrow for love's sake borne.  
Vanished, those high conceits! Desolate and forlorn,  
We hunger against hope for that lost heritage.

Gone now, the carven work! Ruined, the golden shrine!  
No more the glorious organs pour their voice divine;  
No more rich frankincense drifts through the Holy  
Place:

Now from the broken tower, what solemn bell still tolls,  
Mourning what piteous death? Answer, O saddened  
souls!

Who mourn the death of beauty and the death of grace.

1890.

## OXFORD NIGHTS

*To Victor Plarr.*

ABOUT the august and ancient *Square*,  
Cries the wild wind; and through the air,  
The blue night air, blows keen and chill:  
Else, all the night sleeps, all is still.  
Now, the lone *Square* is blind with gloom:  
Now, on that clustering chestnut bloom,  
A cloudy moonlight plays, and falls  
In glory upon *Bodley's* walls:  
Now, wildlier yet, while moonlight pales,  
Storm the tumultuary gales.  
O rare divinity of Night!  
Season of undisturbed delight:  
Glad interspace of day and day!  
Without, an, world of winds at play:  
Within, I hear what dead friends say.  
Blow, winds! and round that perfect *Dome*,  
Wail as you will, and sweep, and roam:  
Above *Saint Mary's* carven home,  
Struggle, and smite to your desire  
The sainted watchers on her spire:  
Or in the distance vex your power  
Upon mine own *New College* tower:  
You hurt not these! On me and mine,  
Clear candlelights in quiet shine:

My fire lives yet! nor have I done  
With *Smollett*, nor with *Richardson*:  
With, gentlest of the martyrs! *Lamb*,  
Whose lover I, long lover, am:  
With *Gray*, whose gracious spirit knew  
The sorrows of art's lonely few:  
With *Fielding*, great, and strong, and tall;  
*Sterne*, exquisite, equivocal;  
*Goldsmith*, the dearest of them all:  
While *Addison's* demure delights  
Turn *Oxford*, into *Attic*, nights.  
Still *Trim* and *Parson Adams* keep  
Me better company, than sleep:  
Dark sleep, who loves not me; nor I  
Love well her nightly death to die,  
And in her haunted chapels lie.  
Sleep wins me not: but from his shelf  
Brings me each wit his very self:  
Beside my chair the great ghosts throng,  
Each tells his story, sings his song:  
And in the ruddy fire I trace  
The curves of each *Augustan* face.  
I sit at *Doctor Primrose's* board:  
I hear *Beau Tibbs* discuss a lord.  
Mine, *Matthew Bramble's* pleasant wrath;  
Mine, all the humours of the *Bath*.  
*Sir Roger* and the *Man in Black*  
Bring me the *Golden Ages* back.  
Now white *Clarissa* meets her fate,  
With virgin will inviolate:  
Now *Lovelace* wins me with a smile,  
*Lovelace*, adorable and vile.

I taste, in slow alternate way,  
 Letters of *Lamb*, letters of *Gray*:  
 Nor lives there, beneath *Oxford* towers,  
 More joy, than in my silent hours.  
 Dream, who love dreams! forget all grief:  
 Find, in sleep's nothingness, relief:  
 Better? my dreams! Dear, human books,  
 With kindly voices, winning looks!  
 Enchant me with your spells of art,  
 And draw me homeward to your heart:  
 Till weariness and things unkind  
 Seem but a vain and passing wind:  
 Till the gray morning slowly creep  
 Upward, and rouse the birds from sleep:  
 Till *Oxford* bells the silence break,  
 And find me happier, for your sake.  
 Then, with the dawn of common day,  
 Rest you! But I, upon my way,  
 What the fates bring, will cheerlier do,  
 In days not yours, through thoughts of you!  
1890.

## TO A SPANISH FRIEND

EXILED in America  
 From thine own Castilia,  
 Son of holy Avila!  
 Leave thine endless tangled lore,  
 As in childhood to implore  
 Her, whose pleading evermore  
 Pleads for her own Avila.



Seraph Saint, Teresa burns  
Before God, and burning turns  
To the Furnace, whence she learns  
How the Sun of Love is lit:  
She the Sunflower following it.  
O fair ardour infinite:  
Fire, for which the cold soul yearns!

Clad in everlasting fire,  
Flame of one long, lone desire,  
Surely thou too shalt aspire  
Up by Carmel's bitter road:  
Love thy goal and love thy goad,  
Love thy lightness and thy load,  
Love thy rose and love thy briar.

Leave the false light, leave the vain:  
Lose thyself in Night again,  
Night divine of perfect pain.  
Lose thyself, and find thy God,  
Through a prostrate period:  
Bruise thee with an iron rod;  
Suffer, till thyself be slain.

Fly thou from the dazzling day,  
For it lights the downward way:  
In the sacred Darkness pray,  
Till prayer cease, or seem to thee  
Agony of ecstasy:  
Dead to all men, dear to me,  
Live as saints, and die as they.

Stones and thorns shall tear and sting,  
 Each stern step its passion bring,  
 On the Way of Perfecting,  
 On the Fourfold Way of Prayer:  
 Heed not, though joy fill the air;  
 Heed not, though it breathe despair:  
 In the City thou shalt sing.

Without hope and without fear,  
 Keep thyself from thyself clear:  
 In the secret seventh sphere  
 Of thy soul's hid Castle, thou  
 At the King's white throne shalt bow:  
 Light of Light shall kiss thy brow,  
 And all darkness disappear.

1894.

## TO MY PATRONS

THY spear rent Christ, when dead for me He lay:  
 My sin rends Christ, though never one save He  
 Perfectly loves me, comforts me. Then pray,  
 Longinus Saint! the Crucified, for me.

Hard is the holy war, and hard the way:  
 At rest with ancient victors would I be.  
 O faith's first glory from our England! pray,  
 Saint Alban! to the Lord of Hosts, for me.

Fain would I watch with thee, till morning gray,  
 Beneath the stars austere: so might I see  
 Sunrise, and light, and joy, at last. Then pray,  
 John Baptist Saint! unto the Christ, for me.

Remembering God's coronation day;  
Thorns, for His crown; His throne, a Cross: to thee  
Heaven's kingdom dearer was than earth's. Then pray  
Saint Louis! to the King of kings, for me.

Thy love loved all things: thy love knew no stay,  
But drew the very wild beasts round thy knee.  
O lover of the least and lowest! pray,  
Saint Francis! to the Son of Man, for me.

Bishop of souls in servitude astray,  
Who didst for holy service set them free:  
Use still thy discipline of love, and pray,  
Saint Charles! unto the world's High Priest, for me.

1893.

## BRONTË

*To Hubert Crackanthorpe.*

UPON the moorland winds blown forth,  
Your mighty music storms our heart:  
Immortal sisters of the North!  
Daughters of nature: Queens of art.

Becomingly you bore that name,  
Your Celtic name, that sounds of Greece:  
Children of thunder and of flame;  
Passion, that clears the air for peace

Stoic, thy chosen title: thou,  
Whose soul conversed with vehement nights,  
Till love, with lightnings on his brow,  
Met anguish, upon *Wuthering Heights*.

Thou, Stoic! Though the heart in thee  
Never knew fear, yet always pain:  
Not Stoic, thou! whose eyes could see  
Passion's immeasurable gain:

Not standing from the war apart,  
Not cancelling the lust of life;  
But loving with triumphant heart  
The impassioned glory of the strife.

Oh, welcome death! But first, to know  
The trials and the agonies:  
Oh, perfect rest! But ere life go,  
To leave eternal memories.

Then down the lone moors let each wind  
Cry round the silent house of sleep:  
And there let breaths of heather find  
Entrance, and there the fresh rains weep.

Rest! rest! The storm hath surged away:  
The calm, the hush, the dews descend.  
Rest now, ah, rest thee! night and day:  
The circling moorlands guard their friend.

Thou too, before whose steadfast eyes  
Thy conquering sister greatly died:  
By grace of art, that never dies,  
She lives: thou also dost abide.

For men and women, safe from death,  
Creatures of thine, our perfect friends:  
Filled with imperishable breath,  
Give thee back life, that never ends.

Oh! hearts may break, and hearts forget,  
Life grow a gloomy tale to tell:  
Still through the streets of bright *Villette*,  
Still flashes *Paul Emanuel*!

Still, when your *Shirley* laughs and sings,  
Suns break the clouds to welcome her:  
Still winds, with music on their wings,  
Drive the wild soul of *Rochester*.

Children of fire! The Muses filled  
Hellas, with shrines of gleaming stone:  
Your wasted hands had strength to build  
Gray sanctuaries, hard-hewn, wind-blown.

Over their heights, all blanched in storm,  
What purple fields of tempest hang!  
In splendour stands their mountain form,  
That from the sombre quarry sprang.

Now the high gates lift up their head:  
Now stormier music, than the blast,  
Swells over the immortal dead:  
Silent and sleeping, free at last.

But from the tempest, and the gloom,  
The stars, the fires of God, steal forth:  
Dews fall upon your heather bloom,  
O royal sisters of the North!

## COMFORT

*To Claud Schuster.*

WINTER is at the door,  
 Winter! Winter!  
 Winter is at the door:  
 For all along the worn oak floor  
 Waver the carpets; and before  
 The once warm southern orchard wall,  
 The last October peaches fall;  
 In vain behind their fellows all  
     Belated.

Winter is come apace,  
 Winter! Winter!  
 Winter is come apace.  
 The fireside is the cheeriest place,  
 To wear unfeigned a merry face:  
 While music tells, though now 'tis chill,  
 How merle, and maid, and mavis, will,  
 When spring comes dancing down the hill,  
     Be mated.

1887.

## . MOEL FAMMAU

*To Arthur Clutton-Brock.*

IN purple heather is my sleep  
 On Moel Fammau: far below,  
 The springing rivulets leap,  
 The firs wave to and fro.

This morn, the sun on Bala Lake  
 Broke out behind me: morrow morn  
 Near Rhual I shall wake,  
 Before the sun is born;

High burning over Clwyd Vale,  
 And reddening the mountain dew:  
 While the moon lingers frail,  
 High up in skies of blue.

Lovely and loved, O passionate land!  
 Dear Celtic land, unconquered still!  
 Thy mountain strength prevails:  
 Thy winds have all their will.

They have no care for meaner things;  
 They have no scorn for brooding dreams:  
 A spirit in them sings,  
 A light about them beams.

1887.

## SORTES VIRGILIANAE

*To John Barlas.*

LORD of the Golden Branch, Virgil! and Caesar's friend:  
 Leader of pilgrim Dante! Yes: *things have their tears*:  
 So sighed thy song, when down sad winds pierced to  
 thine ears  
 Wandering and immemorial sorrows without end.  
*And things of death touch hearts, that die*: Yes: but  
 joys blend,

And glories, with our little life of human fears:  
Rome reigns, and Caesar triumphs! Ah, the Golden  
Years,  
The Golden Years return: this also the Gods send.

*O men, who have endured an heavier burden yet!*  
Hear you not happy airs, and voices augural?  
For you, in these last days by sure foreknowledge set,  
Looms no Italian shore, bright and imperial?  
Wounded and worn! What Virgil sang, doth God  
o forget?  
Virgil, the melancholy, the majestic.

1891.

### CONSOLATION

SIGHING and grief are all my portion now,  
Sighing and grief:  
But thou art somewhere smiling: thou,  
Like a frail leaf,  
By winter's mercy spared a little yet,  
Canst put aside  
The coming shadow: happy to forget,  
How thy companion died.

1883.

### ORACLES

#### I

LET not any withering Fate,  
With her all too sombre thread,  
Flying from the Ivory Gate,  
Make thy soul discomfited:



## OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

*Upon reading the poem of that name in the  
Underwoods of Mr. Stevenson.*

FAR from the world, far from delight,  
Distinguishing not day from night;  
Vowed to one sacrifice of all  
The happy things, that men befall:  
Pleading one sacrifice, before  
Whom sun and sea and wind adore;  
Far from earth's comfort, far away,  
We cry to God, we cry and pray  
For men, who have the common day.  
Dance, merry world! and sing: but we,  
Hearing, remember Calvary:  
Get gold, and thrive you! but the sun  
Once paled; and the centurion  
Said: *This dead man was God's own Son.*  
Think you, we shrink from common toil,  
Works of the mart, works of the soil;  
That, prisoners of strong despair,  
We breathe this melancholy air;  
Forgetting the dear calls of race,  
And bonds of house, and ties of place;  
That, cowards, from the field we turn,  
And heavenward, in our weakness, yearn?  
Unjust! unkind! while you despise  
Our lonely years, our mournful cries:  
You are the happier for our prayer;  
The guerdon of our souls, you share.

Not in such feebleness of heart,  
 We play our solitary part;  
 Not fugitives of battle, we  
 Hide from the world, and let things be:  
 But rather, looking over earth,  
 Between the bounds of death and birth;  
 And sad at heart, for sorrow and sin,  
 We wondered, where might help begin.  
 And on our wonder came God's choice,  
 A sudden light, a clarion voice,  
 Clearing the dark, and sounding clear:  
 And we obeyed: behold us, here!  
 In prison bound, but with your chains:  
 Sufferers, but of alien pains.  
 Merry the world, and thrives apace,  
 Each in his customary place:  
 Sailors upon the carrying sea,  
 Shepherds upon the pasture lea,  
 And merchants of the town; and they,  
 Who march to death, the fighting way;  
 And there are lovers in the spring,  
 With those, who dance, and those, who sing:  
 The commonwealth of every day,  
 • Eastward and westward, far away.  
 Once the sun paled; once cried aloud  
 The Roman, from beneath the cloud:  
*This day the Son of God is dead!*  
 Yet heed men, what the Roman said?  
 They heed not: we then heed for them,  
 The mindless of Jerusalem;  
 Careless, they live and die: but we  
 Care, in their stead, for Calvary.

O joyous men and women! strong,  
 To urge the wheel of life along,  
 With strenuous arm, and cheerful strain,  
 And wisdom of laborious brain:  
 We give our life, our heart, our breath,  
 That you may live to conquer death;  
 That, past your tomb, with souls in health,  
 Joy may be yours, and blessed wealth;  
 Through vigils of the painful night,  
 Our spirits with your tempters fight:  
 For you, for you, we live alone,  
 Where no joy comes, where cold winds moan:  
 Nor friends have we, nor have we foes;  
 Our Queen is of the lonely Snows.  
 Ah! and sometimes, our prayers between,  
 Come sudden thoughts of what hath been:  
 Dreams! And from dreams, once more we fall  
 To prayer: *God save, Christ keep, them all.*  
 And thou, who knowest not these things,  
 Harken, what news our message brings!  
 Our toils, thy joy of life forgot:  
 Our lives of prayer forget thee not.

1887.

## ASH WEDNESDAY

*To the Rev. Father Strappini, S.J.*

ASHEN cross traced on brow!  
 Iron cross hid in breast!  
 Have power, bring patience, now:  
 Bid passion be at rest.

O sad, dear, days of Lent!  
Now lengthen your gray hours:  
If so we may repent,  
Before the time of flowers.

Majestical, austere,  
The sanctuaries look stern:  
All silent! all severe!  
Save where the lone lamps burn.

Imprisoned there above  
The world's indifferency;  
Still waits Eternal Love,  
With wounds from Calvary.

Come! mourning companies;  
Come! to sad Christ draw near:  
Come! sin's confederacies;  
Lay down your malice here.

Here is the healing place,  
And here the place of peace:  
Sorrow is sweet with grace  
Here, and here sin hath cease.

1893.

## DESIDERIA

*To Mrs. Hinkson.*

THE angels of the sunlight clothe  
In England the corn's golden ears,  
Round me: yet would that I to-day  
Saw sunlight on the Hill of Howth,

And sunlight on the Golden Spears,  
And sunlight upon Dublin Bay.

In hunger of the heart I loathe  
These happy fields: I turn with tears  
Of love and longing, far away:  
To where the heathered Hill of Howth  
Stands guardian, with the Golden Spears,  
Above the blue of Dublin Bay.

1894.

### ARMA VIRUMQUE

*To Edmund Phipps.*

AH! the keen, blue-bladed sword,  
In the strong hands of thy lord  
Living, vibrating, inspired!  
Thou hast drunk the draught desired,  
Blood of battle: now, restored  
To the shrouding sheath, thou hatest,  
For the trump of war thou waitest.

But thy bright steel grows not dim,  
While thou hangest yet by him,  
In whose hands thou hast thy life.  
Fear not! Thou shalt swell more strife,  
Ere death come: last foe most grim!  
And shalt lie, that onset over,  
Close beside thy lord and lover.

1889.

## THE DAY OF COMING DAYS

*To J. P. Quinn.*

BRIGHT seas cast far upon her shore  
 White flowers of flying spray :  
 The blossoms of her fields are more,  
 Than blossomed yesterday :  
 The music of her winds and birds  
 Alone can tell the triumph words,  
 Her children cannot say.

The stars from solemn deeps look down  
 In favour and delight :  
 The glories of her day, they crown  
 With splendours of her night :  
 The queen of the adoring Gael,  
 Their radiant mother, Inisfail,  
 Reigns, by divinest right.

1894.

## RENEGADE

*To Arthur Chamberlain.*

BUT all that now is over.  
 Dreamers of dreams shall not in me discover  
 Fallen remembrances of Holy Land ;  
 Looks in mine eyes, that seem to understand  
 A banished secret ; in my common mien,  
 A charmed communion with high things unseen.

For all that now is over.  
 Mere merchant of earth's market-place, no lover,  
 I keep the dusty, trodden road of all.

Though broken echoes fill the mart, and call  
 Back to my silent memories: down chill air.  
 They die away, and leave me to my care.

Since all that now is over,  
 And not at any cost can I recover  
 The abdicated throne, the abandoned crown:  
 I sit me at the heart of the vast town,  
 To wear old love looks down to the dull look,  
 Befitting love unthought on, or forsook, 1887.

## WALES

*To T. W. Rolleston.*

MOTHER of holy fire! Mother of holy dew!  
 Thy children of the mist, the moor, the mountain side,  
 These change not from thine heart, these to thine heart  
     allied:  
 These, that rely on thee, as blossoms on the blue.  
 O passionate, dark faces, melancholy's hue!  
 O deep, gray eyes, so tragic with the fires they hide!  
 Sweet Mother, in whose light these live! thou dost  
     abide,  
 Star of the West, pale to the world: these know thee  
     true.

No alien hearts may know that magic, which acquaints  
 Thy soul with splendid passion, a great fire of dreams;  
 Thine heart with lovelier sorrow, than the wistful sea.  
 Voices of Celtic singers and of Celtic Saints  
 Live on the ancient air: their royal sunlight gleams  
 On moorland Merioneth and on sacred Dee.

1890.

## HARVEST

*To Nowell Smith.*

NOT now the rejoicing face of summer glows  
 In splendour to a blue and splendid sky:  
 For now hath died each lingering wild rose  
 Off tangled river banks: and autumn shows  
 Fields of red corn, that on the downside lie  
 Beneath a gentle mist, a golden haze.  
 So shrouded, the red cornlands take an air  
 Trembling with warm wind: sickle-girt, forth fare  
 To gather in the fruit of summer days,  
 Harvesting hinds, with swift arms brown and bare;  
 Revering well toil's venerable ways.

Most golden music is among the corn,  
 Played by the winds wavering over it:  
 A murmuring sound, as when against the morn,  
 Orient upon calm seas, their noise is borne  
 Innumerable rippling and sunlit.  
 Most golden music is in either tide:  
 And this of radiant corn, before it fall,  
 Wills not that summer die unmusical,  
 By no rich surge of murmurs glorified:  
 Nay! the fields rock and rustle, sounding all  
 Praise of the fruitful earth on every side.

Good, through the yellow fields to ponder long:  
 Good, long to meditate the stilly sight.  
 Afar shone down a brazen sunlight strong,  
 Over the harvested hillside, along  
 The laboured meadows, burning with great light:



The air trembled with overflow of heat  
 In the low valley, where no movement was  
 Of soft-blown wind, ruffling the scytheless grass  
 Thick-growing by the waters, cool and sweet:  
 No swing of boughs; there were no airs to pass  
 Caressing them: all winds failed, when all wheat,  
  
 All fair crops murmuring their soft acclaim,  
 Fell, golden rank on golden rank, and lay  
 Ruddily heaped along the earth: the flame  
 Of delicate poppies, rich and frail, became  
 Wan dying weed; convulvulus, astray  
 Out from its hedgerows far into the field,  
 In clinging coils of leaf and tender bloom,  
 Shared with the stalks it clung and clasped, their doom.  
 So went the work: so gave the ripened weald  
 Its fruits and pleasant flowers; and made a room,  
 Wherein fresh winds might wave a fresh year's yield.  
 1886.

### TO CERTAIN FRIENDS

I THANK Eternal God, that you are mine,  
 Who are His too: courageous and divine  
 Must friendship be, through this great grace of God;  
 And have Eternity for period.

1892.

### THE PETITION

*To Selwyn Image.*

FAIR, gracious, daughter of those skies,  
 Wherein nor star, nor angel, flies  
 More radiant than thy royal beauty:

To thee the Hours bring all they have  
Of rich, and wonderful, and brave:  
Yet do they but their natural duty.

Excelling all, thou cancellest  
Their praise, and art alone the best:  
Alone the theme of prayers and praises.  
Wilt thou not bow thee, and be kind,  
As lilies to a pleading wind,  
When fragrance the wan air amazes?

The holy angels of God's court  
With humble men still deign consort:  
For dear love's piteous sake discarding  
Their state and their celestial home,  
To company poor souls, that roam  
Sad and distraught, for lack of guarding.

Fair, gracious, daughter of the spheres!  
Be not more proud than those thy peers,  
Citizens of so high a city!  
Behold the captive of thy chains:  
Turn from thy palace to his pains,  
And keep thy prisoner by pity.

1892.

## THE CLASSICS

*To Ion Thynne.*

FAIN to know golden things, fain to grow wise,  
Fain to achieve the secret of fair souls:  
His thought, scarce other lore need solemnize,  
Whom Virgil calms, whom Sophocles controls:

Whose conscience Æschylus, a warrior voice,  
Enchanted hath with majesties of doom:  
Whose melancholy mood can best rejoice,  
When Horace sings, and roses bower the tomb:

Who, following Caesar unto death, discerns  
What bitter cause was Rome's, to mourn that day:  
With austere Tacitus for master, learns  
The look of empire in its proud decay:

Whom dread Lucretius of the mighty line  
Hath awed, but not borne down: who loves the flame,  
That leaped within Catullus the divine,  
His glory, and his beauty, and his shame:

Who dreams with Plato and, transcending dreams,  
Mounts to the perfect City of true God:  
Who hails its marvellous and haunting gleams,  
Treading the steady air, as Plato trod:

Who with Thucydides pursues the way,  
Feeling the heart-beats of the ages gone:  
Till fall the clouds upon the Attic day,  
And Syracuse draw tears for Marathon:

To whom these golden things best give delight:  
The music of most sad Simonides;  
Propertius' ardent graces; and the might  
Of Pindar chaunting by the olive trees:

Livy, and Roman consuls purple swathed.  
Plutarch, and heroes of the ancient earth:  
And Aristophanes, whose laughter scathed  
The souls of fools, and pealed in lyric mirth:

Æolian rose-leaves blown from Sappho's isle;  
 Secular glories of Lycean thought:  
 Sallies of Lucian, bidding wisdom smile;  
 Angers of Juvenal, divinely wrought:

Pleasant, and elegant, and garrulous,  
 Pliny: crowned Marcus, wistful and still strong:  
 Sicilian seas and their Theocritus,  
 Pastoral singer of the last Greek song:

Herodotus, all simple and all wise:

Demosthepes, a lightning flame of scorn:

The surge of Cicero, that never dies:

And Homer, grand against the ancient morn. 1890.

## APRIL

*To Richard Le Gallienne.*

A PLEASANT heat breathes off the scented grass,  
 From bright green blades, and shining daisies:  
 Now give we joy, who sometime cried, Alas!  
 Now set we forth our melodies, and sing  
 Soft praises to the spring,  
 Musical praises.

The flying winds are lovely with the sun:

Now all in sweet and dainty fashion

Goes life: for royal seasons are begun.

Now each new day and each new promise add

Fresh cause of being glad,

With vernal passion.

Few leaves upon the branches dare the spring:

But many buds are making ready,

Trusting the sun, their perfect summer king.

Likewise we put away our wintry cares:  
We hear but happy airs;  
Our hopes are steady.

Cold were the crystal rivers, bitter cold;  
And snows upon the iron mountains;  
And withering leaves upon the trodden mould.  
Hark to the crystal voices of the rills,  
Falling among the hills,  
From secret fountains!

Long not for June with roses: nor for nights  
Loud with tumultuary thunder:  
Those hours wax heavy with their fierce delights.  
But April is all bright, and gives us first,  
Before the roses burst,  
Her joy and wonder.

Clear lie the fields, and fade into blue air:  
Here, sweet concerted birds are singing  
Around this lawn of sweet grass, warm and fair.  
And holy music, through the waving trees,  
Comes gently down the breeze,  
Where bells are ringing.

1889.

### A PROSELYTE

HEART of magnificent desire:  
O equal of the lordly sun!  
Since thou hast cast on me thy fire,  
My cloistral peace, so hardly won,  
Breaks from its trance:  
One glance  
From thee hath all its joy undone.

Of lonely quiet was my dream;  
Day gliding into fellow day,  
With the mere motion of a stream:  
But now in vehement disarray  
    Go time and thought,  
    Distraught  
With passion kindled at thy ray.

Heart of tumultuary might,  
• O greater than the mountain flame,  
That leaps upon the fearful night!  
On me thy devastation came,  
    Sudden and swift;  
    A gift  
Of joyous torment without name.

Thy spirit stings my spirit: thou  
Takest by storm and ecstasy  
The cloister of my soul. And now,  
With ardour that is agony,  
    I do thy will;  
    Yet still  
Hear voices of calm memory.

1894.

## BEYOND

ALL was for you: and you are dead.  
For, came there sorrow, came there splendour,  
You still were mine, and I yours only:  
Then on my breast lay down your head,  
Triumphant in its dear surrender:  
One were we then: though one, not lonely.

Oh, is it you are dead, or I?  
Both! both dead, since we are asunder:  
You, sleeping: I, for ever walking  
Through the dark valley, hard and dry.  
At times I hear the mourning thunder:  
And voices, in the shadows, talking.

Dear, are there dreams among the dead:  
Or is it all a perfect slumber?  
But I must dream and dream to madness.  
Mine eyes are dark, now yours are fled:  
Yet see they sorrows without number,  
Waiting upon one perfect sadness.

So long, the melancholy vale!  
So full, these weary winds, of sorrow!  
So harsh, all things! For what counts pity?  
Still, as each twilight glimmers pale  
Upon the borders of each morrow,  
I near me to your sleeping city.

1889.

## EXPERIENCE

*To George Arthur Greene*

THE burden of the long gone years: the weight,  
The lifeless weight, of miserable things  
Done long ago, not done with: the live stings  
Left by old joys, follies provoking fate,  
Showing their sad side, when it is too late:  
Dread burden, that remorseless knowledge brings  
To men, remorseful! But the burden clings:  
And that remorse declares that bitter state.

Wisdom of ages! Wisdom of old age!  
Written, and spoken of, and prophesied,  
The common record of humanity!  
Oh, vain! The springtime is our heritage  
First, and the sunlight on the flowing tide:  
Then, that old truth's confirming misery.

1889.

## ESCAPE

*To Charles Weekes.*

SHE bared her spirit to her sorrow:  
On the circling hills the morrow  
Trembled, but it broke not forth:  
Winds blew from the snowy North.

*My soul! my sorrow! What wind bloweth,  
Knows the wayless way, it goeth?  
But before all else, we know  
Death's way is the way to go.*

•        •  
She knew no more than that: she only  
Knew, that she was left and lonely.  
Left? But she had loved! And lone?  
She had loved! But love had gone:

•  
So out into the wintry weather  
Soul and sorrow fled together:  
On the moor day found her dead:  
Snow on hands, and heart, and head.

1888.



## TRENTALS

*To Charles Sayle.*

Now these lovers twain be dead,  
 And together buried:  
 Masses only shall be said.  
 Hush thee, weary melancholy!  
 Music comes, more rich and holy:  
 Through the aged church shall sound  
 Words, by ancient prophets found;  
 Burdens in an ancient tongue,  
 By the fasting Mass-priest sung.

Gray, without, the autumn air:  
 But pale candles here prepare,  
 Pale as wasted golden hair.  
 Let the quire with mourning descant  
 Cry: *In pace requiescant!*  
 For they loved the things of God.  
 Now, where solemn feet have trod,  
 Sleep they well: and wait the end,  
 Love by lover, friend by friend.

1889.

## THE RED WIND

*To Dr. Todhunter.*

RED Wind from out the East:  
 Red Wind of blight and blood!  
 Ah, when wilt thou have ceased  
 Thy bitter, stormy flood?

Red Wind from over sea,  
Scourging our lonely land!  
What Angel loosened thee  
Out of his iron hand?

Red Wind! whose word of might  
Winged thee with wings of flame?  
O fire of mournful night,  
What is thy master's name?

Red Wind! who bade thee burn,  
Branding our hearts? Who bade  
Thee on and never turn,  
Till waste our souls were laid?

Red Wind! from out the West  
Pour winds of Paradise:  
Winds of eternal rest,  
That weary souls entice.

Wind of the East! Red Wind!  
Thou witherest the soft breath  
Of Paradise the kind:  
Red Wind of burning death!

O Red Wind! hear God's voice:  
Hear thou, and fall, and cease.  
Let Inisfail rejoice  
In her Hesperian peace.

1894.

## SERTORIUS

*To Basil Williams.*

BEYOND the straits of Hercules,  
 Behold! the strange Hesperian seas,  
 A glittering waste at break of dawn:  
 High on the westward plunging prow,  
 What dreams are on thy spirit now,  
 Sertorius of the milk-white fawn? ..

Not sorrow, to have done with home!  
 The mourning destinies of Rome  
 Have exiled Rome's last hope with thee:  
 Nor dost thou think on thy lost Spain.  
 What stirs thee on the unknown main?  
 What wilt thou from the virgin sea?

Hailed by the faithless voice of Spain,  
 The lightning warrior come again,  
 Where wilt thou seek the flash of swords,  
 Voyaging toward the set of sun?  
 Though Rome the splendid East hath won,  
 Here thou wilt find no Roman lords.

No Tingis here lifts fortress walls;  
 And here no Lusitania calls:  
 What hath the barren sea to give?  
 Yet high designs enchaunt thee still;  
 The winds are loyal to thy will: ..  
 Not yet art thou too tired, to live.

No trader thou, to northern isles,  
 Whom mischief-making gold beguiles

To sunless and unkindly coasts:  
What spirit pilots thee thus far  
From the tempestuous tides of war,  
Beyond the surging of the hosts?

Nay! ~~this~~ thy secret will must be.  
Over the visionary sea,  
Thy sails are set for perfect rest:  
Surely thy pure and holy fawn  
Hath whispered of an ancient lawn,  
Far hidden down the solemn West.

A gracious pleasaunce of calm things;  
There rose-leaves fall by rippling springs:  
And captains of the older time,  
Touched with mild light, or gently sleep,  
Or in the orchard shadows keep  
Old friendships of the golden prime.

The far seas brighten with gray gleams:  
O winds of morning! O fair dreams!  
Will not ~~that~~ land rise up at noon?  
There, casting Roman mail away,  
Age long to watch the falling day,  
And silvery sea, and silvern moon.

Dreams! for they slew thee: Dreams! they lured  
~~Thee~~ down to death and doom assured:  
And we ~~were~~ proud to fall with ~~thee~~.  
Now, shadows of the men we were,  
Westward indeed we voyage here,  
Unto the end of all the sea.

Woe! for the fatal, festal board:  
Woe! for the signal of the sword,  
The wine-cup dashed upon the ground:  
We are but sad, eternal ghosts,  
Passing far off from human coasts,  
To the wan land eternal bound.

1889.

## SAINT COLUMBA

*To Dr. Sigerson.*

DEAD is Columba: the world's arch  
Gleams with a lighting of strange fires.  
They flash and run, they leap and march,  
Signs of a Saint's fulfilled desires.

Live is Columba: golden crowned,  
Sceptred with Mary lilies, shod  
With angel flames, and girded round  
With white of snow, he goes to God.

No more the gray eyes long to see  
The oakwoods of their Inisfail;  
Where the white angels hovering be:  
And ah, the birds in every vale!

No more for him thy fierce winds blow,  
Iona of the angry sea!  
Gone, the white glories of thy snow,  
And white spray flying over thee!

Now, far from the gray sea, and far  
From sea-worn rocks and sea-birds' cries,  
Columba hails the morning star,  
That shines in never nighted skies.

High in the perfect Land of Morn,  
He listens to the chaunting air:  
The Land, where music is not born,  
For music is eternal there.

There, bent before the burning Throne,  
He lauds the lover of the Gael:  
*Sweet Christ! Whom Patrick's children own:  
Glory be Thine from Inisfail!*

1894.

• BELLS

*To John Little.*

FROM far away! from far away!  
But whence, you will not say:  
Melancholy bells, appealing chimes,  
Voices of lands and times!

Your toll, O melancholy bells!  
Over the valley swells:  
O touching chimes! your dying sighs  
Travel our tranquil skies.

•  
But whence? And whither fade away  
Your echoes from our day?  
You take our hearts with gentle pain  
Tremble, and pass again.

Could we lay hold upon your haunts,  
The birthplace of your chaunts:  
Were we in dreamland, deathland, then?  
We, sad and wondering men?

1887.

**IRELAND**  
**WITH OTHER POEMS**





## IRELAND

*To Mrs. Clement Shorter.*

*Si oblitus fuero tui Ierusalem: oblivioni detur dextera mea.*

THY sorrow, and the sorrow of the sea,  
Are sisters; the sad winds are of thy race:  
The heart of melancholy beats in thee,  
And the lamenting spirit haunts thy face,  
Mournful and mighty Mother! who art kin  
    To the ancient earth's first woe,  
When holy Angels wept, beholding sin.  
For not in penance do thy true tears flow,  
Not thine the long transgression: at thy name,  
    We sorrow not with shame,  
But proudly: for thy soul is as the snow.

Old as the sorrow for lost Paradise  
Seems thine old sorrow: thou in the mild West,  
• Who wouldst thy children upon earth suffice  
For Paradise, and pure Hesperian rest;  
Had not the violent and bitter fates  
    Burned up with fiery feet  
The greenness of thy pastures; had not hates,  
Envies, and desolations, with fierce heat  
Wasted thee, and consumed the land of grace,  
    Beauty's abiding place;  
And vexed with agony bright joy's retreat.

Swift at the word of the Eternal Will,  
Upon thee the malign armed Angels came.  
Flame was their winging, flame that laps thee still;  
And in the anger of their eyes was flame.  
One was the Angel of the field of blood,  
    And one of lonelier death:  
One saddened exiles on the ocean flood,  
And famine followed on another's breath.  
Angels of evil, with incessant sword,  
    Smote thee, O land adored!  
And yet smite: for the Will of God so saith.

A severing and sundering they wrought,  
A rending of the soul. They turned to tears  
The laughter of thy waters: and they brought,  
To sow upon thy fields, quick seed of fears;  
That brother should hate brother, and one roof  
    Shelter unkindly hearts;  
Friend from his ancient friendship hold aloof,  
And comrades learn to play sad alien parts;  
Province from noble province dwell estranged,  
    And all old trusts be changed;  
And treason teach true men her impious arts.

But yet in their reluctant hands they bore  
Laurel, and palm, and crown, and bay: an host,  
Heartened by wrath and sorrow more and more,  
Strove ever, giving up the mighty ghost;  
The field well fought, the song well sung, for sake,  
    Mother! of thee alone:  
Sorrow and wrath bade deathless courage wake,  
And struck from burning harps a deathless tone.

With palm and laurel won, with crown and bay,  
 Went proudly down death's way  
 Children of Ireland, to their deathless throne.

Proud and sweet habitation of thy dead!  
 Throne upon throne, its thrones of sorrow filled;  
 Prince on prince coming with triumphant tread,  
 • All passion, save the love of Ireland, stilled.  
 By the forgetful waters they forget  
     Not thee, O Inisfail!  
 Upon thy fields their dreaming eyes are set,  
 They hear thy winds call ever through each vale.  
 Visions of victory exalt and thrill  
     Their hearts' whole hunger still:  
 High beats their longing for the living Gael.

Sarsfield is sad there with his last desire;  
 FitzGerald mourns with Emmet; ancient chiefs  
 Dream on their saffron-mantled hosts, afire  
 Against the givers of their Mother's griefs.  
*Was it for nought, captain asks captain old,*  
*Was it in vain, we fell?*

• *Shall we have fallen like the leaves of gold,*  
 • *And no green spring wake from the long dark spell?*  
*Shall never a crown of summer fruitage come*  
     *From blood of martyrdom?*  
*Yet to our faith will we not say farewell!*

•  
 There the white soul of Davis, there the worn,  
 Waste soul of Mangan, there the surging soul  
 • Of Grattan, hunger for thy promised morn:  
 There the great legion of thy martyr roll,

Filled with the fames of seven hundred years,  
Hunger to hear the voice,  
Sweeter than marriage music in their ears,  
That shall bid thee and all thy sons rejoice.  
There bide the spirits, who for thee yet burn:  
*Ah! might we but return,*  
*And make once more for thee the martyr choice!*

*No swordsmen are the Christians!* Oisín cried:  
*O Patrick! thine is but a little race.*  
Nay, ancient Oisín! they have greatly died  
In battle glory and with warrior grace.  
Signed with the Cross, they conquered and they fell;  
Sons of the Cross, they stand:  
The Prince of Peace loves righteous warfare well,  
And loves thine armies, O our Holy Land!  
The Lord of Hosts is with thee, and thine eyes  
Shall see upon thee rise  
His glory, and the blessing of His Hand.

Thou hast no fear: with immemorial pride,  
Bright as when Oscar ran the morning glades;  
The knightly Fenian hunters at his side,  
The sunlight through green leaves glad on their blades;  
The heart in thee is full of joyous faith.  
Not in the bitter dust  
Thou crouchest, heeding what the coward saith:  
But, radiant with an everlasting trust,  
Hearest thine ancient rivers in their glee  
Sing themselves on to sea,  
Thy winds make melody: O joy most just!

Nay! we insult thee not with tears, although  
With thee we sorrow: not as for one dead  
We mourn, for one in the cold earth laid low.  
Still is the crown upon thy sovereign head,  
Still is the sceptre within thy strong hand,  
Still is the kingdom thine:

The armies of thy sons on thy command  
Wait, and thy starry eyes through darkness shine.  
Tears for the dear and dead! For thee, *All hail!*

Unconquered Inisfail!  
Tears for the lost: thou livest, O divine!

Thou passest not away: the sternest powers  
Spoil not all beauty of thy face, nor mar  
All peace of thy great heart, O pulse of ours!  
The darkest cloud dims thee not all, O star!  
Ancient and proud thy sorrows, and their might  
That of the murmuring waves:

They hearten us to fight the unceasing fight,  
Filled with the grace, that flows from holy graves.  
Sons pass away, and thou hast sons as true  
To fight the fight anew:  
Thy welfare, all the gain their warfare craves.

Sweet Mother! in what marvellous dear ways  
Close to thine heart thou keepest all thine own!  
Far off, they yet can consecrate their days  
To thee, and on the swift winds westward blown,  
Send thee the homage of their hearts, their vow  
Of one most sacred care;  
To thee devote all passionate power, since thou  
Vouchsafest them, O land of love! to bear

Sorrow and joy with thee. Each far son thrills  
Toward thy blue dreaming hills,  
And longs to kiss thy feet upon them, Fair!

*If death come swift upon me, it will be  
Because of the great love I bear the Gael!*  
So sang upon the separating sea  
Columba, while his boat sped out of hail,  
And all grew lonely. But some sons thou hast,  
Whose is an heavier lot,  
Close at thy side: they see thy torment last,  
And all their will to help thee helps thee not.  
Mother! their grief, to look on thy dear face,  
Worn with each weary trace  
Of fresh woes, and of old woes unforget!

And yet great spirits ride thy winds: thy ways  
Are haunted and enchaunted evermore.  
Thy children hear the voices of old days  
In music of the sea upon thy shore,  
In falling of the waters from thine hills,  
In whispers of thy trees:  
A glory from the things eternal fills  
Their eyes, and at high noon thy people sees  
Visions, and wonderful is all the air.  
So upon earth they share  
Eternity: they learn it at thy knees.

Eternal is our faith in thee: the sun  
Shall sooner fall from Heaven, than from our lives  
That faith; and the great stars fade one by one,  
Ere fade that light in which thy people strives.

Strong in the everlasting righteousness  
Triumphs our faith: the fight  
Hath holiest hosts to inspire it and to bless;  
Thy children lift true faces to the light.  
Theirs are the visitations from on high,  
Voices that call and cry:  
Celestial comfort in the deeps of night.

Charmed upon waters three, forlorn and cold,  
The swans, Children of Lir, endured their doom:  
From off their white wings flashed the morning gold,  
And round their white wings closed the twilight gloom.  
Yet on their stormy weird the Christian bell  
Broke, and they stirred with dread:  
The Coming of the Saints upon them fell;  
They woke to joy, and found their white wings fled.  
And thou, in these last days, shalt thou not hear  
A sound of sacred fear?  
God's bells shall ring, and all sad days be dead.

But desolate be the houses of thy foes:  
Sorrow encompass them, and vehement wrath  
Besiege them: be their hearts cold as the snows:  
Let lamentation keen about their path.  
The fires of God burn round them, and His night  
Lie on their blinded eyes:  
And when they call to the Eternal Light,  
None shall make answer to their stricken cries.  
Mercy and pity shall not know them more:  
God shall shut to the door,  
I close on them His everlasting skies.



How long? Justice of Very God! How long?  
The Isle of Sorrows from of old hath trod  
The stony road of unremitting wrong,  
The purple winepress of the wrath of God:  
Is then the Isle of Destiny indeed

To grief predestinate;  
Ever foredoomed to agonize and bleed,  
Beneath the scourging of eternal fate?  
Yet against hope shall we still hope, and still  
Beseech the Eternal Will:  
Our lives to this one service dedicate.

Ah, tremble into passion, Harp! and sing  
War song, O Sword! Fill the fair land, great Twain!  
Wake all her heavy heart to triumphing:  
To vengeance, and armed trampling of the plain!  
And you, white spirits on the mountain wind,  
Cry between eve and morn!  
Cry, mighty Dead! until the people find  
Their souls a furnace of desire and scorn.  
Call to the hosting upon Tara, call  
The tribes of Eire all:  
Trump of the Champions! immemorial Horn!

Shall not the Three Waves thunder for their King,  
The Captain of thy people? Shall not streams  
Leap from thy mountains' heart, and many a spring  
Gladden thy valleys, for the joy of dreams  
Fulfilled, for a glory of the battle won?  
Hast thou no prophet left?  
Is all thy Druid wizardry undone,  
And thou of thy foreknowledge quite bereft?

Nay! but the power of faith is prophecy,  
Vision, and certainty:  
Faith, that hath walked the waves, and mountains cleft.

As haunting Tirnanóge within the sea,  
So hid within the Eyes of God thy fate  
Lies dreaming: and when God shall bid it be,  
Ah, then the fair perfection of thy state!  
Bravely the gold and silver bells shall chime,  
When thou art wed with peace:  
Far to the desert of their own sad clime  
Shall fly the ill Angels, when God bids them cease.  
Thine shall be only a majestic joy,  
No evil can destroy:  
The sorrows of thy soul shall have release.

Thy blood of martyrs to the martyrs' Home  
Cries from the earth: the altar of high Heaven  
Is by their cries besieged and overcome:  
The Rainbow Throne and flaming Spirits Seven  
Know well the music of that agony,  
That surge of a long sigh,  
That voice of an unresting misery,  
That ardour of anguish unto the Most High.  
Thou from thy wronged earth pleadest with the Just,  
Whose loving-mercy must  
Hear, and command thy death in life to die.

Golden allies are thine, bright souls of Saints,  
Glad choirs of intercession for the Gael:  
Their flame of prayer ascends, their stream of plaints  
Flows to the wounded Feet, for Inisfail.

Victor, the Angel of thy Patrick, pleads;  
 Mailed Michael with his sword  
 Kneels there, the champion of thy bitter needs,  
 Prince of the shining armies of the Lord:  
 And there, Star of the Morning and the Sea,  
 Mary pours prayer for thee:  
 And unto Mary be thy prayers outpoured.

*O Rose! O Lily! O Lady full of grace!  
 O Mary Mother! O Mary Maid! hear thou,  
 Glory of Angels! Pity, and turn thy face,  
 Praying thy Son, even as we pray thee now,  
 For thy dear sake to set thine Ireland free:  
 Pray thou thy little Child!  
 Ah! who can help her, but in mercy He?  
 Pray then, pray thou for Ireland, Mother mild!  
 O Heart of Mary! pray the Sacred Heart:  
 His, at Whose word depart  
 Sorrows and hates, home to Hell's waste and wild.*  
 1894.

## JULIAN AT ELEUSIS

*To Edmund Gosse.*

THERE lay Eleusis, there: O reverend haunt,  
 Eleusis, highly favoured! whom the seas  
 Crown, that once rang with Salaminian shouts  
 Upon Eleusis' day, when Asia filled  
 Athens, and all her coasts: the seas, that once  
 When crouching Sparta hung in clouds of war  
 On Deceleia, down their glad tide bare  
 Thine else forgone processions: till in arms

Came godsped Alcibiades, and brought  
Safely thy pomps along thine Holy Way,  
Athens' true servant, then! Thou, who dost lie  
From her, the world's chief wonder, separate  
By that sweet Sacred Way of roses, lit  
With torches tossing in the mystic chace  
Though odorous incense clouds! Eleusis, thou  
In majesty, in fearfulness, in awe,  
Greater than Delphic or than Delian fanes,  
Fallen Solyma, or Rome before false gods  
Fallen from that high state, she had! But thou  
Livest among the immortal mysteries,  
Though men have lost thy secret. So our road  
Was lonelier than the ancient days beheld  
• Their Eleusinian companies: for once,  
Upon the first morn of the nine days' feast,  
In Boëdromion beautiful with sheaves,  
To Athens flocked the mystics. Then the cry,  
*Seaward! Seaward! O mystics!* bade them wash  
From soil and stain in the clear waters; next,  
Together having shared sweet honey cakes,  
Wended the first procession, round the car  
That bore the basket of symbolic fruits,  
Poppy seed with pomegranate: in chaste hands  
Followed the sacred arks. On thee they cried,  
*Demeter! Mother of the fruits of earth!*  
Yet not by that bland name they hailed thee then:  
*Lady of Sorrow! Heavy-hearted Queen!*  
Cried they, remembering thy loneliness,  
And lost Persephone. But when night fell,  
With faces flashing beneath forest brands,  
• They sought Persephone along the shores,

While murmured all the sea. Then, chiefest rite,  
Lord of the fiery and devouring vine,  
Iacchus, myrtle-coronalled, came forth  
From Ceramicus: westward charioted  
By thunders of a marching multifude,  
And clangour of sonorous bronze. Men plead:  
*Christ hallows poverty, the Gods cared nought.*  
Nay! rich with poor one company, on foot  
Equal procession kept and equal love.  
Unto Demeter's temple vast they came,  
Past bridge and holy figtree: at midnight,  
Through lustral waters purified, they passed  
Within the veil; led by the hierophant,  
His body chilled with hemlock, that the fires  
Of passion should be hushed, still be his soul.  
Without, the hosts of heaven were watching: there,  
The dark, that once brooded upon the deep,  
Ere any light was, heavy hung: and death,  
Mystical death reigned in the vasty air,  
And in that world was silence; save each heart  
Trembled, each labouring heart and fearful soul.  
Then from the ends of earth, sweeping the seas,  
Fields, footless mountain tops, and lonely moors,  
Wave upon wave of sound gathered: a moan,  
Dreary as the thin voice of a forlorn wind  
Through Daphne drifting down, fitful and slow;  
Soon swelling to the full voice of a sea  
Roaring beneath wild winds; till on their fear,  
With apparition of the Sacred Corn  
And awfulness of imaged history,  
Smote the great storm of sound from vault to floor,  
Smote: and resigned again to silent gloom

The air of adoration: mighty deep  
 Shuddered to deep of darkness, under God.  
 Then on their eyes fast sealed, their dreading ears,  
 Thunder with flame broke through the sanctuary:  
 And through the thunder, voices; through the flame,  
 Visions: and in the vision and the voice,  
 God's light, and the whole melody of God.

- Not with the glory of such rites have I  
 Put on the spirit of Eleusis: yet,  
 A little company although we be,  
 Ours are the mysteries; we also mount  
 With ancient prophets the mysterious way.  
 Beyond the shadowy threshold and gray bounds  
 • Of purblind life I looked: then I beheld  
 Death's province peopled proudly! O great Death,  
 Imperial, perdurable, Ancient of Days!  
 O Death, Master of mortals! But they passed,  
 His people, through the limits of that realm,  
 And places purgatorial, till their brows  
 Shone; and light fell upon them in fair Fields.  
 Tellus was there, who by Eleusis died,  
 And with divine simplicity dethroned
- The Lydian's pompous fortune: there he reigned,  
 Italy's ancient prince, Pythagoras:  
 And Plato, lost in immortality.

Chance and change; chance and change! strange  
 chance, hard change:  
 These fashion what I know, and mourning know.  
 Still am I faithful to the lonely faith.  
 Dreaming, alone and melancholy here,

In Antioch of the Christians; would I saw  
Hymettus now, and purple lights of morn:  
Apollo leap above Acropolis,  
And strike the shrines with gold! They are not  
here,

They are not mine, who there of old were mine,  
Basil and Nazianzen: mighty tongues,  
But mighty against all most dear to me.  
A peasant has them captive: and the world,  
Rome and the world bow down to Nazareth.  
I only serve you, royal Gods! I still:  
With body's peril, soul's distress, I still.  
Would I had lived at morning of the world!  
With music caught down from the Sun rang out  
The lyres and chaunts of those rejoicing men:  
Apollo was a glory on the heights!  
Can his day dawn again? O faith most fair!  
I doubt not thee. When these ill days are done,  
Glad will the cities be once more, with fires  
Of sacrifice, and gleaming forms divine;  
Fair, as the fair perfection signified:  
One great civility of Gods and men,  
Calm Gods, and men serenely serving them.  
Then to Eleusis would I bring again  
Her desolate veneration: setting up  
Temple and courts, girt with the sacred bay,  
With laurel, and the comely olive branch:  
And wisdom from the books of stone once more  
Should nourish pure souls, and illuminate.  
So, from the ruddy desert East, to her,  
The bright Parisian city of my care,  
Julian should be remembered by the Gods,

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Their servant universal. O far dreams!  
O far dreams, far beyond these weary eyes!  
I shall do nothing: since the first king was,  
Wisdom's crowned lover has the world not seen.  
Nay! not one sceptred Caesar of them all,  
Not grave Aurelius, whom I thought of old  
To follow, but has fallen short therein:  
• Crossed by the grievous troubling of the world.  
Yet nothing of your praise have I not paid,  
Lords of Olympus! When the great Sun shines,  
I am Apollo's priest: hers too I am,  
The Mighty Mother, who from land to land  
Moves with supreme and battlemented brows.  
The robe of her anointing, hangs it not,  
• Tarnished and worn, upon my shoulder yet;  
This robe, still dreadful with the bull's black blood?  
The citizens of Antioch scorn my state:  
The purple-born, a scholar! the world's king,  
Hid in the cloak of sad philosophy.  
O servants of a vain and distraught man,  
Ill taken for a god: is that your pride?  
I, who am Caesar; Caesar's too, these rags;  
With a more proud humility disdain,  
• O Christians! your imperial show and sin;  
For I am votarist of Gods, who wore  
Man's true flesh never: nor myself have worn  
Man's empty shadows of magnificence,  
But am the lover of magnificent Gods.  
Wondrous Antinous! Oh, fairer thou  
Than the dim beauty of Christ crucified;  
Thee too among the Everlasting Ones,  
With Eleusinian feast, have I adored.



Beneath the vast night in old Egypt thou  
Gavest thyself for Hadrian: neither foul,  
Nor any slave's death, was thy death; for Nile  
Took thee. Then in the heavens burned one more  
star,

And earth reddened with unknown lily flowers,  
O consecrate and fair! for joy of thee.  
Now am I votarist of thine, as I  
Of each magnificent and marvellous God.

In their high converse only is my trust.  
Through the dim German forests have I marched,  
Prince of the Roman eagles, Mars my lord,  
As in the triumphing days of Rome: Mars grant,  
That through these oriental empires Rome  
Triumph! And Mars will grant it, even as thou  
Foretellest me great glory, Maximus!  
A golden presage: *Julian shall increase,  
Till Alexander be less great a name.*  
Once with tumultuary voice of power,  
*August!* the Legions hailed me: me they bore,  
In mail and purple, vehemently crowned  
Their monarch, and the world's: who one day yet  
May clash their swords through mine unarmoured  
breast.

But none can take from me the treasure: none  
Mine adoration of Divinity.  
Caverns of haunted Ephesus! Your gloom,  
Sweet with the dreamy incense, showed my youth  
Its earliest of mysterious ways: whenceforth,  
Up mounting, brightening, labyrinths I traced  
Mine homeward journey to the eternal Light:

Till at Eleusis, as I strove to it,  
The perfect benediction fell. And now,  
When the abhorrent voices crowd on me,  
Christian with Christian warring, all with truth,  
Retired within the secret chambers, there  
Eleusis comforts me: I know and live.  
The earth has yet her holy motherhood:  
The earth has honour yet, and honours some,  
True children of her heart, and of the sun;  
True masters of the mysteries, who walk  
Surely and nobly the vast world, its kings:  
Lords of the laws, that bind the Pleiades,  
And order the outgoings of the morn.  
O kingly prophet of the golden thigh!  
O mighty Samian master! Thy mild hand  
Stroked in Crotona the white eagle: thou  
Wast tamer of man's heart, the wild beast there!  
I too, whom nations through the world revere,  
Nor suffer me from old Lucretius' height  
Contemplate the laborious march of men,  
But draw me downward to their wants: I too  
Salvation through the terrible midnight  
Have seen, lapped round with glory. So my soul,  
Up to the golden air in welcome death  
Passing, shall fall within the calms of God.  
Yet not alone: thou too shalt pass with me,  
Brother and friend upon that last of ways,  
Divinest of all living men: mine own  
Lover and counsellor, Iamblichus!  
One year shall free us both: one ecstasy  
Make thy soul mine, mine thine; both lost in Light.

## DE AMICITIA

To "A. E."

*Beauty of Israel! thou on its high places*  
*Fallen, wonderful in thy love to me!*  
 King David! we too love with thee,  
 Dear lovers' faces,  
 Infinite friendships, golden graces:  
 Hearts passionate, as the full and stirring sea.  
 We too have come upon the shining traces  
 Of white souls, while we walk this darker earth:  
 Celestial was their birth,  
 August, and issuing from Uranian races;  
 Kin to the morning stars, their choral mirth,  
 A matin melody.  
 The glory of a crown, gold tried in fire,  
 Shadows their brows:  
 They know it not, but hungering desire  
 For the White City, in their ardent eyes,  
 Burns: and the pure palm boughs,  
 Holy and stately from their clean hands rise:  
 Such brightness and such bravery shall they win!  
*And this of poor souls red with sin,*  
*Who with the darkness house?*  
 O thought, unkind, unwise!  
 With perfect faith we look within,  
 Where the truth lies.  
 Dew of the morning and the evening falls,  
 Falls cool and sweet, upon the scarlet flames,  
 The furnace of each heart:  
 And through their stormy music, music calls  
 The wandering children by fond, wistful names,

Dear and apart:  
Music with gently pleading claims,  
Music descending from glad Sion walls.  
Whiter than wool, whiter than snow,  
By grace and love, the stained souls grow:  
Lilies they stand, who lay so low  
In shameful mire of wrong and woe;  
Lilies, to fill the Queen of Heaven's fair halls.  
Angels of Mercy gently come and go  
Between the Sacred Heart and these poor hearts:  
Plying their ministrant strong parts,  
With love in overflow.  
Ah, friends too dear and goodly to be lost!  
Though you be tempest-tost  
On bitter surges, raised by envious arts  
Of the great Unholy Ghost,  
Prince of ill Angels, Captain of Hell's host!  
Ah, friends of loving voices, and kind hands,  
And eyes, that with all confidence accost  
Ours in the silent eloquence of love,  
As the heart understands!  
Our faith above,  
Our fear prevails,  
Driving it into desolate lands.  
You to the very far off Land your sails  
Have stoutly set:  
Whatever adverse and malignant gales  
Make you awhile forget  
The straight course, and the ever faithful star,  
Constant above the winds and waves and war.  
Ah, yet  
The Land, where all true lovers are,

Shall greet us with celestial hails:  
The Land, that lures us from afar;  
Land of the Love, that never fails,  
The Light, that never pales;  
The long, sweet Patience, that allows no let,  
Though with disdain her pains be met,  
Saying: *They shall be yet*  
*The captives of the Everlasting Love!*  
O gracious voice and unoracular!  
Dove's voice indeed, but not Dodona's dove.  
Wherefore above  
Our fear triumphs our faith,  
And saith  
No word of dark and comfortless regret.  
Ah, dear our friends, ours past the mists of death!  
Ours, where the loved disciple, great Saint John,  
Pillows his head upon  
The only rest,  
God's Breast!  
Ours, in the strength of that enamoured breath,  
Which rang from Patmos' exile guest:  
*God is Love!* And of all men he knew best,  
Who lay upon that Breast,  
And heard the beating of the Heart of God:  
Who Calvary trod,  
And stood,  
With Mary in her mourning Motherhood,  
Beneath the Rood.  
Friends, whose true care for us is our best proof,  
From grace and good we keep not quite aloof!  
Dear brother and dear brother,  
We shall clasp hands beneath the eternal roof,

And see Saint John the Loved with Mary Mother!  
Friends ever, as of old:  
But there, with joy untold;  
Joy, mightier than our mortal hearts can hold.  
But hearts immortal made can never be  
Feeble, nor overbold:  
Hearts greatly stationed in eternity.  
Friends, dear our friends, O fellowship of gold!  
By ways of land and sea,  
Ways manifold,  
Ways marvellous,  
Brought near to us!  
Since you have found our friendship something worth,  
And in our hearts, not a mere dust, nor dearth  
Of what your own hearts hold so perfectly,  
Courage and constancy:  
Bear with us, while we bear the bonds of earth!  
Bear with us, for if friendship pine,  
Waver and wane,  
Not yours, but ours,  
Will be the sad fault, the disastrous sign,  
Of friendship's dear decline  
And drooping flowers:  
But you against ourselves will we maintain  
Friends without stain,  
Of the true line.  
Our visions are not vain!  
Yours are the crown, the palm, the blessed reign,  
The marvellous high strain  
Of triumph trumpets blown from Sion walls.  
Fair as her lilies you indeed shall stand,  
Hand fast in hand,

Along the Queen of Heaven's high halls.  
Black wind never yet blew,  
Shall whelm and vanquish you  
Riding the seas safe homeward to that strand,  
Where from of old, though new,  
The City of the eternal golden spires,  
The valiant City of the Saints, desires  
You for her citizens, past seas and fires,  
Made white,  
Fit for the Angels' and the Saints' delight,  
Fit for God's sight.  
Amid Seraphic and Uranian quires,  
We hear your music celebrate your fight  
Well fought, well won:  
We know your night  
Ended, your everlasting day begun:  
We see you splendid in His Living Light,  
The Lamb your Sun.  
O royal David! we too love, like thee,  
Friendship's confederacy:  
Friends, than the cedars of Mount Lebanon,  
Stronger; than orchards of Isle Avalon,  
Fairer: O king! we love, like thee,  
Friends, in their charity,  
Wonderful: and we know them God's, each one.

1894.

## DAWN OF REVOLUTION

*To Thomas Hardy.*

TO-NIGHT, there's music on the air;  
Strange stirring, and rich turbulence:  
Hope turned to pride; crowns for despair;  
Night, and night's vast magnificence.

The flowers are swaying with delight,  
And incense burdens the warm wind:  
Now is incomparable night!  
Stars in the vault, and Heaven behind.

Night hath fierce loveliness: clouds race  
Past star and still unconquered star:  
While, rivalling their mighty chace,  
Rides, reigns, a marvellous moon afar.

What means the night? Back beats mine heart  
Answer: *Night teems with prophecy:*  
*And thou! hast thou fore-hailed thy part,*  
*And played thine own posterity?*

*Praising thy soul of fire, thy sword*  
*Of death, thy death of victory?*  
*Beheld thee on the crimson sward*  
*Slain? Seen the eagles swoop to thee?*

*And turned thee, where thou standest bronze*  
*Above the passing people's praise:*  
*Or liest marble, where the sons*  
*Of men thank God on triumph days?*

The wind witches me; the hot air  
Inflames my brows, and burns my blood:  
No vehement love night flames so fair,  
No feast of the vine pours such a flood.

Faces are wild before me: steel  
Whirls its blue lightning, veined with red.  
Palaces tremble down, or reel  
To ruin, while the stars in dread



Fade far into their quiet deeps,  
Before the deep destroying roar:  
Heavenward the costliest incense leaps,  
And madness falls from Heaven the more.

Ah, the strained eyes, the frantic hands,  
The bloody, racing feet! Where trod  
His priests of sacrifice, now stands  
Each gaunt, starved enemy of God.

What is the end? Nay! what know I,  
With these drums thundering through nine ears,  
Through the changed earth, the unchanging sky:  
The wreck of immemorial years?

Liberty! for the end is come:  
The end, that shall begin new earth,  
And end the old Heavens: that look down dumb  
Upon no second fair, calm birth

Of morning stars in melody,  
But the sad birth through bitter stress,  
And elemental misery,  
Of freedom's newfound righteousness.

But I grow tired in a pause of wind:  
The clouds drag, the worn flowers are still.  
Courage! fresh visions troop behind  
That gloomiest cloud, that shadowy hill.

There! from the soft heart of the cloud  
Dance forth wild choirs with wantoning hair:  
The angels of rebellion, vowed  
To pour their passion on the air.

• •  
Distraught sublimity of death  
Wilders them: Oh, to storm life out,  
Destroying life at every breath,  
With cry of lust, with battle shout!

Over the vines an heady shower  
Sweeps, of enamouring windy rain:  
Each shrivelled bough and dusty flower  
Loves the swift dew, and lives again.

And falling with the vehement streams,  
And welling from the violent springs,  
Come virtues with their faery dreams:  
Bright eyes, and flash of fiery wings.

O pitcous eyes, that long and long  
To win one welcoming look from God!  
O burning brains, and labouring tongue!  
O hands that strain, and feet flame-shod!

You grow dim unto death: you grasp  
Never the far off wisdom: you  
Find not free words: you never clasp  
God's hands: you wander the waste through.

Swept down the flooding terror's path,  
Into the night the dreamers go:  
On earth abide the men of wrath,  
For whose delight the stormwinds blow.

•  
So hot the air still: Oh, that morn  
Were on me, and with morning, calm!  
These tumults of the night downborne,  
And peace upon me for a balm!

Still strong, you visions! For the strip  
Of crawling light below the gloom  
Shows like the Pit's unfolding lip:  
Menace of fire and hungry doom.

Well I know, truth is in my dream,  
With sad and haggard countenance:  
Red shafts of sullen sunrise gleam,  
And slowly the fierce hours advance. 1888.

### A DESCANT UPON THE LITANY OF LORETTO

*To Mrs. Meynell.*

A FLOOD of haunted love,  
Love white and virginal,  
Makes this rich temple gloom more musical,  
Than woodland glooms; where slow winds nightly  
move  
Soft leaves, that rise and fall  
Upon the branches of clear nightingales;  
Whose rapture, touched with lovelier sorrow, wails,  
And thrills, and thrills,  
Until night fails;  
And, in the sunrise on the eternal hills,  
The Angels of the Morning stand,  
Blessing with lifted hand  
The labouring land:  
But here the glory of our holy song,  
Sorrowless, flies along

Reaches of Heaven adoring and adored:  
 Where Angels worship; whither men aspire,  
     Wielding their faith, a sword  
     Tempered and tried in fire.  
 Sorrowless song! for each predestined pang,  
     Of Calvary and Nazareth,  
 Changed to a passion of delight, when rang  
     An universal breath  
 Of salutation over death cast down:  
     When upon Mary's brow the crown,  
 For all her lowliness, proclaimed her Queen  
 Of Heaven and of our woes: she, who had been  
 Woe once incarnate, as high God in her.  
     Wherefore the pure concent  
 Of each fair voice, found fit to minister  
     Its music to her ear,  
 Floods, with no underflow of doubt and fear,  
 This sacred house: while infinite content  
     Urges forgetfulness  
 Of that, which makes the Angels' rapture less;  
     The passionate countenance,  
 Wherewith the Prince of this World still blas-  
     phemes  
     Against its God, and gleams  
 Angrily against Michael's lifted lance,  
     Then falls beneath his glance.  
     So be not quick to take  
 Your death of beauty on this trembling air!  
     A little longer yet,  
 O voices piercing to the golden stair!  
 A little longer, let the world look fair:  
     A little longer make

Anguish of heart, a light thing to forget:  
     A little longer yet!  
 She will not weary of your harmonies,  
 The gentle Mother: for her memories  
     Are full of ancient melodies,  
 Raised in the fashion of old Israel,  
     Beside the cold rock well:  
 Under the glow of calm and splendid skies;  
     Jesus upon her breast,  
 Fronting the shadowy land, the solemn west.  
 Ah, Mother! whom with many names we name,  
 By lore of love, which in our earthly tongue  
 Is all too poor, though rich love's heart of flame,  
 To sing thee as thou art, nor leave unsung  
 The greatest of the graces thou hast won,  
     Thy chiefest excellence!  
 Ivory Tower! Star of the Morning! Rose  
 Mystical! Tower of David, our Defence!  
     To thee our music flows,  
 Who makest music for us to thy Son.  
     So, when the shadows come,  
 Laden with all contrivances of fear!  
     Ah, Mary! lead us home,  
     Through fear, through fire:  
 To where with faithful companies we may hear  
 That perfect music, which the love of God,  
     Who this dark way once trod,  
 Creates among the imperishable choir.

## OUR LADY OF THE MAY

*To the Very Rev. Fr. Vassall, C.S.S.R.*

O FLOWER of flowers, our Lady of the May!

Thou gavest us the World's one Light of Light:  
Under the stars, amid the snows, He lay;

While Angels, through the Galilean night

Sang glory and sang peace:

• Nor doth their singing cease,

• For thou their Queen and He their King sit crowned

Above the stars, above the bitter snows;

They chaunt to thee the Lily, Him the Rose,

With white Saints kneeling round.

Gone is cold night: thine now are spring and day:

• O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

Thou gavest us the blessed Christmas mirth:

And now, not snows, but blossoms, light thy way;

We give thee the fresh flower-time of the earth.

These early flowers we bring,

Are angels of the spring,

Spirits of gracious rain and light and dew.

Nothing so like to thee the whole earth yields,

• As these pure children of her vales and fields,

Bright beneath skies of blue.

*Hail, Holy Queen!* their fragrant breathings say:

*O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!*

• O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

Breathe from God's garden of eternal flowers

Blessing, when we thy little children pray:

Let thy soul's grace steal gently over ours.

Send on us dew and rain,  
That we may bloom again,  
Nor wither in the dry and parching dust.  
Lift up our hearts, till with adorning eyes,  
O Morning Star! we hail thee in the skies,  
Star of our hope and trust!  
Sweet Star, sweet Flower, there bid thy beauty stay:  
O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!  
Thou leftest lilies rising from thy tomb:  
They shone in stately and serene array,  
Immaculate amid death's house of gloom.  
Ah, let thy graces be  
Sown in our dark hearts! We  
Would make our hearts gardens for thy dear care,  
Watered from wells of Paradise, and sweet  
With balm winds flowing from the Mercy Seat,  
And full of heavenly air:  
While music ever in thy praise should play,  
O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!  
Not only for ourselves we plead, God's Flower!  
Look on thy blinded children, who still stray,  
Lost in this pleasant land, thy chosen Dower!  
Send us a perfect spring:  
Let faith arise and sing,  
And England from her long, cold winter wake.  
Mother of Mercy! turn upon her need

Thine eyes of mercy: be there spring indeed:  
So shall thine Angels make  
A starrier music, than our hearts can say,  
O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!  
1895.

## A DREAM

*To Edgar Jepson.*

AH, you will not hear! Alone  
I must agonize, and keep  
Mine own conscience all mine own:  
Yet, to sleep the eternal sleep,  
Knowing this thing to all unknown!

I shall shudder in the shade  
At a fainter shade astir  
There, within the gray: some strayed  
Melancholy wanderer  
Through the misty barricade.

Nought to him were shadowy bounds;  
Nought, his far off resting place,  
Where the willowed water rounds  
Each dim point with gentle grace,  
Filled with windy, willow sounds.

He would lie there in his dream:  
Parted lips, and wandering hands  
Plucking pale blooms; down the stream,  
Far against the sad, gray lands,  
The soft eyes would gaze and gleam.



Ah, so softly! No more wild,  
Than a flame of gracious fire  
On the altar: like a child,  
Would he play with light desire,  
Born of fancy, sweet and mild.

All the willow land to him  
But a place of echoes were:  
Philomel's melodious hymn,  
Flowing through the evening air;  
The wood doves' faint voices dim. ;

For dull Lethe, for the blind  
Poppy of Oblivion,  
Hush, and lull, and thrall his mind:  
Deeper memories are undone;  
What he would, he cannot find.

Cannot find forthwith: but yet,  
As the visions veer and fall,  
Rapture now, and now regret:  
He will feel it, though not all;  
Half remember, half forget.

Half remember, dreaming ghost,  
Her, whose heart I stole to break:  
Her, who should have loved him most:  
Her, whose soul I laughed to make  
Ugly, miserable, lost.

He remembers! The lone eyes  
Wake to fire: the smiling lips  
Clench to iron, cold as ice:

• •  
Dropped its flowers, the thin hand grips,  
Where no venging weapon lies.

This a dreamer in the haunt,  
The still haunt, of willow rills!  
But a dreamer like to daunt  
Death, upon the naked hills  
Dight for battle, grim and gaunt!

•  
The gray precincts water-worn  
Shiver at a sundering flame,  
On a vehement whirlwind borne  
Into the drear home of shame,  
From the home of souls lovelorn.

He, love's melancholy saint  
Cloistered by the innocent plains  
Willow-bowered for true love's plaint!  
He, to dare the place of pains:  
He, to bear the fiery taint!

Fainter shade, said I? But nay!  
Strong and strenuous with wrath,  
Striding toward my dismal day,  
He will front me on the path,  
Where my tortured feet shall stray.

•  
Then a thunder, then a storm,  
Then a light of rousing Gods!  
Justice in her haughtier form,  
Vengeance with her living rods:  
I, with stricken face deform.

There, supreme in Hell's thrilled hall,  
 He, the angelic challenger!  
 Hark! he speaks: *Before you all*  
*Come I, your petitioner;*  
*Justice! Vengeance! Hear me call:*

*Love and Death denounce this man!*  
 Silence in the courts of Hell,  
 Silence for a fearful span:  
 Such, as ere Gomorrha fell,  
 And the ruining thunder ran.

I can die. To quit the light,  
 Hide my misery in gloom,  
 Well indeed! But in that night,  
 At his voice, to meet my doom!  
 And Death's Angels, who may fight?  
 1887.

IN HONOREM B. V. M. DE WINTON  
 MARTYRUMQUE WICCAMICORUM.

*To the Rev. Fr. Lean, O.C.*

MARTYRES olim validi,  
 Fratresque vos Wiccamici!  
 Coelicolae qui vivitis,  
 Orate pro Wiccamicis.

Per Fundatoris insciam  
 Oblivii memoriam:  
 Date preces pro fratribus,  
 Ne confundamur ocius.

Saevior vobis erat mors:  
At vitae immortalis sors  
Vos inter choros posuit,  
Quos Deus ipse reficit.

• Deliciis fruimini:  
Nunc igitur propitii  
In valle laborantibus,  
Fundite lumen clarius.

Quid valet furor Gentium?  
Cohortes Immortalium  
Draconis vincent copias:  
Nunquam labavit Veritas.

Et iuventutis memores  
Delectat vos segura spes:  
Augebitur vis Fidei  
Ad voluntatem Wiccami.

Quam dulce nomen consonat  
Domus! Et nostra superat  
Domus terrestres caeteras:  
O domus dulcis! floreas.

Quae pariter amavimus:  
Mons Çatharinae pedibus  
Vestris erat amabilis;  
Lapsusque Ichini gracilis.

Vobisque cara claustra sunt,  
Sacro quae cantu perstrepunt:  
Et coluistis mortuos  
Antiquitus Wiccamicos.

Vos autem non Wiccamica,  
Sed Urbs coelorum mystica  
Perpetuos amplectitur  
Cives: et vox exoritur:

Vox Angelorum carmine  
Qui Sion stant in limine:  
Vos circum adorantes stant,  
Et triumphantes celebrant.

Quantus nam ignis vere vos  
Fons testabatur aureos!  
Quanta nox mortis animas  
Inveniebat lucidas!

Per Crucifixi Sanguinem,  
Per vitam Matris humilem:  
Monstrate Matris gloriam,  
Et Crucifixi regiam.

Maria! nonne Mater es?  
Filios audi supplices:  
Misericors in miseros,  
Pacis ad vias trahe nos!

Agimus tibi gratias,  
Salus et Lux! gratissimas:  
Quae Domum tui nominis  
Amore tuo protegis.

Antiquas super ianuas  
Etiamnum veneranda stas:  
Tuis tui vae! nesciis  
Arx et coelorum Porta sis.

## OXFORD

*To Arthur Galton.*

OVER, the four long years! And now there rings  
 One voice of freedom and regret: *Farewell!*  
 Now old remembrance sorrows, and now sings:  
 But song from sorrow, now, I cannot tell.

City of weathered cloister and worn court;  
 Gray city of strong towers and clustering spires:  
 Where art's fresh loveliness would first resort;  
 Where lingering art kindled her latest fires.

Where on all hands, wondrous with ancient grace,  
 Grace touched with age, rise works of goodliest men:  
 Next Wykeham's art obtain their splendid place  
 The zeal of Inigo, the strength of Wren.

Where at each coign of every antique street,  
 A memory hath taken root in stone:  
 There, Raleigh shone; there, toiled Franciscan feet;  
 There, Johnson flinched not, but endured, alone.

There, Shelley dreamed his white Platonic dreams;  
 There, classic Landor throve on Roman thought;  
 There, Addison pursued his quiet themes;  
 There, smiled Erasmus, and there, Colet taught.

And there, O memory more sweet than all!  
 Lived he, whose eyes keep yet our passing light;  
 Whose crystal lips Athenian speech recall;  
 Who wears Rome's purple with least pride, most right.

That is the Oxford, strong to charm us yet:  
Eternal in her beauty and her past.  
What, though her soul be vexed? She can forget  
Cares of an hour: only the great things last.

Only the gracious air, only the charm,  
And ancient might of true humanities:  
These, nor assault of man, nor time, can harm;  
Not these, nor Oxford with her memories.

Together have we walked with willing feet  
Gardens of plenteous trees, bowering soft lawn:  
Hills, whither Arnold wandered; and all sweet  
June meadows, from the troubling world withdrawn:

Chapels of cedarn fragrance, and rich gloom  
Poured from empurpled panes on either hand:  
Cool pavements, carved with legends of the tomb;  
Grave haunts, where we might dream, and understand.

Over, the four long years! And unknown powers  
Call to us, going forth upon our way:  
Ah! turn we, and look back upon the towers,  
That rose above our lives, and cheered the day.

Proud and serene, against the sky, they gleam:  
Proud and secure, upon the earth, they stand:  
Our city hath the air of a pure dream,  
And hers indeed is an Hesperian land.

Think of her so! the wonderful, the fair,  
The immemorial, and the ever young:  
The city, sweet with our forefathers' care;  
The city, where the Muses all have sung.

• •  
 Ill times may be; she hath no thought of time:  
 She reigns beside the waters yet in pride.  
 Rude voices cry: but in her ears the chime  
 Of full, sad bells brings back her old springtide.

Like to a queen in pride of place, she wears  
 The splendour of a crown in Radcliffe's dome.  
 Well fare she, well! As perfect beauty fares;  
 And those high places, that are beauty's home.

1890.

## LONDON TOWN

*To Arthur Mackmurdo.*

LET others chaunt a country praise,  
 Fair river walks and meadow ways;  
 Dearer to me my sounding days

*In London Town:*

To me the tumult of the street  
 Is no less music, than the sweet  
 Surge of the wind among the wheat,  
 By dale or down.

Three names mine heart with rapture hails,  
 With homage: *Ireland, Cornwall, Wales:*  
 Lands of lone moor, and mountain gales,

And stormy coast:

Yet *London's* voice upon the air  
 Pleads at mine heart, and enters there;  
 Sometimes I wellnigh love and care

• For *London* most.

Listen upon the ancient hills:  
 All silence! save the lark, who trills  
 Through sunlight, save the rippling rills:  
 There peace may be.



But listen to great *London!* loud,  
As thunder from the purple cloud,  
Comes the deep thunder of the crowd,  
And heartens me.

*O gray, O gloomy skies!* What then?  
Here is a marvellous world of men;  
More wonderful than *Rome* was, when  
The world was *Rome!*  
See the great stream of life flow by!  
Here thronging myriads laugh and sigh,  
Here rise and fall, here live and die:  
In this vast home.

In long array they march toward death,  
Armies, with proud or piteous breath:  
*Forward!* the spirit in them saith,  
Spirit of life:  
Here the triumphant trumpets blow;  
Here mourning music sorrows low;  
Victors and vanquished, still they go  
Forward in strife.

Who will not heed so great a sight?  
Greater than marshalled stars of night,  
That move to music and with light:  
For these are men!  
These move to music of the soul;  
Passions, that madden or control:  
These hunger for a distant goal,  
Seen now and then.

• •  
Is mine too tragical a strain,  
Chaunting a burden full of pain,  
And labour, that seems all in vain?

I sing but truth.  
Still, many a merry pleasure yet,  
To many a merry measure set,  
Is ours, who need not to forget  
Summer and youth.

Do *London* birds forget to sing?  
Do *London* trees refuse the spring?  
Is *London* May no pleasant thing?  
Let country fields,  
To milking maid and shepherd boy,  
Give flowers, and song, and bright employ:  
Her children also can enjoy,  
What *London* yields.

Gleaming with sunlight, each soft lawn  
Lies fragrant beneath dew of dawn;  
The spires and towers rise, far withdrawn,  
Through golden mist:  
At sunset, linger beside *Thames*:  
See now, what radiant lights and flames!  
That ruby burns: that purple shames  
The amethyst.

•  
Winter was long, and dark, and cold:  
Chill rains! grim fogs, black fold on fold,  
Round street, and square, and river rolled!  
Ah, let it be:

Winter is gone! Soon comes July,  
 With wafts from hayfields by-and-by:  
 While in the dingiest courts you spy  
     Flowers fair to see.

Take heart of grace: and let each hour  
 Break gently into bloom and flower:  
 Winter and sorrow have no power  
     To blight all bloom.  
 One day, perchance, the sun will see  
*London's* entire felicity:  
 And all her loyal children be  
     Clear of all gloom.

A dream? Dreams often dreamed come true:  
 Our world would seem a world made new  
 To those, beneath the churchyard yew  
     Laid long ago!  
 When we beneath like shadows bide,  
 Fair *London*, throned upon *Thames'* side,  
 May be our children's children's pride:  
     And we shall know.

1891.

## CYHIRAETH

*To F. York Powell.*

SUNK and set our sun, that shone:  
 Now are light and glory gone  
     From glittering Llanarmon!  
 We heard the doom, the deathcry, wail  
 Between the mountains and the vale,  
     Through desolate Llanarmon.

• •  
For a crown, Llanarmon bears  
But a bristling crest of spears:  
Fierce are thy joys, Llanarmon!  
And older than the Druid oak  
His line, the leader of thy folk,  
Llewellyn of Llanarmon!

Valiant and divinely proud,  
He: till death against him vowed  
Malevolence, Llanarmon!  
Death, angered at a man so great,  
Sent travelling from the Ghostly Gate  
The lone deathcry, Llanarmon!

From the Ghostly Gate it came,  
Keen as wind, and swift as flame:  
Thou knowest it, Llanarmon!  
But wildest flame, and fiercest wind,  
Less fearful are to strong mankind,  
Than that strange fear, Llanarmon!

High in heaven had there been  
Horrors heard, and visions seen,  
By whispering Llanarmon:  
Armed hosts, at onset long and loud  
Clashing within the sullen cloud,  
Clanged over pale Llanarmon.

On the winds' waste passages,  
Dim death's presage angel is  
To eyes of man, Llanarmon!  
But when, since solemn earth began,  
Pierced agony to ears of man,  
Clearer than this, Llanarmon?

Not a spirit, that, of air,  
Earth, or water: past compare,  
    To agonized Llanarmon  
Comes that immitigable cry;  
The music sent, before they die,  
    The princes of Llanarmon!

Through the vasty Druid trees  
Murmuring to the mountain breeze  
    Bravely, above Llanarmon,  
Even as it were the sea in surge,  
Down swept the dolour and the dirge  
    At midnight on Llanarmon.

Ah, the waft of plangent breath,  
Harbinger of ready death  
    To shuddering Llanarmon!  
A tide of sorrow strongly set  
From the gray region of regret  
    Toward thee, forlorn Llanarmon!

Strong men blanched to hear that tone,  
Lovers closelier clasped their own,  
    In tremulous Llanarmon:  
Until within Llewellyn's halls  
Rose, rang, around the trophied walls:  
    *Woe for bereaved Llanarmon!*

On the wolfskins he had lain,  
Prisoned long in burning pain:  
    What tears were thine, Llanarmon!

Sorrow! upon the thundering field  
Not his, his soul in death to yield,  
Fighting for thee, Llanarmon!

Bitterness of wounding fire  
To his heart drew surely nigher,  
As death drew nigh Llanarmon:  
Until, while wailed the herald cry,  
Upright he sprang, and stood to die,  
So, Lion of Llanarmon!

Lion soul and eagle face  
Fought with death, a splendid space:  
Oh, proud be thou, Llanarmon!  
Not man with man, but man with death  
Wrestled: thine hoariest minstrel saith  
No greater deed, Llanarmon!

Amid lightning of blue swords  
Noblier never died thy lords,  
Than died this lord, Llanarmon!  
Fell the high face, the great heart broke:  
Within the Shadowy Isle he woke,  
Thy paladin, Llanarmon!

White and stern Llewellyn slept,  
While his praising people kept  
Vigil in sad Llanarmon:  
The cry, that called this Man of men,  
Hushed, leaving them but silence then,  
Dark silence, in Llanarmon.

## LAMB

*To Alfred Pollard.*

*SAINT CHARLES!* for *Thackeray* called thee so:  
 Saint, at whose name our fond hearts glow:  
 See now, this age of tedious woe,  
     That snaps and snarls!  
 Thine was a life of tragic shade;  
 A life, of care and sorrow made:  
 But nought could make thine heart afraid,  
     Gentle *Saint Charles!*

Encumbered dearly with old books,  
 Thou, by the pleasant chimney nooks,  
 Didst laugh, with merry-meaning looks,  
     Thy griefs away:  
 We, bred on modern magazines,  
 Point out, how much our sadness means;  
 And some new woe our wisdom gleans,  
     Day by dull day.

Lover of *London!* whilst thy feet  
 Haunted each old familiar street,  
 Thy brave heart found life's turmoil sweet,  
     Despite life's pain.  
 We fume and fret and, when we can,  
 Cry up some new and noisy plan,  
 Big with the Rights and Wrongs of Man:  
     And where's the gain?

Gentle *Saint Charles!* I turn to thee,  
 Tender and true: thou teachest me

To take with joy, what joys there be,  
 And bear the rest.  
 Walking thy *London* day by day,  
 The thought of thee makes bright my way,  
 And in thy faith I fain would stay,  
 Doing my best.

Along the *Mall*, along the *Strand*,  
 Each turn I take, still thou dost stand,  
 A patron spirit, at mine hand:  
 So, should my choice,  
 Beside the dear book-laden stall,  
 On *books not books* perversely fall:  
*Nay! take the play, the pastoral!*  
 Pleads thy wise voice.

So, though the world be full of noise;  
 And most new•books, but foolish toys;  
 I share with thee thine ancient joys,  
*Marvell or Quarles:*  
 So, tired with rambling through the Town,  
 I taste the rich delights of *Browne*;  
 With *Elia* for the evening's crown,  
 Gentle *Saint Charles!*

1891.

## SATANAS

*To Jorge Santayana.*

ECCE! Princeps infernorum,  
 Rex veneficus amorum  
 Vilium et mortiferorum,  
 Ecce! regnat Lucifer:



Animis qui dominatur,  
Quibus coelum spoliatur;  
Qui malignus bona fatur,  
Cor corrumpens spaviter.

Fructus profert; inest cinis: \*  
Profert flores plenos spinis:  
Vitae eius mors est finis:  
Crux est eius requies.  
Qualis illic apparebit  
Cruciatu, et manebit!  
Quantas ista quot habebit  
Mors amaritudines!

Iuventutis quam formosa  
Floret inter rosas rosa!  
Venit autem vitiosa \*  
Species infamiae:  
Veniunt crudeles visus,  
Voces simulati risus;  
Et inutilis fit nixus  
Flebilis laetitiae.

Quanto vitium splendescit,  
Tanto anima nigrescit;  
Tanto tandem cor marcescit,  
Per peccata dulcia.  
Gaudens mundi Princeps mali  
Utitur veneno tali,  
Voluptate Avernali;  
O mellita vitia!

Gaudet Princeps huius mundi  
 Videns animam confundi;  
 Cordis amat moribundi  
     Aspectare proelium.  
 Vana tentat, vana quaerens,  
 Cor anhelum, frustra moerens;  
 Angit animae inhaerens  
     Flamma cor miserrimum.

Gaudet Rector tenebrarum  
 • Immolare cor amarum;  
 Satiare furiarum  
     Rex sorores avidas.  
*Vae! non stabit in aeternum*  
*Regnum, ait Rex, infernum:*  
*Sed, dum veniat Supernum,*  
     *Dabo vobis victimas.*

1893.

## TO MORFYDD DEAD

## I

WOULD, to the glory of thine eyes might change,  
     In passionate strange surprise,  
 Lightning, that in darkness flies

Oh, fairer yet! would, an unbending sheaf  
     Of steel my grief might end,  
 And to thine my freed soul send!

Would, I might meet swift death from flight of spears!  
     I waste in tears the night,  
 Morfydd, O my lost delight!

I would, that on the fiercest field of blood,  
Morfydd! I stood, no shield  
Sheltering my breast unsteeled!

I would, that swords of death rang round my way,  
This weary day, and found  
Home within the heart, thine crowned!

I would, that my freed soul within the wind  
Might fly, and find, and win  
Thine, and joy of death begin!

I would, that with eternal wings we went,  
All sorrow spent, all things  
Ended, save the song love sings!

Sweet spears and swords, who send his due to death!  
My sad heart saith not you  
Nay: ah, swift then, pierce it through!

1895.

## II

MORFYDD at midnight  
Met the Nameless Ones:  
Now she wanders on the winds,  
White and lone.  
I would give the light  
Of eternal suns,  
To be with her on the winds,  
No more lone!

Oh, wild sea of air!  
Oh, night's vast sweet noon!  
We would wander through the night,  
Star and star.  
Nay! but she, most fair!  
Sun to me and moon:  
I the vassal of her flight,  
Far and far.

Morfydd at midnight  
Met the Nameless Ones:  
Now she wanders on the winds,  
White and lone.  
Take from me the light,  
God! of all Thy suns:  
Give me her, who on the winds  
Wanders lone!

1896.

## , THE DARKNESS

*To the Rev. Fr. Dover, S.J.*

MASTER of spirits! hear me: King of souls!  
I kneel before Thine altar, the long night,  
Besieging Thee with penetrable prayers;  
And all I ask, light from the Face of God.  
Thy darkness Thou hast given me enough,  
The dark clouds of Thine angry majesty:  
Now give me light! I cannot always walk  
Surely beneath the full and starless night.  
Lighten me, fallen down, I know not where,

Save, to the shadows and the fear of death.  
Thy Saints in light see light, and sing for joy:  
Safe from the dark, safe from the dark and cold.  
But from my dark comes only doubt of light:  
Disloyalty, that trembles to despair.  
Now bring me out of night, and with the sun  
Clothe me, and crown me with Thy seven stars,  
Thy spirits in the hollow of Thine hand.  
Thou from the still throne of Thy tabernacle  
Wilt come to me in glory, O Lord God!  
Thou wilt, I doubt Thee not: I worship Thee  
Before Thine holy altar, the long night.  
Else have I nothing in the world, but death:  
Thine hounding winds rush by me day and night,  
Thy seas roar in mine ears: I have no rest,  
No peace, but am afflicted constantly,  
Driven from wilderness to wilderness.  
And yet Thou hast a perfect house of light,  
Above the four great winds, an house of peace:  
Its beauty of the crystal and the dew,  
Guard Angels and Archangels, in their hands  
The blade of a sword shaken. Thither bring  
Thy servant: when the black night falls on me,  
With bitter voices tempting in the gloom,  
Send out Thine armies, flaming ministers,  
And shine upon the night: for what I would,  
I cannot, save these help me. O Lord God!  
Now, when my prayers upon Thine altar lie,  
When Thy dark anger is too hard for me:  
Though vision of Thyself, through flying fire,  
Have mercy, and give light, and stablish me!

## CHRISTMAS

*To the Rev. William Busby.*

## I

SING *Bethlehem!* Sing *Bethlehem!*

● You daughters of Jerusalem!  
Keep sorrow for Gethsemani,  
And mourning for Mount Calvary!

Why are your lids and lashes wet?  
Here is no darkling Olivet.  
Sing *Bethlehem!* Sing *Bethlehem!*  
You daughters of Jerusalem!

*How should we sing of Bethlehem,  
We, daughters of Jerusalem?  
We are the people of the Jews:  
Our balms would soothe Him not, but bruise.*

*Ah, Calvary! ah, Calvary!  
We wretched women cry to thee:  
We, daughters of Jerusalem;  
And enemies of Bethlehem.*

*With faces cast upon the dust,  
We weep those things, which do we must:  
Our tears embitter Calvary,  
And water thee, Gethsemani!*

Nay, *Bethlehem!* Sing *Bethlehem!*  
Poor daughters of Jerusalem!  
You know not, what you do: but He  
Will pardon you on Calvary.

## II

THE last week before Christmas,  
Hoar lies the orchard grass  
From pear tree unto apple tree,  
Where feet well shod must pass:  
By dripping trees a woodman's fire  
Burns the last leaves, alas!  
And the blue smoke drifts through the air,  
Above the branches bare.

The last week before Christmas,  
The last before the snow:  
Stand steaming cattle by the hedge,  
With meek heads bending low:  
The chattering rivulet flows fast,  
While there is time to flow:  
And the blue smoke drifts through the air,  
Above the branches bare.

The last week before Christmas,  
Red berries few to find:  
The brown fir cones upon the bough  
Move to a gentle wind:  
Down the gray sky go chilly gleams,  
Bringing the sun to mind:  
And the blue smoke drifts through the air,  
Above the branches bare.

Oh! last week before Christmas,  
Second before New Year:  
Heap heart of oak upon the hearth,  
And keep you now good cheer:

With *Christus natus* for an health,  
And *Christi Mater* dear:  
Then blue 's the sky, and bright 's the air,  
Above the blossoms fair!

1888.

## III

*Tres.* HAIL to our brother Gabriel!  
Now we, thy brothers, Michael,  
And Raphael,  
And Uriel,  
Hail thee, come home from Israel!

*Gabriel.* I saw among the lilies dwell  
Mary our Queen, who pleaseth well  
The Spirit of our God. *All hail,*  
*Mary our Queen!* Sing, thou in mail,  
Lord Michael! Sing, Uriel; thou,  
Clothed with the sun upon thy brow!  
And sing thou *Hail!* whose pilgrims now  
Shall climb the steep ways out of Hell,  
Joy of poor pilgrims, Raphael!

*Michael.* I, Captain of the Lord God's host,  
Give glory to the Holy Ghost,  
And give to Mary, loved of Him!

*Uriel.* \*I, Chief of the white Cherubim,  
Give thanks to Mary: and to Him,  
That Holy Child, Who shall be born,  
King Jesus Christ, on Christmas morn.



*Raphael.* I, Prince of burning Seraphim,  
Give praise, give praise, to Mary Queen,  
With whom the Grace of God hath been.

*Omnes.* Now play through Heaven the Angel bell:  
Make music of the Angelus!  
The King is come to Israel:  
The Queen of Heaven is found for us.

1888.

## IV

CHRIST hath Christ's Mother  
*Dicamus! Canamus!*  
Borne, our dear Brother,  
*Canamus! Dicamus!*  
In the stall of Bethlehem.  
Then leave we all Jerusalem,  
To kiss the King of Bethlehem:  
*Cui vocibus gaudentibus*  
*Dicamus! Canamus!*  
*Gloriam.*

Come from the city!  
*Dicamus! Canamus!*  
God hath had pity  
*Canamus! Dicamus!*  
On His people Israel.  
And pity will He have as well  
On Gentiles beyond Israel:  
*Nunc vocibus gaudentibus*  
*Dicamus! Canamus!*  
*Gloriam.*

• •  
Laud in the highest!

*Dicamus! Canamus!*

Now, Death, thou diest:

*Canamus! Dicamus!*

Lo! God goeth to His grave,

Us dead and dying men to save,

And bring the captives from the grave:

*Quo vocibus gaudentibus*

*Dicamus! Canamus!*

*Gloriam.*

Snobs the land cover:

*Dicamus! Canamus!*

Lo! comes our Lover:

*Canamus! Dicamus!*

Comes a glory, comes a light:

Gold on snow and in the height:

Glory from the Light of Light!

*Quin vocibus gaudentibus*

*Dicamus! Canamus!*

*Gloriam.*

Praise to the Father!

*Dicamus! Canamus!*

Now will He gather

*Canamus! Dicamus!*

Us His helpless little ones

From endless Death's dominions:

Us, God the Father's little ones.

*Cui vocibus gaudentibus,*

*Dicamus! Canamus!*

*Gloriam.*

Praise to Son Jesus!

*Dicamus! Canamus!*

Him, whose Cross frees us

*Canamus! Dicamus!*

From the cruel hand of sin.

Now first to Him our songs begin,

Since now our hearts have done with sin.

*Sic vocibus gaudentibus*

*Dicamus! Canamus!*

*Gloriam.*

Praise Mary Mother!

*Dicamus! Canamus!*

Mary, none other,

*Canamus! Dicamus!*

Welcome might the Holy Ghost,

Because her soul was pure the most:

Now praise be to the Holy Ghost!

*Cui vocibus gaudentibus*

*Dicamus! Canamus!*

*Gloriam.*

Praise, praise, and praises,

*Dicamus! Canamus!*

Earth with Heaven raises

*Canamus! Dicamus!*

To the glorious Trinity!

Sons of new morning, mingle we

With morning stars our melody:

*Et vocibus gaudentibus*

*Dicamus! Canamus!*

*Gloriam.*

## CAROLS

*To the Rev. Fr. Russell, S.J.*

FAIR snow and winter wind,  
 Be not unkind  
 To this your King!  
 Fall soft, and murmur mild,  
 About the Child:  
 Lest His first hour be suffering.

See! with large, gentle eyes,  
 Close where He lies,  
 Look ox and ass:  
 They bow their patient, meek  
 Heads to the weak  
 Lamb, Who to sacrifice must pass.

Soon shall come Cross and Crown  
 In Salem Town:  
 But now at least,  
 Rocked upon Mary's breast,  
 Let Jesu rest:  
 And all the earth keep Christmas Feast.

With Him your sorrows sleep.  
 No longer weep,  
*O pectora mortalia!*  
 Sing you the Angel Song,  
 Sing loud and long!  
 Sing: *In Excelsis Gloria!*

*To the Rev. Fr. Dawson, O.M.I.*

## II

SAY, what saw you, Man?  
And say, what heard?  
*I saw, while Angels sang,  
Jesus the Word.*

Saw you aught else, Man?  
Aught else heard you?  
*I saw the Son of Man,  
And the wind blew.*

Saw you beside, Man?  
Or heard beside?  
*I saw, while murderers mocked,  
The Crucified.*

Nay! what is this, Man?  
And who is He?  
*The Holy Child must die  
For you and me.*

Oh! say, Brother! Oh! say, Brother!  
What then shall be?  
*Home in His Sacred Heart  
For you and me.*

Oh! what can we give, Brother!  
For such a thing?  
*Body and soul, Brother!  
To Christ the King.*

## CHRISTMAS AND IRELAND

*To Miss Milligan.*

THE golden stars give warmthless fire,  
 As weary Mary goes through night:  
 Her feet are torn by stone and briar;  
 She hath no rest, no strength, no light:  
 O Mary, weary in the snow,  
     Remember Ireland's woe!

O Joseph, sad for Mary's sake!  
 Look on our earthly Mother too:  
 Let not the heart of Ireland break  
 With agony, the ages through:  
 For Mary's love, love also thou  
     Ireland, and save her now!

Harsh were the folk, and bitter stern,  
 At Bethlehem, that night of nights.  
*For you no cheering hearth shall burn:*  
*We have no room here, you no rights.*  
 O Mary and Joseph! hath not she,  
     Ireland, been even as ye?

The ancient David's royal house  
 Was thine, Saint Joseph! wherefore she,  
 Mary, thine Ever Virgin Spouse,  
 To thine own city went with thee.  
 Behold! thy citizens disown  
     The heir of David's throne!

Nay, more! The Very King of kings  
Was with you, coming to his own:  
They thrust Him forth to lowliest things;  
The poor meek beasts of toil alone  
Stood by, when came to piteous birth  
The God of all the earth.

And she, our Mother Ireland, knows  
Insult, and infamies of wrong:  
Her innocent children clad with woes,  
Her weakness trampled by the strong:  
And still upon her Holy Land  
Her pitiless foemen stand.

From Manger unto Cross and Crown  
Went Christ: and Mother Mary passed  
Through Seven Sorrows, and sat down  
Upon the Angel Throne at last.  
Thence, Mary! to thine own Child pray,  
For Ireland's hope this day!

She wanders amid winter still,  
The dew of tears is on her face:  
Her wounded heart takes yet its fill  
Of desolation and disgrace.  
God still is God! And through God she  
Foreknows her joy to be.

The snows shall perish at the spring,  
The flowers pour fragrance round her feet:  
Ah, Jesus! Mary! Joseph! bring  
This mercy from the Mercy Seat!  
Send it, sweet King of Glory, born  
Humbly on Christmas Morn!

## MAGIC

*To John Myres.*

BECAUSE I work not, as logicians work,  
 Who but to ranked and marshalled reason yield:  
 But my feet hasten through a faery field,  
 Thither, where underneath the rainbow lurk  
 Spirits of youth, and life, and gold, concealed:

Because by leaps I scale the secret sky,  
 Upon the motion of a cunning star:  
 Because I hold the winds oracular,  
 And think on airy warnings, when men die:  
 Because I tread the ground, where shadows are:

Therefore my name is grown a popular scorn,  
 And I a children's terror! Only now,  
 For I am old! O Mother Nature! thou  
 Leavest me not: wherefore, as night turns morn,  
 A magian wisdom breaks beneath my brow.

These painful toilers of the bounded way,  
 Chaired within cloister halls: can they renew  
 Ashes to flame? Can they of moonlit dew  
 Prepare the immortalizing draughts? Can they  
 Give gold for refuse earth, or bring to view

Earth's deepest doings? Let them have their school  
 Their science, and their safety! I am he,  
 Whom Nature fills with her philosophy,  
 And takes for kinsman. Let me be their fool,  
 And wise man in the winds' society.

1887.



## II

THEY wrong with ignorance a royal choice,  
Who cavil at my loneliness and labour:  
For them, the luring wonder of a voice,  
The viol's cry for them, the harp and tabour:  
    For me divine austerity,  
    And voices of philosophy.

Ah! light imaginations, that discern  
No passion in the citadel of passion:  
Their fancies lie on flowers; but my thoughts turn  
To thoughts and things of an eternal fashion:  
    The majesty and dignity  
    Of everlasting verity.

Mine is the sultry sunset, when the skies  
Tremble with strange, intolerable thunder:  
And at the dead of an hushed night, these eyes  
Draw down the soaring oracles winged with wonder:  
    From the four winds they come to me,  
    The Angels of Eternity.

Men pity me; poor men, who pity me!  
Poor, charitable, scornful souls of pity!  
I choose laborious loneliness: and ye  
Lead Love in triumph through the dancing city:  
    While death and darkness girdle me,  
    I grope for immortality.

1887.

## III

POUR slowly out your holy balm of oil,  
Within the grassy circle: let none spoil

Our favourable silence. Only I,  
Winding wet vervain round mine eyes, will cry  
Upon the powerful Lord of this our toil;  
Until the first lark sing, the last star die.

Proud Lord of twilight, Lord of midnight, hear!  
Thou hast forgone us; and hast drowsed thine ear,  
When haggard voices hail thee: thou hast turned  
Blind eyes, dull nostrils, when our vows have burned  
Herbs on the moonlit flame, in reverent fear:  
Silence is all, our love of thee hath earned.

Master! we call thee, calling on thy name!  
Thy savoury laurel crackles: the blue flame  
Gleams, leaps, devours apace the dewy leaves.  
Vain! for nor breast of labouring midnight heaves,  
Nor chilled stars fall: all things remain the same,  
Save this new pang, that stings, and burns, and cleaves.

Despising us, thou knowest not! We stand,  
Bared for thine adoration, hand in hand:  
Steely our eyes, our hearts to all but thee  
Iron: as waves of the unresting sea,  
The wind of thy least Word is our command:  
And our ambition hails thy sovereignty.

Come, Sisters! for the King of night is dead:  
Come! for the frailest star of stars hath sped:  
And though we waited for the waking sun,  
Our King would wake not. Come! our world is done:  
For all the witchery of the world is fled,  
And lost all wanton wisdom long since won.

## FRIENDS

## I

O GUARDIAN Angel! Patron Saints!

You, who have cared for me: ‘

You, who have borne with all my complaints

So patiently!

I ask but one thing now: I pray, ‘

God grant through you, each friend

Be mine within Eternal Day,

World without end.

1894.

## II

POOR powerless Sorrow! Helpless Death!

Think they to worst me in the end?

Come when they will, my Faith still saith:

I face them with a single friend.

Were I alone, I could not fight

The imperious Powers: I should but fear,

And tremble in the lonely night, ‘

With never a friend of all friends near.

But in the eyes of every friend,

Voice, or the holding of his hand,

I learn, how love can never end:

Oh, Heart of God! I understand.

1894.

## III

THE haunting hopes, the perfect dreams,  
The visionary joys, that fill  
Mine heart with sudden gracious gleams:  
Through friendship they grow clearer still.

Each friend possesses, each betrays,  
Some secret of the eternal things:  
Each one has walked celestial ways,  
And held celestial communings.

The smiles upon their lips are bright  
With beauty from the Face of God:  
Their eyes keep something of that Light,  
Which knows nor pause, nor period.

1894.

## IV

O PATRON Saints of all my friends!  
O Guardian Angels of them all!  
With them begins, with them still ends,  
My prayer's most passionate call.

You know my voice: you know their names,  
That wing so its least selfish tone  
Across your white celestial flames,  
And up to the White Throne.

Heaven were not Heaven, and they not there;  
Heaven were no Heaven, my friends away:  
O Saints and Angels! hear the prayer,  
I pray you every day.

1894.

## INCENSE

*To Miss Alice Brown.*

## I

ALL the annulling clouds, that lie  
 Far in wait for years to come,  
 Shall not force me to forget  
 All the witcheries of home,  
 While in the world there linger yet  
 Heliotrope and mignonette:  
 In their scent home cannot die.

When the delicate dewdrops gleamed  
 Tremulous on the early blooms;  
 The full sweetness of the dawn,  
 Gathered during twilight glooms,  
 Rose above the fields and lawn,  
 Ravishing me with fragrance, drawn  
 From each flower, that there had dreamed.

Then was innocent glory shed  
 All about the garden ground:  
 Gods of Helicon well had paced  
 By the laurels, and around  
 The bright lawn; nor deemed disgraced  
 Their high Godhead, nor misplaced  
 Their descent, since thither led.

By a maze of gossamer dew  
 Measured, lay the pasture leas:  
 Ruddy gray the sunlight glanced  
 Through the rippling poplar trees,

On the airy webs, where chanced  
Dainty faery feet had danced  
Without noise, the soft night through.

That was more indeed! And yet,  
Gone the wondrous witchery;  
Gone the charm, the enchantment gone;  
Still to aging memory  
Come the scents, the lights, that shone,  
That were sweet: dreams lie upon  
Heliotrope and mignonette.

Stronger than remembered looks,  
Nearer than old written words,  
Cling the loved old fragrances;  
At the matin time of birds,  
Giving birth to memories:  
Not one fancy perishes,  
Born before we woke to books.

All will come again: once more  
We shall fling our arms upon  
Morning's wind, and ravish yet  
All its load of incense, won  
From rich wilding mignonette,  
Clustered heliotrope, and wet  
Meadows, O fair years of yore!

1887.

II

THEY do the will of beauty and regret,  
Odours and travelling faery fragrances:  
The breath of things, I never can forget,

The haunting spirit of old memories.  
 Gray grows the visible world; fair cadences  
 Break into death: sweet are the field flowers yet.

Softly at evening, hard upon twilight,  
 Old earth breathes balmy air on hushing winds,  
 And takes with ravishment the face of night. '   
 Pensive and solitary old age finds  
 Calm in the vespèral, mild air, that minds  
 His dwindling hour, of childhood's far delight.

A breath, a thought, a dream! Ah, what a choir  
 Of long stilled voices: and of long closed eyes,  
 What a light! So came, so mine heart's desire  
 Came through the pinewood, where the sunlight dies  
 To-night. Since now these fragrant memories  
 Live, lives not also she, their soul of fire?

1887.

## TO PASSIONS

*To Henry Davray.*

### I

THAT hate, and that, and that again,  
 Easy and simple are to bear:  
 My hatred of myself is pain  
 Beyond my tolerable share. "

Comfort and joy, I have not claimed:  
 I ask no vast felicity.  
 But of myself to live ashamed  
 Is ever present agony.

• O haunting thoughts, awhile away!  
O brooding memories, go sleep!  
Give me one hour of every day:  
Yours be the rest to vex and keep.

1894.

## II

DARKER than death, fiercer than fire,  
Hatefuller than the heart of Hell:  
I know thee, O mine own desire!  
I know not mine own self so well.

Passion, imperious, insolent,  
Thou that destroyest me! oh, slay  
Me now, or leave me to repent:  
I weary of thy lingering way.

1894.

## III

THOU fool! For if thou have thy way with me,  
Thou wilt be still the same: but victor, I  
Should make some fair perfection out of thee,  
And reach the starry Heaven of Heavens thereby.

But thou preferrest the dark joy of Hell,  
Triumphant over me drawn down to it?  
Thou fool! My lost soul ever more would tell  
Thy folly, and the anguish of the Pit.

1893.



## HUGO

*To Fernand Ortmans.*

## I

SILENT, who wast so long a voice of fire divine:  
 Down the world's mighty winds, a chaunt oracular!  
 Vanished, who wast a light and splendour crystalline:  
 Highest in Heaven, a star, beside the Morning Star!  
 We, glad in grief, salute that glory, which 'is thine  
 Among the Thrones of Death, where Death's Undying  
 are!

*May 22.*

## II

CROWNED for thy Throne of Death, this thy last lower  
 night,  
 Master! thou sleepest well: and we, who love thee,  
 yearn  
 Beyond the walls of flame, that circle all our days,  
 On wings of music charioted, and song's delight,  
 To where the Seven Lamps with endless ardour burn  
 Before the Sapphire Throne, Spirits of perfect praise.  
 Victor and loving Lord, who, seeing this poor world,  
 Wasted and worn with wrongs, wouldest not war, but  
 peace,  
 And little children's laughter, and the law of love!  
 Now thou art winds, and waves, and terrible thunders  
 hurled  
 From out night's battling clouds: and when storm  
 voices cease,  
 Thou art the calm, whereunder gentler waters move.

Ah, music from thy lips, light from thy lightning eyes,  
Death from thine holy scorn: for these thy gifts of  
gold,

What thanks, what lauds, what faith, what hearts made  
whole through fire?

Our silence and our tears thou takest: vainly tries  
The passion of our pain by song to pierce the cold  
Gulphs of the Shadow of Death, winged by our love's  
desire.

*May 31.*

III

SWEPT through night, ah Master! alone and royal;  
Soared past deeps of night to the heights of morning:  
What high rapture rang from thy lips, anointed  
Son of the sunrise?

What divinest passion of morning music  
Rises round those Fields, where the feet of singers  
Go through golden flowers of eternal springtide,  
Master! to meet thee?

Here love's multitudinous praise of weeping  
Hails thee passing home to the heart of earth: nay!  
Not in earth, but thou at the heart of Heaven,  
Victor! abidest.

There the eyes of Æschylus glow thee welcome:  
Virgil hails thee: ah, for thy consecration,  
Shakespeare bids thee sit by his side: and Dante,  
Dante salutes thee!

*June 2: 1885.*

## CROMWELL

*To E. K. Chambers.*

Now, on his last of ways,  
 The great September star,  
 That crowned him on the days  
 Of Worcester and Dunbar,  
 Shines through the menacing night afar.

This day, his England knows  
 Freedom and fear in one;  
 She holds her breath, while goes  
 Her mighty mastering son:  
 His sceptre-sword its work hath done.

O crowning mercy, Death!  
 Peace to the stormy heart,  
 Peace to the passionate breath,  
 And awful eyes: their part  
 Is done, for thou their victor art!

Yet, is it peace with him?  
 Answer, O Drogheda's dead!  
 O ghosts, beside the dim  
 Waters and shadows dread!  
 What of his coming shall be said?

Answer, O fatal King!  
 Whose sad, prophetic eyes  
 Foresaw his glory bring  
 Thy death! He also lies  
 Dead: hath he peace, O King of sighs?

His soul's most secret thought,  
Eternal Light declares:  
He, who in darkness wrought,  
To very Truth now bares  
All hidden hopes, all deep despairs.

Maintains he in Death's land  
The quarrel of the Lord,  
As when from his live hand  
Leaped lightnings of the sword?  
Is *Come, good servant!* his reward?

Hath the word come, *Well done!*  
Or the pure word of doom,  
Sending him from the sun  
To walk in bitter gloom,  
With the lost angels of the tomb?

Prince of the iron rod  
And war's imperious mail,  
Did he indeed for God  
Fight ever, and prevail,  
Bidding the Lord of hosts *All Hail?*

Or was it ardent lust  
Of majesty and might,  
That stung and fired and thrust  
His soul into the fight:  
Mystic desire and fierce delight?

Nay, peace for ever more!  
O martyred souls! He comes,  
Your conquered conqueror:  
No tramlings now, nor drums,  
Are his, who wrought your martyrdoms.

Tragic, triumphant form,  
He comes to your dim ways,  
Comes upon wings of storm :  
Greet him, with pardoning praise,  
With marvelling awe, with equal gaze!  
1895.

## KINGS OF MEN

## I

RENAN AND TENNYSON

FROM out two golden mouths, the marvellous breath,  
France! may not charm thee more; nor, England!  
thee:

Only between two silences of death  
Sounds the vast voice of the unquiet sea:  
While moving on the waters God is heard,  
Eternal Spirit with Eternal Word.

*September: 1892.*

## II

RENAN AND NEWMAN

IN wild October, fifty years ago,  
Renan left Saint-Sulpice, a Catholic  
No more, no more the child of Holy Rome:  
Upon the third day after that day, lo!  
Knelt Newman before Father Dominic,  
And entered in unto the Holy Home.  
O mystery of calling! Who shall say?  
Did after joy, with Angel Hosts, outweigh  
Woe for the darkness of the earlier day?

*October: 1895.*

## SONGS

## I

NOW in golden glory goes  
 Autumn toward the time of snows:  
 Ere white winter come indeed,  
 Speed the hours, with music speed.

Heed not winter's mournful breath,  
 Sighing at the thought of death:  
 Make but music, dearly sad;  
 Make but music, gravely glad.

Music is a king of kings,  
 Mightiest of immortal things:  
 Music is a lord of lords,  
 Ruling all with royal chords.

Though the woodland ways be chill,  
 Though the woodland choirs be still:  
 Music moves the starry choir,  
 Music sets the soul on fire.

## II

COUNTRY singers, leave not mute  
 Music of the voice and lute:  
 Country singers, come and sing;  
 Voice with viol rivalling.

Chaunt to Pales, chaunt to Pan,  
 Gods of country maid and man:  
 They have blessed the shepherd's fold,  
 Filled the fields with waves of gold.

On the lawns, fair lovers all!  
 Dance, till Hesper homeward call;  
 Lapped in dreamland, you will keep  
 Safely your delightful sleep.

But the red sun lingers yet:  
 While you sing, he will not set.  
 He is lord of light and song:  
 Hail him, and both joys prolong.

1893.

## NINETY-EIGHT

*To R. Barry O'Brien.*

*Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?*  
 He, who despairs of Ireland still:  
 Whose paltry soul finds nothing great  
 In honest failure: he, whose will,  
 Feeble and faint in days of gloom,  
 Takes old defeat for final doom.

*Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?*  
 The man, who fears to speak of death:  
 Who clings and clasps the knees of fate,  
 And whimpers with his latest breath:  
 Who hugs his comfort to his heart,  
 And dares not play a Christian part.

*Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?*  
 The renegade, who sells his trust:  
 Whose love has rotted into hate,  
 Whose hopes have withered into dust:  
 He, who denies, and deems it mad,  
 The faith, his nobler boyhood had.

*Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?*

The enemy of Ireland fears!

For Ireland undegenerate

Keeps yet the spirit of old years:

He sees, in visions of the night,

A nation arming for the right.

• *Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?*

Not he, who hates a poisonous peace:

• For, while the days of triumph wait,

And till the days of sorrow cease,

He, with the Lord of Hosts his friend,

Will fight for Ireland to the end.

Let sword cross sword, or thought meet thought:

• One fire of battle thrills them both.

Deliverance only can be wrought

By warfare without stay or sloth:

And by your prayers at Heaven's high gate,

True hearts, that beat in Ninety-Eight!

1893.

## COMRADES

*To Marmaduke Langdale.*

At least, it was a life of swords,

Our life! nor lived in vain:

We fought the fight with mighty lords,

Nor dastards have we slain.

• We stirred at morn, and through bright air

Swept to the trysting place:

Winds of the mountains in our hair,

And sunrise on each face.



No need to spur! our horses knew  
The joy, to which we went:  
Over the brightening lands they flew  
Forward, and were content.

On each man's lips, an happy smile;  
In each man's eyes, delight:  
So, fired with foretaste, mile on mile,  
We thundered to the fight.

Let death come now, and from the sun  
Hide me away: what then?  
My days have seen more prowess done,  
Than years of other men.

Oh, warriors of the rugged heights,  
We, where the eagles nest:  
They, courtly soldiers, gentle knights,  
By kings and dames caressed.

Not theirs, the passion of the sword,  
The fire of living blades!  
Like men, they fought: and found reward  
In dance and feast, like maids.

We, on the mountain lawns encamped,  
Close under the great stars,  
Turned, when the horses hard by stamped,  
And dreamed again, of wars:

Or, if one woke, he saw the gleam  
Of moonlight, on each face,  
Touch its tumultuary dream  
With moments of mild grace.

We hated no man; but we fought  
With all men: the fierce wind  
Lashes the wide earth without thought;  
Our tempest scourged mankind.

They cursed us, living without laws!  
They, in their pride of peace:  
Who bared no blade, but in just cause;  
Nor grieved, that war should cease.

O spirit of the wild hill-side!  
O spirit of the steel!  
We answered nothing, when they cried,  
But challenged with a peal.

And, when the battle blood had poured  
To slake our souls' desire:  
Oh, brave to hear, how torrents roared  
Beside the pinewood fire!

My brothers, whom in warrior wise  
The death of deaths hath stilled!  
Ah, you would understand these eyes,  
Although with strange tears filled!

1889.

## THE FAITH

6\*

*To Miss Blanche Fagan.*

MOURNFUL Inisfail!  
Wind and sea  
Sigh and wail,  
Sigh and wail, for thee!

By the willows we,  
Inisfail!  
Weep for thee,  
Mother of the Gaël!

Lonely Inisfail!  
Ah, to see  
Worn and pale,  
Faint and wounded, thee!

How can our hearts be  
Strong and hale?  
Thine in thee  
Cries, O Inisfail!

Cries, in bitter bale,  
*Venge Thou me!*  
Inisfail!  
God is hearkening<sup>o</sup> thee.

When the storm-winds flee  
Gone the gale:  
Peace shall thee  
Heal, O Inisfail!

Then by hill and vale,  
Lough and sea,  
Inisfail!  
Joy shall sing of thee

Glory, and what glee,  
Then shall hail  
Thee, ah! thee,  
Mournful Inisfail!

## SURSUM CORDA

To Francis Thompson.

*Lift up your hearts !* We lift

• Them up

To God, and to God's gift,

• The Passion Cup.

*Lift up your hearts !* Ah, so

• We will:

Through storm of fire or snow,

We lift them still.

*Lift up your hearts ! your hearts !*

Ah, yes!

For then a glory parts

Our cloudiness.

*Lift up your hearts !* Good sooth,

We must:

Shall they, the arks of truth,

Lie filled with dust?

*Lift up your hearts !* O Christ,

Thine Heart!

Broken, sweet Sacrificed !

By us Thou art.

*Lift up your hearts !* oh, high!

We make

Wide Wounds to enter by

In His, we brake.

*Lift up your hearts !* Nay, see !  
 They are  
 Lifted to His, where He  
 Is Sun and Sta<sup>l</sup>.

*Lift up your hearts !* But He  
 Bows His.  
 Deeps of our infamy :  
 There that Heart is !

1896.

## A MEMORY

*To Ernest Radford.*

FIVE miles and more of common land,  
 Where yellowing elm trees, either hand,  
 Rise among cottages of thatched  
 Thick roofs, with massy stonecrop patched ;  
 Old-fashioned blossoms droop before  
 The lattice windows and low door :  
 Whilst all around there will not cease  
 Quaint clamour of the flapping geese ;  
 Gray wings, white breasts, a storm of feathers,  
 Delighting in the worst of weathers.  
 The plashy roadway winds along ;  
 And the wind wails in gusty song  
 Down from the heather hills' far blue  
 Mists and white clouds, and wanders through  
 All the sad common : yellowing elms  
 Moan, as the quick gust overwhelms  
 Their wintry fellowship of boughs.  
 One yellow, curved, vast waggon ploughs

Homeward through ancient ruts, with creak  
And groan of the great wheels, that speak  
Their slow and cumbrous travelling.  
And winds, and elms, and wheels, all sing  
The burden of the wintering ;  
Of dead leaves rotting, field mists rising ;  
Melancholy signs of snow surprising  
Earth with dreary wonder ; rivers,  
Where the steely water shivers ;  
Hedges bare of berries red ;  
A dead world ! all nature dead.  
A few drops wake the dull road-pools ;  
A drizzling rain, that chills, not cools,  
The tired and smoking team ; while gray  
Dolorous clouds make faster way  
Over pale skies, with ragged rims.  
Their heavy trailing clogs and dims,  
What waterish ray of light yet swims  
Out from the lamentable sky.  
Earth decays, Heavens are weeping : I  
Tramp the long common, glad to be  
Still summer-hearted, sorrow-free.

1887.

## IN A WORKHOUSE.

*To Hartley Withers.*

OLD hopes I saw there : and perchance I saw  
Other old passions in their trembling age,  
Withered, and desolate, but not yet dead :  
And I had rather seen an house of death,

Than those live men, unmanned, wasted, forlorn,  
Looking toward death out of their empty lives.  
They could not with the sad comfort of thought  
Fill up the miserable day ; not muse  
Upon the shadowy nature of the world,  
And on that meditation stay themselves,  
Nor wisdom of bright dreaming came there back  
To these dulled minds, that never had the time,  
The hard day's labour done, to do with dreams.  
Nought theirs, but sullen waiting for no end ;  
Nought, but surrender to necessity.  
No solemn faith, nor no impassioned trust,  
Mastered their wills : here were no pagan souls,  
Grandly enduring dooms, mighty to bear  
Stern visitation of majestic fates,  
Proudly alone and strong : these had no wills,  
These were none else, than worn and haggard things,  
Nor men, nor brutes, nor shades : and yet alive.  
Bruised victims of the trampling years, hurt souls,  
They fell before the march of their own kind :  
Now, scarred memorials of laborious war,  
Tragic and monumental live these men.

1889.

## PAX CHRISTI

*To the memory of the  
Very Rev. Father Lockhart, O.C.*

NIGHT has her Stars, and Day his Sun : they pass,  
Stars of the Night ! it fades, Sun of the Day !  
Soft rose leaves lie upon the beaten grass,  
Till the wind whirl them, with itself, away.

Eyes have their fill of light : in every voice  
 Lives its own music : but the dear light pales,  
 The golden music perishes. What choice,  
 What choice is ours, But tears ? For the world fails.

O Sun and Stars ! O glory of the rose !  
 O eyes of light, voices of music ! I  
 Have mourned, because all beauty fails, and goes  
 Quickly away : and the whole world must die.

Yet, Sun and Stars ! Yet, glory of the rose !  
 Yet, eyes of light, voices of music ! I  
 Know, that from mortal to immortal goes  
 Beauty : in triumph can the whole world die.

*S. Alban's Day: 1891.*

## WINCHESTER CLOSE

*To the Rev. H. C. Dickens.*

HOLY have been the wanderings here : and here  
 The beauty hath been shown, of holiness.  
 Nine hundred years ago, Frithstan the Saint  
 Put off his mitre, in a rough cowl hiding  
 The snows of age and care, to go at eve  
 Among the quiet graves with orison.  
 The sun fell, and the gentle winds made stir.  
 By graves, ah ! by how many graves, he went,  
 Old in war's day : then said he : *Requiem*  
*Æternam dona eis, Domine !*  
 Eternal rest, eternal rest, O Lord !  
 Give Thou these dead. The heart of earth, the hearts  
 Of poor dead, lapped in earth, heard : slowly grew



A murmur, and a gathering thunder ; slowly  
 Beneath his feet grew voices of the dead.  
 And faint, each voice: but sounding as one sea,  
 Together cried the ghostly multitude,  
 Cried hungrily to that great prayer : *Amen !*  
 Immeasurably surged the *Amen*: till sank  
 Softly away the voices of the dead,  
 Softly : they slept in the cold earth once more  
 The stilly sleep, glad to have cried that cry.  
 Frithstan's white face thrilled upward to his God.  
1890.

## A STRANGER

*To Will Rothenstein.*

HER face was like sad things : was like the lights  
 Of a great city, seen from far off fields,  
 Or seen from sea: sad things, as are the fires  
 Lit in a land of furnaces by night :  
 Sad things, as are the reaches of a stream  
 Flowing beneath a golden moon alone.  
 And her clear voice, full of remembrances,  
 Came like faint music down the distant air.  
 As though she had a spirit of dead joy  
 About her, looked the sorrow of her ways :  
 If light there be, the dark hills are to climb  
 First: and if calm, far over the long sea.  
 Fallen from all the world apart she seemed,  
 Into a silence and a memory.  
 What had the thin hands done, that now they strained  
 Together in such passion? And those eyes,

What saw they long ago, that now they dreamed  
Along the busy streets, blind but to dreams?  
Her white lips mocked the world, and all therein:  
She had known more than this; she wanted not  
This, who had known the past so great a thing.  
Moving about our ways, herself she moved  
In things done, years remembered, places gone.  
Lonely, amid the living crowds, as dead,  
She walked with wonderful and sad regard:  
With us, her passing image: but herself  
Far over the dark hills and the long sea.

1889.

## DE PROFUNDIS

*To Miss Louise Imogen Guiney.*

WOULD, that with you I were imparadised,  
White Angels around Christ!  
That, by the borders of the eternal sea  
Singing, I too might be:  
Where dewy green the palm trees on the strand,  
Your gentle shelter, stand:  
Where reigns the Victor Victim, and His Eyes  
Control eternities!  
Immortally your music flows in sweet  
Stream round the Wounded Feet;  
And rises to the Wounded Hands; and then  
Springs to the Home of Men,  
The Wounded Heart: and there in flooding praise  
Circles, and sings, and stays.  
My broken music wanders in the night,  
Faints, and finds no delight:

White Angels! take of it one piteous tone,  
 And mix it with your own!  
 Then, as He feels your chaunting flow less clear,  
 He will but say: *I hear*  
*The sorrow of My child on earth!* and send  
 Some fair, celestial friend,  
 One of yourselves, to help me: and you will,  
 Choirs of the Holy Hill,  
 Help me, who walk in darkness, far away  
 From your enduring day:  
 Who have the wilderness for home, till morn  
 Break, and my day be born;  
 And on the Mount of Myrrh burn golden white  
 Light from the Light of Light.

1897.

## BEFORE THE CLOISTER

*To the Hon. Mrs. Henniker.*

SORROW, O sister Sorrow, O mine own!  
 Whither away hast flown?  
 Without thee, fiery is the flowery earth,  
 A flaming dance of mirth,  
 A marvel of wild music: I grow frail  
 Amid the perfumed gale,  
 The rushing of desires to meet delights.  
 Sweet Queen of holy nights,  
 Lady of gray, wise hours! come back to me:  
 Voice of the sighing sea,  
 Voice of the ancient wind, infinite voice!  
 Thine austere chaunts rejoice

Mine heart, thine anthems cool me : I grow strong,  
 Drinking thy bitter song,  
 Rich with true tears and medicinal dew,  
 O thou Uranian Muse!  
 Come, vestal Lady! in my vain heart light  
 Thy flame, divinely white!  
 Come, Lady of the Lilies! blanch to snow  
 My soul through sacred woe!  
 Come thou, through whom I hold in memory  
 Moonlit Gethsemani:  
 Come, make a vesper silence round my ways,  
 And mortify my days:  
 O Sorrow! come, through whom alone I keep  
 Safe from the fatal sleep:  
 Through whom I count the world a barren loss,  
 And beautiful the Cross:  
 Come, Sorrow! lest in surging joy I drown,  
 To lose both Cross and Crown.

1896.

## TO THE DEAD OF '98.

*To the Rev. Father Headley, O.P.*

## I

GOD rest you, rest you, rest you, Ireland's dead!  
 Peace be upon you shed,  
 Peace from the Mercy of the Crucified,  
 You, who for Ireland died!  
 Soft fall on you the dew and gentle airs  
 Of interceding prayers,  
 From lowly cabins of our ancient land,  
 Yours yet, O Sacred Band!

God rest you, rest you: for the fight you fought  
 Was His; the end you sought,  
 His; from His altar fires you took your flame,  
 Hailing His Holy Name.  
 Triumphantly you gave yourselves to death :  
 And your last breath  
 Was one last sigh for Ireland, sigh to Him,  
 As the loved land grew dim.

## II

And still, blessed and martyr souls ! you pray  
 In the same faith this day :  
 From forth your dwelling beyond sun and star,  
 Where only spirits are,  
 Your prayers in a perpetual flight arise,  
 To fold before God's Eyes  
 Their tireless wings, and wait the Holy Word  
 That one day shall be heard.  
*Not unto us, they plead, Thy goodness gave  
 Our mother to unslave ;  
 To us Thou gavest death for love of her :  
 Ah, what death lovelier ?  
 But to our children's children give to see  
 The perfect victory !  
 Thy dead beseech Thee: to Thy living give  
 In liberty to live !*

## VINUM DAEMONUM

*To Stephen Phillips.*

THE crystal flame, the ruby flame,  
 Alluring, dancing, revelling !  
 See them : and ask me not, whence came  
 This cup I bring.

But only watch the wild wine glow,  
 But only taste its fragrance : then,  
 Drink the wild drink I bring, and so  
 Reign among men.

Only one sting, and then but joy :  
 One pang of fire, and thou art free.  
 Then, what thou wilt, thou canst destroy :  
 Save only me !

Triumph in tumult of thy lust :  
 Wanton in passion of thy will :  
 Cry *Peace !* to conscience, and it must  
 At last be still.

I am the Prince of this World : I  
 Command the flames, command the fires.  
 Mine are the draughts, that satisfy  
 This World's desires.

Thy longing leans across the brink :  
 Ah, the brave thirst within thine eyes !  
 For there is that within this drink,  
 Which never dies.

## AN IDEAL

*To Standish O'Grady.*

WHITE clouds embrace the dewy field,  
 Storm's lingering mist and breath:  
 And hottest Heavens to hot earth yield  
 Drops from the fire of death.

*Come! sigh the shrouding airs of earth:  
 Be with the burning night:  
 Learn, what her heart of flame is worth,  
 And eyes of glowing light.*

I come not. Off, odorous airs!  
 Rose-scented winds, away!  
 Let passion garnish her wild lairs,  
 Hold her fierce holiday!

I will not feel her dreamy toils  
 Glide over heart and eyes:  
 My thoughts shall never be her spoils,  
 Nor grow sad memories.

Mine be all proud and lonely scorn,  
 Keeping the crystal law  
 And pure air of the eternal morn:  
 And passion, but of awe.

## HEDDON'S MOUTH

*To the Viscount Doneraile.*

**H**APPY all, who timely know  
 The bright gorge, that lies below  
 Trentishoe and Martinhoe.  
 Down the vale swift Parracombe  
 Brawls beneath soft alder gloom,  
 Toward a sea of sunlit sails,  
 Flashing far away to Wales:  
 Wales, a faery land afar,  
 Where sweet Celtic voices are;  
 Wales, where music rules the land.  
 Yet upon this hither strand  
 Burns a brilliant sun at noon,  
 Beams a gentle midnight moon:  
 Life upon each mighty slope  
 Fights at noon, with fire of hope;  
 Under the moon's dewy sky  
 Lives on dreaming memory.  
 And the embracing sea,  
 Sweet Earth! still brings peace to me,  
 In thy solitariness.  
 From the ends of thee there come,  
 Over every ocean, home,  
 Thoughts of each man's loneliness;  
 On the waves, down the strange wind.  
 Not one lone thought, but can find  
 Echo in some distant vale,  
 Where the deep gorge holds the gale:



Where the universal sun  
Reigns, and moves the quiet moon:  
Where one dreamer's hope hath won  
Dreams at night of fair things done  
In the spirit of strong noon.

1888.

## KNIGHT OF 'THE NORTH

*To Edgar Prestage.*

Is yonder sunlight sun indeed,  
At turn of the green glade?  
Or glitters there an armoured steed  
In covert, and a blade?  
I care not, save to make more speed:  
I cannot be afraid:  
Knight of the North! who no man fears,  
Riding with a plump of spears.

Above me, heartening winds at play:  
Beneath me, the good ground:  
There, lordly eagles go their way,  
To mountain pastures bound:  
While stars yet fade upon the day,  
I ride the wild land round:  
Knight of the North! who no man fears,  
Though the air be bright with spears.

Rare in my nostrils, the full earth  
Pours perfume of the wood:  
Over the hills, nigh mad with mirth,  
Sweep storms to fire my blood:

Oh! right true Northern is my birth,  
Where but to breathe is good:  
Knight of the North! who no man fears,  
Little needing, save stout spears.

But when the Chauntry, dark and cold,  
Shall hide me among dust:  
When lowly priests unmoved behold  
Mine armour dim with rust:  
Oh! then, with foray as of old,  
To feed a living lust!  
Not to be one, whom no man fears,  
Dead! and dull, his flashing spears.

1890.

## DEAD

ALL in the wild West country,  
Hard by the Severn Sea:  
The blowing, lonely country,  
A land of lands for thee:  
Where the high purple headlands  
Command the sea:

Oh, there in that vast valley,  
Full within sight of Wales:  
Deep in that mighty valley,  
Among the great sea gales:  
Whose voice across the waters  
Travels from Wales?

Blow back from the West country,  
Back to the heart of Wales:  
Back to that ancient country,  
Across the sea, fierce gales!  
Love and farewell eternal:  
Far into Wales.

For thee the fair West country,  
Headland and vale for thee:  
No more the dearer country,  
Wales beyond Severn Sea:  
One lies in Merioneth,  
Long lost to thee.

1889.

## VESPERS

SOLEMN, dark hills bastion pale,  
Solemn reaches of calm lake:  
And night is nearing.  
Stilly-souled you speak not, steering  
Our light vessel toward the vale,  
Where the ripples break.

See! the vesper light: the star  
Softest-fired of stars. Heaven fills:  
Soon all the starry  
Lights will flood all visionary  
Haunted valley glooms, that are  
High among the hills.

How the last cries fall away  
 From the far and resting fields,  
 And linger faintly  
 Through the woodland glades: how saintly  
 Shows the death of this fair day;  
 With what sad grace yields!

Only down the shoreland wails  
 A lone plover: down the mere  
 Her way is winging  
 A white owl. Else were there clinging  
 Perfect silence round our sails,  
 As you sit and steer.

1888.

IESU COR

*To the Rev. Father Browne, S.J.*

QUID, Cor Iesu vulneratum!  
 Peccatorem me amasti?  
 Iesu mei Cor amatum,  
 Cur pro me Te vulnerasti?  
 Quare mihi Te indigno  
 Prodidisti Te in ligno?

Angēlorum Te in coelis  
 •Collaudabant sanctae voces:  
 Trucibus Tu volens telis  
 Innocenti Tibi nocēs:  
 O quam miris illecebris  
 Me vocasti e tenebris!

Tuas meos in amores  
 Tu agonias mutasti:  
 Et purpureos in flores  
 Tua vulnera formasti:  
 Sanguinisque Tui fontes  
 Animas perfundunt sontes.

Iesu coronatum spinis  
 Cor! peccati mei fiat  
 Et doloris Tui finis:  
 Meum cor Te solum sciat.  
 Hominis Tu Cor et Dei:  
 Cor Tu Salvatoris mei.

1893.

## A DEATH

*\*To Reginald Brinton.*

THE palms, the desert, the enchanted East,  
 Full of fire, burning with an ancient heat:  
 Those were my dreams of old; now dreams have  
       ceased,  
 The heart of that old world I hear not beat.  
 The joy, the calmness, of my soul lie there:  
 And death hath hallowed all, and made it clear.

We are alone, the loving dead and I:  
 In a still loneliness and peace profound,  
 Beside forgetful waters, the dead lie;  
 By solemn laws to one calm habit bound.  
 And through the sunlight, and the enthralling heat,  
 I too am there: and find the silence sweet.

Cities and great wastes of the ancient East!  
 I dwell with you, where you have buried him.  
 Splendid, the way of death: your spears released  
 His soul; his eyes saw England, and fell dim.  
 Now, under the vast silence, and the palm,  
 I trust him, to your loneliness and calm.

Praise to the dead! Love to the dead! devotion  
 Be to the true and unforgetting dead!  
 Their measureless and stilly sleep, no motion  
 Stirs, but the strewing of each comer's bed.  
 Give lilies! pour the balm! Now all is over:  
 Death will the rest provide for his new lover.

1889.

## GRACE

*To William Sharp.*

THE moorland, the wild moorland knows!  
 Under these dragging clouds, beneath  
 These beaten pines, the secret grows  
     To light within our souls.  
 Hark! throughout Merioneth molls  
     Low thunder down the heath.

Where the vexed life of London drives  
 Her alien multitudes along:  
 Will moorland glory brace our lives,  
     And make the dark hours clear?  
 Yes! for the lights on hill and mere,  
     Our lit souls will prolong.

Silence, in the most weary stress  
 Of dinning street or brilliant room:  
 Pure memory, amid merciless  
     Cares, and encumbering wants:  
 Silence and memory! can the haunts  
     Of London dusk their bloom?

Then were life springless winter, wan  
 With heavy airs and all decay.  
 But paradise yet is man,  
     And natural life his charm.  
 Powerless are worldlier powers to harm,  
     Who love the simpler way.

1888.

## AT ETON

*To Charles Goodhart.*

To have but just that youth once more,  
 How gladly would I give away  
 All, the long years may hold in store!  
 How gladly, for that early day,  
 Give all, I have! except, may be,  
 That day's eternal memory.

The boys, on whom I look, and sigh  
 To be no more, no more, as they;  
 Might laugh to learn, that such as I,  
 Scarce older than themselves, can say  
 Such wistful things, that best beseem,  
 Surely, an old man's hopeless dream!

Old men would understand: they know,  
What mighty change, one hour must make;  
When to the open world boys go,  
And come not back, but turn and take  
Their several ways to joy or ruth:  
But never a way leads back to youth!

Years hence, your willing feet may find  
These *Fields* beside the royal stream:  
And mine will haunt, if fate prove kind,  
My *Winton Meads*, and walk in dream:  
But never, as in days of old;  
The days of youth! the ~~age~~ of gold!

1889.

## THE SILENT

*To Ralph Shirley*

SING to me, sing to me,  
Voices of all my dead!  
From under earth and sea  
Send music up, and shed  
Melody and memory  
Around my dying head.

Once let me hear, ere death,  
• Your voices, O my friends!  
Else will your welcoming breath  
Make no true heart's amends  
For my lone life beneath  
Sad skies: once, ere life ends,



Let Death refine mine ears  
 To catch your thin, far airs:  
 Breathe from your shadowy spheres  
 One sigh, to soothe my cares;  
 One thought, ere death appears,  
 Ere my worn spirit shares

Your fellowship of gloom.  
 To warn me of your black,  
 Chill pathway of the tomb,  
 Speak from that bitter track;  
 To mind me of their bloom,  
 From days of old come back! 1888.

### THE GLOOM

*To Henry Hinkson.*

Is the dark growing gray,  
 With the thought of the morn?  
 Does the redness of day  
 Wait the word to be born?  
 Has the sun in his splendour his wings on his way?  
 Inisfail in the night,  
 With her eyes of desire,  
 Is athirst for the light,  
 For the fountain of fire:  
 And the stars of her doom seem to fade from her sight.  
 But the winds have a sigh,  
 The wise winds! They are old:  
 They have swept the dark sky,  
 And the stars they have told,  
 Star by star, through the ages: the stars shall not die!

They shall live: and the wrongs  
 Of their working shall live:  
 And a sadness of songs  
 Is the best, they shall give.  
 Inisfail down the night a fair sorrow prolongs.

1894.

## RIGHT AND MIGHT

*To Dr. Mark Ryan.*

SAD is the cry of the wind on the wastes of the sea:  
 Sadder the sigh of our hearts, Eire! for thee.  
 Swift and fierce the lance of the lightning flies;  
 More swift, more fierce, our wrath, till thine anguish  
 dies.

Who shall stay the surge of the tireless tide?  
 He, who shall stay our march, and none else beside.  
 Who shall still the skies, when the thunders roar?  
 Only he, who shall still our storm of war.

Heart of our hearts, Eire! thou hast the right:  
 Heart of our hearts! it is thou shalt have the might.  
 Nay! since thine is the right, this day art thou  
 Mightier far than the foe, that wrongs thee now.

Be it this year, or be it a thousand hence,  
 They shall vanish, who do thee violence.  
 God from His Heavens can bid the sun withdraw:  
 But not His infinite justice! not His Law!

1896.

## THE SLEEP OF WILL

STEAL sleep over enchaunted eyes,  
 And sleep over charmed ears:  
 Scaled be the wellsprings of all tears,  
 Hushed be all sighs.

Through fingers, long, and thin, and white,  
 Over your face shall creep  
 Spells of unfathomable sleep,  
 A perfect night.

Oh, to the chambers of your brain,  
 The chambers of your soul,  
 Those hands will call, and still control,  
 Sleep, soft as rain.

Were but to me that soul of thine  
 So vassal, evermore:  
 Your will were mightier than before,  
 Made one with mine.

1888.

## NIHILISM

*To Samuel Smith.*

AMONG immortal things not made with hands;  
 Among immortal things, dead hands have made:  
 Under the Heavens, upon the Earth, there stands  
 Man's life, my life: of life I am afraid.

Where silent things, and unimpassioned things,  
Where things of nought, and things decaying, are:  
I shall be calm soon, with the calm, death brings.  
The skies are gray there, without any star.

Only the rest! the rest! Only the gloom,  
Soft and long gloom! The pausing from all thought!  
My life, I cannot taste: the eternal tomb  
Brings me the peace, which life has never brought.

For all the things I do, and do not well;  
All the forced drawings of a mortal breath:  
Are as the hollow music of a bell,  
That times the slow approach of perfect death.

1888.

## THE RED MOON

*To T. H. McLachlan.*

THRONE<sup>d</sup> upon golden fires, and queen of night,  
Queen of enamoured night! whose mortal heart  
Draws thine, Immortal? Not on Latmus height  
Thou burnest: thence no shepherds now depart  
Homeward at sundown under the flushed pines,  
All, save one solitary left for thee:  
For whom hast thou enriched thy lily light  
With redness of dark roses? Still thou art  
That victress, in whose deity combines  
With swift love, swifter scorn: so thou art free.

Throned upon crystal air, thou wilt return  
With solemn light upon the morrow's dew:

No more thine heart, an heart of snow, will burn;  
 Nor thou thy passionate employ renew.  
 Nay! thou among the stars thy tranquil way  
 Wilt take, with steps of silence and of calm:  
 No Latmus among mountains wilt discern,  
 No sad Endymion from the shepherd crew:  
 And, slowly passing onward to the day,  
 Thou wilt seem one, whom vestal thoughts embalm.

So thou art free. So art thou hard to love:  
 Whether thou flameest red from out the deep,  
 Or dost in virginal procession move,  
 Blessing the lands with universal sleep.  
 Yet, splendour of the night! be thy lone will  
 Done thee, so thou preserve thy fair estate!  
 Proud power of calm! whose majesties reprove  
 The souls that wanton, and the hearts that weep.  
 We hail thee, gracious or disdainful, still:  
 And this thy full uprising celebrate.

1889.

## COUNSEL

*To Edward Warren.*

MILKY pearls of India  
 For the braiding of her hair:  
 Spice from swart Arabia  
 For the fragrance of her air:  
 Coil the pure pearls, wake the sweet spells,  
 Let lutes and hollow shells  
 Flatter her, fair, if morn be fair.

Stay, no more! Bring not to her  
 Golden lore of poetry:  
 Not on those dark eyes confer  
 Glories of antiquity.

What wouldest thou? She loves too much,  
 •To feel the solemn touch  
 Of Plato's thought, that masters thee.

She hath drunken wizard dew,  
 Where the secret faeries dance:  
 She hath watched the sylvan crew,  
 When the forests take the glance  
 Of the white moon: and she is thine.  
 Could Plato's eyes divine  
 A soul in her wild countenance?

1887.

## VICTORY

*To George Moore.*

DOWN the white steps, into the night, she came;  
 Wearing white roses, lit by the full moon:  
 And white upon the shadowy lawn she stood,  
 •Waiting and watching for the dawn's first flame,  
 Over the dark and visionary wood.  
 Down the white steps, into the night, she came;  
 Wearing white roses, lit by the full moon.

Night died away: and over the deep wood  
 Widened a rosy cloud, a chilly flame:  
 The shadowy lawn grew cold, and clear, and white.  
 Then down she drew against her eyes her hood,

To hide away the inexorable light.  
Night died away: and over the deep wood  
Widened a rosy cloud, a chilly flame.

Then back she turned, and up the white steps came,  
And looked into a room of burning lights,  
Still slept her loveless husband his brute sleep,  
Beside the comfortless and ashen flame:  
Her lover waited, where the wood was deep.  
She turned not back, but from the white steps came,  
And went into the room of burning lights.

1888.

## EVENING IN WALES

*To Hubert Cornish*

LAUGHING at our cold despair,  
Spring is come: laud we her name!  
Out into this gentler air,  
Musical with breath that came  
Over seas and islands, where  
Suns have fragrance in their flame:  
Come with me, and let soft wind  
Soothe the chambers of your mind.

Starrier anemones,  
Than rich southern woods enfold;  
Heavenlier coloured primroses,  
Than fair southern maids behold;  
Hushed by Alun's cadences,  
Kinglier marsh marigold:  
Seeing these, be proud to praise  
Wales with all her flowered ways.

• With no grace of Cyclad peaks,  
 Gleaming crowns for seas of light;  
 Moel Fammau darkling seeks  
 Converse with the coming night:  
 Purple shadowed, how she breaks  
 The red splendours, out of sight  
 Fading, until dewy morn  
 Bid them with new fire be born!

1886.

## TIMON

~~To~~ *Ronald Burrows.*

PROSPER but the wintry cold,  
 I shall hail a wealth of woe.  
 Race the rivers, then stand still:  
 Ice be, what was torrent flow:  
 Forest ways turn iron mould:  
 Grow the windy weather chill  
 More and more, and snows enfold  
 House and field and garden. So  
 Winter comes: and such my will.

Has my heart grown overbold,  
 That its bitterness must show  
 Open choice of ill for ill?  
 Yet when old wrongs to and fro  
 • Pace my heart, and sting and scold;  
 Some way must their wrath distil  
 Some relief; their tale be told:  
 That the empty air may know,  
 The fierce winds, and sullen hill.



I was young, and now am old:  
 Yet, as to the dark I go,  
 Livelier springs my want to kill  
 Kindness, as the sickléd mow  
 Good red corn: as through the wold  
 Sweep the dreary winds, and spill,  
 Where young lovers lately strolled,  
 Yellow leaves; and joy to blow,  
 Where they whispered, harsh and shrill.

1887.

## UPON READING CERTAIN POEMS

I COME, a lost wind from the shores  
 Of wondering dull misery:  
 With muttered echoes, heartsick plaints,  
 And sullen sorrows, filling me.  
 But all this flowery world\*abhors  
 Me, wretched wind and heavy cloud:  
 Beneath me, as beneath a shroud,  
     The spirit of summer faints.

The golden angel of delight  
 Gleams past me, and I shrink away:  
 A dimness on the dawn am I,  
 A mist upon the merry day.  
 Here should be none but Muses bright,  
 Whose airs go delicately sweet:  
 With swallow wings, and faery feet,  
     Eager to dance or fly.

I will drift back to Wearyland,  
 To wondering dull misery:

No champaign rich, nor rosy lawn,  
Shall wither by the fault of me.  
Where no one takes loved hand in hand,  
But with his shadow crawls alone:  
They miss the comfort of my moan,  
My melancholy long-drawn.

1887.

## GUARDIAN ANGELS

*To Alfred Ferrand.*

° SAFELY, across the ocean track,  
O Angel of my friend!  
Bear him, and swiftly bear him back:  
My loss, his exile, end.  
With white wings, mighty and unseen,  
Be Guardian of him still, as thou hast been.

Make kind to him the Afric sun,  
The Afric stars and moon:  
Then, when our Mayflower has begun  
To prophesy of June;  
Give us himself, lest summer be  
Sorrow for lack of him: ah, promise me!

Thee, O his Angel! mine implores  
In tenderness to me:  
Far flashing toward those southern shores  
Mine Angel pleads with thee,  
Saying: *My charge is friend to thine:*  
*Guard thou him well, or I have fears for mine.*

1894.

## DOMINICA IN PALMIS

*To Aubrey Beardsley.*

PASSIO cantatur Christi:  
 Iesu! qui nos redemisti,  
 Victor mortuus in cruce:  
 Fac nos solum contemplari  
 Te, qui solus es amari  
 Dignus, victor stans in luce.

Israel quem laudant psalm's  
 Regem celebrantes palmis,  
 Morti dabunt mox Iudaei:  
 Tantum vitae largitorem  
 Teneamus nos amorem  
 Nostrum, ne maioris rei.

Per Calvariae tremendam  
 Passionem, semper flendam  
 Cum Maria desolata:  
 Pastor bone! Victor vere!  
 Triumphantem da videre  
 Te, cum Matre coronata.

1893.

## UNION

WERT thou forthwith to die:  
     Were I  
 To linger toward a solitary death,  
     With ever mournful breath:  
     What life were that of mine,  
     Forlorn of thine?

Were I to leave thee now:

Wert thou

To keep, the maiden mate of loneliness,

Long vigils of distress:

Yet happier life were thine,

• Released from mine.

We will not therefore part,

• Dear heart! •

Thy spiritual fire shall quicken me,

And fit me all for thee:

That thy soul may be mine,

And my soul thine. 1887.

## WESTWARD

*To Roger Fry.*

WHITE Land within the West,

Upon the breast

Of some divine and windless sea:

One of thy musing ghosts make me,

Glad and at rest.

White leaves of poplar there

Move to an air,

Gracious, and musical, and kind:

Under those leaves, let me too find

The cure of care.

But chiefly for their sake,

Whom thou didst take;

Lost to me in thine heart, White Land!

Soon bid me sleep, soon hand in hand

With them to wake. 1894.

## COLLINS

*To C. W. Holgate.*

THROUGH glades and glooms! Oh, fair! Oh, sad!  
 The paths of song, that led through these  
 Thy feet, that once were free and glad  
 To wander beneath Winton trees!  
 Now in soft shades of sleep they tread,  
 By ways and waters of the dead.

There tender Otway walks with thee,  
 And Browne, not strange among the dead:  
 By solemn sounding waters ye,  
 By willow vallies, gently led,  
 Think on old memories of her,  
 Courtly and cloistral Winchester.

So memory's mingled measure flows,  
 In shadowy dream and twilight trance:  
 Past death, to dawn of manhood, goes  
 Thy spirit's unforgetting glance;  
 Through glades and glooms! And hails at last  
 The lovely scenes long past: long past.

1888.

## TE MARTYRUM CANDIDATUS

*To the Very Rev. John Canon O'Hanlon.*

AH, see the fair chivalry come, the companions of  
 Christ!

White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, the  
 Knights of God!

They, for their Lord and their Lover who sacrificed  
All, save the sweetness of treading, where He first  
trod!

These through the darkness of death, the dominion of  
night,

Swept, and they woke in white places at morning tide:  
They saw with their eyes, and sang for joy of the  
sight,

They saw with their eyes the Eyes of the Crucified.

Now, whithersoever He goeth, with Him they go:

White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, oh fair  
to see!

They ride, where the Rivers of Paradise flash and flow,  
White Horsemen, with Christ their Captain: for ever  
He!

1895.

IN A COPY OF MR. GOSSE'S *IN  
RUSSET AND SILVER*

VALETE, fas est, flores! vale, ver!  
Venit severiore Musa vi:  
Post rosas appropinquans frugifer  
Autumnus donis benedicit mi.

Dat cor tranquillum, suam pacem dat;  
Dat lyrae pleniora psallere:  
Adiutor mihi Deus ipse stat  
Musagetes benigno carmine.

Quid mi cum lacrimis? sic spiritus  
 Divinior delectat animam :  
 Sic surgit vita de mortalibus  
 Gloriis ad coelestem gloriam.

1894

## CORNWALL

*To Victor Collier.*

O HAUNTED moorlands, haunted heights,  
 Beloved by haunted wind and sea !  
 Your dreams have been my long delights,  
 Your voices have rung clear to me.

O land of ghostly loveliness!  
 At thy gray Crosses kneeling, I  
 Fear nought of death: my strong joys press  
 Far beyond death, and long to die:

To die, and after fire to live  
 Evermore white and perfected.  
 Mine the vast faith, that thou canst give:  
 Thou, and thine immemorial dead.

1894

## HAWKER OF MORWENSTOW

*To Mrs. Dalton.*

STRONG Shepherd of thy sheep, pasturers of the sea;  
 Far on the Western marge, thy passionate Cornish  
 land !

Oh, that from out thy Paradise thou could'st thine  
 hand

Reach forth to mine, and I might tell my love to thee!

For one the faith, and one the joy, of thee and me,  
Catholic faith and Celtic joy : I understand  
Somewhat, I too, the Messengers from Sion strand ;  
The voices and the visions of the Mystery.

Ah, not the Chaunt alone was thine : thine too the  
Quest !

And at the last the Sangraal of the Paschal Christ  
Flashed down its fair red Glory to those dying eyes :  
They closed in death, and opened on the Victim's  
Breast.

Now, while they look for ever on the Sacrificed,  
Remember, how thine ancient race in twilight lies !

1895.

## MOTHER ANN

*To George Barton.*

WHITE were the ardours of thy soul, O wan Ann  
Lee !

Thou spirit of fine fire for every storm to shake !  
They shook indeed the quivering flame, yet could not  
make

Its passionate light expire, but only make it flee :  
Over the vast, the murmuring, the embittered sea,  
Driven, it gleamed : no agonies availed to break  
That burning heart, so hot for heavenly passion's sake ;  
The heart, that beat, and burned, and agonized, in thee !

Thou knewest not : yet thine was altar flame astray ;  
Poor exiled, wandering star, that might have stayed  
and stood ,



Hard by the Holy Host, close to the Holy Rood,  
 Illumining the great one Truth, one Life, one Way!  
 O piteous pilgrim pure amid night's sisterhood:  
 For thee doth Mother Mary, Star of Morning, pray!  
 1896.

MÜNSTER: A.D. 1534.

*To R. Ashe King.*

WE are the golden men, who shall the people save:  
 For only ours are visions, perfect and divine;  
 And we alone have drunken of the last, best wine;  
 And very Truth our souls hath flooded, wave on wave.  
 Come, wretched death's inheritors, who dread the  
 grave!

Come! for upon our brows is set the starry sign  
 Of prophet, priest, and king: star of the lion line  
 Leave Abana, leave Pharpar, and in Jordan lave!

It thundered, and we heard: it lightened, and we saw:  
 Our hands have torn in twain the Tables of the Law:  
 Sons of the Spirit, we know nothing now of sin.  
 Come! from the Tree of Eden take the mystic fruit;  
 Come! pluck up God's own knowledge by the abysmal  
 root:

Come! you, who would the Reign of Paradise begin.  
 1896.

## DOCTOR MAJOR

*To Dr. Birkbeck Hill.*

WHY, no, Sir ! If a barren rascal cries,

• That he is most in love with pleasing woe,

'Tis plain, Sir ! what to think of him : We know  
The dog lies ; and the dog, too, knows he lies.

• Sir !, if he's happy, he will dry his eyes,  
And stroll at *Vauxhall* for an hour or so :

If he's unhappy, it were best he go

• Hang himself straight, nor pester us with sighs.

Enough, Sir ! Let us have no more of it :

Your friend is little better than a Whig.

• But you and I, Sir, who are men of wit,

Laugh at the follies of a canting prig.

Let those who will, Sir ! to such whims submit :

No, Sir ! we'll to the *Mitre* : Frank ! my wig.

1891.

## QUISQUE SUOS MANES

*To Charles-Marie Garnier.*

WHAT have you seen, eyes of strange fire ! What have

• you seen,

Far off, how far away ! long since, so long ago !

To fill you with this jewel flame, this frozen glow :

Haunted and hard, still eyes, malignant and serene ?

In what wild place of fear, what Pan's wood, have you  
been,

That struck your lustrous rays into a burning snow ?

What agonies were yours ? What never equalled woe ?

Eyes of strange fire, strange eyes of fire ! on what  
dread scene ?

Smitten and purged, you saw the red deeps of your sin :  
 You saw there death in life; you will see life in death.  
 The sunlight shrank away, the moon came wan and  
 thin,

Among the summer trees the sweet winds held their  
 breath.

Now those celestial lights, which you can never win,  
 Haunt you, and pierce, and blind. The Will of God  
 so saith.

1890.

### MASTERY

If thou wouldst be a master, learn the way :  
 Little thou knowest of that sacred joy,  
 Which haunts the deep of night, and fills the day,  
 And makes a warrior of a dreaming boy.

To love the austerity of sea and stars :  
 To love the multitudes of mighty towns :  
 To love the hardness of thy prison bars :  
 This must thou know, or lose the eternal crowns.

Bear to be last, though the world's fools were first ;  
 Endure the wealth and wage, thy service brings :  
 Wages enough, heart's hunger and soul's thirst,  
 And blessedness beyond the pride of kings.

Knowest thou this? And holds thy purpose still?  
 Praise thou thy God, O servant of His Will!

1891.

## FLOS FLORUM

*To Mrs Hinkson.*

LILY, O Lily of the Vallies !  
 Lily, O Lily of Calvary Hill!  
 White with the glory of all graces,  
 Earth with the breath of thy pure soul fill :  
 Lily, O Lily of the Vallies !  
 Lily, O Lily of Calvary Hill!

Rose, O Rose of Gethsemani Garden !  
 Rose of the Paradise : Mystical Rose !  
 From thickets of the thornless Eden,  
 Load with rich odour each wind that blows :  
 Rose, O Rose of Gethsemani Garden !  
 Rose of the Paradise : Mystical Rose !

1894

## CULVER CLIFF

*To Bruce Richmond.*

THE one sail on the wild gray sea !  
 Far down, the rough and churning surge  
 Leaps up the cliff, and freshens me  
 With flying spray upon the verge ;  
 The bastion verge, whereon I stand,  
 To see one solitary sail  
 Full blown upon a shrieking gale ;  
 To watch the unconvoyed vessel urge  
 Her voyage to an unknown land.

Thou one sail on the wild gray sea !  
 Far out strange thunder broods, and all  
 The restless ocean plucks at thee :  
 Fierce winds would have thy mast to fall,  
 The swooping winds, that work their will.  
 Fare thee well, little sail ! Meseems,  
 Thou wilt pass prospering through my dreams,  
 This night: though purple heavens appal,  
 Though winds and waters fight their fill.

1887.

# PROPHETA GENTIUM

*To Arthur Christopher Benson.*

PROPHET VIRGIL ! thou,  
 White, and sweet, and stern :  
 Dante's Master ! now  
 Tell us : may we learn  
 More than he, whose brow  
 Bare that dread brand, set there, thou knowest how !  
 Tremendous to discern ?

Nothing more ! And yet,  
 This thing more know we :  
 That thy throne is set  
 High, where high Saints be.  
 Thy song soaring met  
 David's, Isaiah's: how should God forget,  
 O thou His prophet !, thee ?

1896.

## CHILD OF WAR

*To H. R. Beddoes.*

HER ivory face, quivering but trembling not,  
 Upheld against a sky of angry storm;  
 She stands upon her savage chariot,  
 Fronting the field of Death, a silent form.  
 The eagle's daughter, this day she forgot  
 Pity and peace for the first time, and went  
 To watch the waves of war break, and be spent.

Homeward, with shadows passing on her face,  
 Strange lights with strange tears battling in her eyes;  
 She goes the triumph way of her old race,  
 Watching the eagles gather in the skies.  
 Tasted hath she this day death's busy place:  
 And in her heart called up to equal fight,  
 Daughter of eagles, loathing and delight.

1887.

## THE END

*To Austin Ferrand.*

I GAVE you more than love : many times more :  
 I gave mine honour into your fair keeping.  
 You lost mine honour : wherefore now restore  
 The love, I gave ; not dead, but cold and sleeping.  
 You loveless, I dishonoured, go our ways :  
 Dead is the past : dead must be all my days.

Death and the shadows tarry not : fulfil  
 Your years with folly and love's imitation.  
 You had mine all : mine only now, to kill  
 All trembling memories of mine adoration.  
 That done, to lie me down, and die, and dream,  
 What once, I thought you were: what still, you seem.  
 1887.

### LATE LOVE

WHEN I had thought to make an home with sorrow,  
 A gentle, melancholy dwelling ;  
 And there to linger life with telling  
 Over old fancies of some fair to-morrow :  
 Sudden, there broke about my way  
 Laughter, and flowers, and break of day.  
 Sing, Guardian Angel ! One is come, who takes me  
 Home to the land of loving voices :  
 And there my risen heart rejoices  
 To tell each sorrow over, that forsakes me ;  
 And all the unimagined songs,  
 That a child's carolling voice prolongs.  
 1887.

### OLD SILVER

BEHOLD, what thrones of the Most High  
 Are here within the common mart !  
 True God hath entered  
 These crystal-centred,  
 Silvern stars : Men ! come and buy,  
 If you have the heart !

Melt down the royal throne, break up  
The sanctuary of Deity!  
Is then God's glory  
So transitory,  
Mortal men? Christ! is Thy Cup  
But a memory?

1887.

# WINDERMERE

*To Edward Marsh.*

SAILS on the trembling lake,  
White sails! far out at sea  
Your glistening road should be:  
Spaces of snow, to break  
The pearly, pure sea line.

Sails on the inland bay,  
Red sails! your road should be  
Rounding some cape at sea:  
Russet wings, on your way  
Brightening the gray sea waves.

1888.

# JULY

*To More Adey.*

SUMMER lightning, and rich rain:  
Roses perfume the hot air.  
All the breathless night is faint,  
All the flowery night is fair.  
Philomel her joy or plaint  
Sings, and sings, and sings again.



What comes now ? The earth awaits  
 What fierce wonder from those skies ?  
 Thunder, trampling through the night ?  
 Morning, with illustrious eyes ?  
 Morning, from the springs of light :  
 Thunder, round Heaven's opening<sup>d</sup> gates.

1889.

## AD PATRONUM

NONDUM clamantis in deserto<sup>o</sup> vox,  
 Nondum Baptista tu, Ioannule !  
 Nondum stelligera te vestit nox :  
 Et ecce ! Iesus<sup>u</sup>inus visit te.

Per dulcem istam pueritiam,  
 Ora, patrone mi ! ora pro me :  
 Ut tecum in aeternum videam  
 Natum pro nobis, mi Ioannule !

1896.

## LOVE'S WAYS

YOU were not cruel always ! Nay,  
 When I said *Come !* one year ago :  
 Could you have lingered by the way ?  
 Did not the very wind seem slow ?

Then, had you tarried, I had known<sup>d</sup>  
 Nor love's delight, nor lost love's pain :  
 Then, always had I lived alone.  
 Now, you need never come again.

1887.

## CHANCES

*To Miss Althea Gyles.*

To some, it is all easy : Day and Night  
 Fight on the side of some,  
 With dreams, and the accomplishment of dreams :  
 Warfaring as they will, they overcome.

To me all hours oppose the unequal fight :  
 Night, with dreams : Day makes war,  
 With wakening of despair ; with hope, that gleams  
 In vain, upon the cloudy hills, too far.

1887.

## SEASONS

*To Arthur Symons.*

SEE the radiance, hear the trump of summer !  
 From your hot grass worship  
 The red roses, thirsty through the thunder,  
 For a cooling rain !

See the wan land, hear the cry of winter !  
 From your cold walks wonder  
 At white snowfields, desolate through the sadness,  
 For the sun again !

1888.

## CHALKHILL

*From his Latin epitaph in the Cloisters of Winchester  
 College*

HERE lies John Chalkhill : years two score,  
 A Fellow here, and then, no more !

Long life, of chaste and sober mood,  
 Of silence and of solitude ;  
 Of plenteous alms, of plenteous prayer,  
 Of sanctity and inward care :  
 So lived the Church's early fold,  
 So saintly anchorites of old.  
 A little child, he did begin  
 The Heaven of Heavens by storm to win :  
 At eighty years he entered in.

1887.

## WINCHESTER

*To Campbell Dodgson.*

AT thought of thee, the old words come :  
     The old *Eia ! quid silemus ?*  
 Then, *Dulce Domum resonemus !*  
     For thou art our true Home.  
         Praises of thee,  
         From such as we,  
 Thy children, well beseem us.

Great, among many great and free ;  
     Of many fair, the fairest :  
*England's* reward of praise thou sharest,  
     With sisters worthy thee :  
         But first-born thou,  
         Who stateliest now  
 The crown of ages wear'st.

Thou hast the winning of all hearts :  
All the whole wide world over,  
In every son thou hast a lover,  
Won by thy loving arts :  
Good men and true,  
All the world through,  
Who loved thee, far graves cover.

Though weariness, full hard to bear,  
Should fill me many a morrow :  
Mine yet, old joys of thee to borrow,  
And thoughts of days, that were.  
To know me thine,  
And know thee mine,  
Could comfort many a sorrow.

Our thought of thee is as the thought  
Of dawn, when nights are bitter:  
The shadowy world begins to glitter;  
And lo ! the sun hath brought  
Bright flames to birth ;  
While dewy earth  
Thrills at the birds' clear twitter.

Our joy in thee is as the joy  
Of bells, when airs are stilly :  
Through pastures lone, down moorlands hilly,  
They ply their grave employ :  
Peace lulls the day,  
Rest soothes the way ;  
Hearts glow, that late were chilly.

A place of friends! a place of books!  
 A place of good things olden!  
 With these delights, the years were golden;  
 And life wore sunny looks.  
 They fled at last:  
 But to that past  
 Am I in all beholden.

A place of friends indeed! And age  
 Such friendship only mellows:  
 And, as our autumn slowly yellows,  
 Defies the wintry rage.  
 Good luck befall  
 You, one and all,  
 The best of all good fellows!

Soft twilights of enchanted June,  
 Gray *Courts*, green *Meads*, embracing!  
 Side by side wandered we, slow pacing,  
 Till silvered rise of moon:  
 By *Oxford* towers  
 Come scarce such hours,  
 Her *Quads* and *Gardens* gracing.

O *Cloister Time*, beyond compare,  
 On *Hills*, down *Meads*, down *River*!  
 When summer magic could deliver  
 The soul from every care!  
 That was to live:  
 And thanks we give  
 To *Winchester*, the giver.

Days of May blossom and June heat,  
 When all the ways were fragrant !  
 How good it was to play the vagrant,  
 Over the country sweet !  
 The long hours through,  
 In skies, how blue !  
 The mighty sun stood fragrant.

And ah, those hours of glorious life,  
 On *Playing Fields* of *Eton* !  
 No better field for foes to meet on,  
 Foes in a friendly strife.  
 A right fair place,  
 With right good grace,  
 To be beaten, or to beat on.

When *Term* dies down to *Domum Day*,  
 And last farewells draw nearer :  
 Fairer grows *Winchester*, and dearer,  
 To those, who must away.  
 Gather then round !  
 Send the old sound  
 To the heart of every hearer !

Calm glide the streams through *Water Meads* ;  
 Calmly stand *Hills* above them.  
 Hark to the song of those, who love them !  
 How the old music pleads !  
 Come, what may come :  
 No sweeter Home  
 To deeper love shall move them.

But limes are rich in flower, and bees  
 Make hum, and August follows :  
 Away we go, like *Daulian* swallows,  
 Far from our towers and trees.  
 Past the way flies,  
 Where *College* lies,  
 Alone in her ancient hollows.

Back too, like birds from overseas,  
 Birds of a common feather,  
 Gladly we flock again together,  
 Back to our towers and trees.  
*College* in sight !  
*Hills !* gently bright  
 In the golden autumn weather.

And then, each heartening winter day :  
 When patriot zeal arouses,  
 In *College*, *Commoners*, and *Houses*,  
 The spirit of the fray !  
 Time to begin !  
 Ah, what glad din  
 Beneath the wintry boughs is !

Only nine years, but nine ago ;  
 Could dearer rank befall me ?  
 With joy I won the right to call me  
 A *College Junior*: so  
 All those good things,  
*Tom Warton* sings,  
 Were waiting to enthrall me.

How fair the ancient city shone,  
 That best of red Septembers!  
 How well my haunted heart remembers  
 That evening, nine years gone!  
     O faces bright  
     With ruddy light!  
 O dreams beside the embers!

Proud pleasure, beneath *Wykeham's* roof,  
 That first of six years' slumbers!  
 What dreams, more dear than poets' numbers,  
 Clung round those walls age-proof!  
     Such dreams as those,  
     No grown man knows:  
 No care, nor want, encumbers.

Before us, years, that charmed full well:  
     Five centuries behind us.  
 So past with future strove to bind us,  
     Each with its mighty spell.  
     O fond debate!  
     No cruel fate,  
 To either, false shall find us.

Then, with the rising of the sun,  
     From dreams, to day-dreams woken:  
 We sang *Iam Lucis*: happy token  
     For our new life begun:  
     Heirs of old race,  
     In that fair place:  
 • One fellowship unbroken.



O pleasant, tranquil time secure !  
 O comfortable season !  
 For faith in youth is nature's reason,  
 Though youth may not endure.  
 Use, while you may,  
 The summer day :  
 Distrust at dawn is treason.

Far off, the battling world was loud,  
 The cries of war resounded :  
 In peace our Paradise abounded,  
 Far from the madding crowd.  
 Our happier dream,  
 No angry gleam,  
 Nor turbulent noise, confounded.

Youth is to love the air of noon,  
 In virginal clear May time :  
 The joyous light and heat of haytime,  
 The full red harvest moon :  
 To make earth's field  
 Those first flowers yield,  
 Which far outlive life's playtime.

O men of sterner stuff ! You blame  
 Light leisure's poor musician ?  
 Your youth was restless with ambition ?  
 Your summer was all flame ?  
 You on your past  
 May look at last,  
 Wistful with vain contrition.

Know you not, *Manners Makyth Man?*

O toil and task laborious !

Yet issue forth at last victorious,

Men of a simple plan :

But vexing haste,

And leisure's waste,

Prove graceless and inglorious.

Peace be with you ! and let me muse :

Let mind and senses wander

Back to the perfect Home, far yonder!

The fragrant summer dews

Are falling there !

Me no such air

Charms, while I sit and ponder.

*Campbell!* do you remember still,

How, nine years gone, we breasted

A storm of storms, where pine trees crested

The ridge of snowy hill ?

Cold winds and strong

Drove us along :

And wildly well we jested!

And how, through all the country side,

We talked, much like our betters,

Of right and wrong, in arts and letters,

Wanderers far and wide ?

Then thought was free ;

So young were we,

With years, that feel no fetters.

Would, I still wore the long black gown,  
 In cloistral habit vested :  
 Would, that all thoughts and cares I rested,  
 Dreaming on *Twyford Down* :  
     Glad but to mark,  
     How the clear lark,  
 Singing, the sunlight breasted !

On *Hills* to lie, some endless hour,  
 Watching the stream wind slowly  
 Through verdant *Water Meads*, past holy  
     *Saint Cross*, the grayheads' bower :  
     While lone *Downs* brood  
     In quietude,  
 And gentle melancholy.

Here walked, by each fair river path,  
 Good Brothers of the Angle :  
 Whose sweet thoughts knew to disentangle  
     Peace from the days of wrath :  
     Here *Walton* went,  
     Here *Chalkhill* spent,  
 Calm hours, untaught to wrangle.

And many an haunt I think on now,  
 Where first I learn to savour  
 True verse, that won the old world's favour ;  
     Read on some lonely brow,  
     That overlooks  
     Old village nooks  
 With names of homely flavour.

*Chilcomb* or *Compton* : loved far more,  
 Than those famed *Hinkseys* double :  
 Though none have taken the sweet trouble,  
 To sing their simple store  
 Of pastoral joys :  
 Their wildest noise,  
 Birds whirring from the stubble.

Still dwell they, where of old they dwelt,  
 The *Muses* and the *Graces* :  
 We, in their olden, holy places,  
 We too their influence felt ;  
 We too have been  
 Their friends, and seen  
 The sunlight on their faces.

Here was there court : each *Muse* and *Grace*  
 Found votaries full willing :  
 One prompted to the *Splendid Shilling*,  
 And one inspired the *Chace* :  
 And one found here  
 A bard austere ;  
 His *Night* with grave *Thoughts* filling.

Here, beneath *Winton* trees, first breathed  
 A faery lyre enchanted :  
 Ah, *Collins* ! at what cost was granted  
 To thee the laurel, wreathed  
 With faery flowers,  
 At moonlit hours  
 Plucked in wild woodlands haunted !

Still round the *Cloisters*, airs of Death  
 Wander, and touch the dreamer :  
 Music of Death, tired man's redeemer !  
*Rest thee, lie down !* it saith.  
 Who rested here,  
 Death's lover were :  
 Death's friend, not Death's blasphemer.

Thy *Browne*, who saw the ages pass  
 In funeral procession ;  
 Whose eyes explored Death's vast possession ;  
 Was it thy holy grass,  
 And *Chauntry* dim,  
 First called on him  
 To make his soul's *Confession*?

Here first, perchance, thoughts filled his breast  
 Memorial, monumental :  
 The ancient mysteries oriental ;  
 Faiths of the whiter West :  
 Dark pagan nights ;  
 Fair *Christian* rites,  
 The *Dirge* and *Masses Trental*.

*Eton's* great *Provost*, *Wotton*, came,  
 Enriched with courtly glory ;  
 And, calling back his youth's old story,  
 He found thee still the same :  
 All things were so,  
*Se puero* :  
 He alone changed and hoary.

For five last months retired, he gave  
 His soul to contemplation ;  
 His memory to meditation ;  
 Then all, unto the grave :  
     To *Eton's* trust,  
 • His reverend dust :  
 Share we his veneration.

When Death comes nigh, and thoughts grow sad,  
 And all the skies look dreary :  
 When other places all are weary,  
 Save thee, the ever glad :  
     Sweet will it be  
     To visit thee,  
 With an Homeward *Heus Rogere !*

Timely would shine our *Morning Star* :  
 No need, with voices fretful,  
 To call that herald light forgetful :  
     *Phosshore ! quid iubar ?*  
     And *Hesperus*  
     Would bring to us,  
 Calm twilight, unregretful.

There would we roam, and haply quote  
 Some old, well-proven poet :  
 Plain truth, as *Horace* loves to show it,  
 Or *Virgil's* holier note :  
     Round us, the noise  
     Of just such boys,  
 As we were: could they know it !

Ah! fast and dark they lengthen out,  
The shadows on the dial :  
Winter and age brook no denial,  
Nor leave us long in doubt.  
Through their bleak hours,  
What withered flowers  
Put memory on her trial !

Whose face flashed there? What voice was that,  
Voice, that comes back and lingers ?  
Whose hand touched mine with flying fingers?  
Whose laugh is this, whereat  
Down the dim track  
Old joys come back,  
And songs of long-lost singers ?

Up *Hills* our years would find the climb,  
That grassy climb, grown steeper :  
We'd rest in *Trench*; and *Trench* was deeper,  
We'd fancy, in our time:  
Then, passing *Maze*,  
To turn and gaze,  
Tranced, like a dreaming sleeper !

The mountainous *Cathedral* gray ;  
*College*, so fairly towered ;  
And *Wolvesey* ruins ivy-bowered ;  
And *West Gate*, far away :  
Silent and still,  
To gaze our fill,  
By memory overpowered !

O *Venta! Caer Gwent!* great and glad  
 Wast thou, ere *Saxon* yeoman,  
 Ere nobler *Normandy's* mailed bowman,  
 Saw thee: *Apollo* had  
 His temple bright  
 Of song and light,  
 Here, when the world was *Roman*.

And wert thou *Camelot?* Wert thou  
 That shrine of all things knightly?  
 Through the dark shrouding mists, how brightly  
 Those glories flash forth now!  
 High chivalry,  
 Fair courtesy,  
 Enriching *Winton* rightly.

Surely the magic of the *Celt*,  
*White City!* doth not fail thee:  
 Whatever change and chance assail thee,  
 Still is that spirit felt:  
 That ancient grace  
 Still haunts thy face;  
 And long may it avail thee.

Where reigned *Apollo*, *Wykeham* trod,  
 Child of a *Saxon* peasant:  
 Surely, *Apollo* still was present,  
 The old world's goodliest god:  
 Light's king, and song's,  
 His reign prolongs,  
 • Throned in a place so pleasant.



On this trenched hill, new come from sea,  
 The robber *Danes* have clustered;  
 On yonder hill, have *Roundheads* mustered,  
*Oliver's Battery*:  
 Oh! blade, and ball,  
 And crossbow, all  
 Down *Itchen* vale have blustered!

But dearest far of all to us,  
 Our *College*! we confess thee:  
 Scarce can our simple love address thee;  
 Silent, we greet thee thus.  
 While far above,  
 With perfect love,  
 Thy vanished children bless thee.

Sweet Home, whose excellent delight  
 Grows with the growing ages:  
 Nor sons untrue, nor martial rages,  
 Have spoiled thee to our sight:  
 Nurtured by thee,  
 Time yet shall see  
 Thy singers and thy sages.

A royal spirit lives in thee,  
 So loftily descended:  
 Through five great centuries attended,  
 By true posterity:  
 Sons on each hand,  
 Safe thou dost stand,  
 So plenteously befriended.

With thee my verse begins: thy name

My verse with music closes.

If sounds, like odour, of old roses,

Recall, whence first they came:

My verse, may be,

• To thoughts of thee

Some hearts of thine disposes.

But vain all song: what need of me,

To sing thee and to praise thee?

No chaunted thanksgiving portrays thee,

*Limen amabile!*

Enough, to own

One praise alone:

His, whose right hand could raise thee.

Only, how hard to stay your flow,

Old memories of pleasure!

O years of everlasting treasure!

O life of light and glow!

Youth was in flower:

Hope was in power;

Hope, without pause or measure.

Ah, fare you well! ah, fare you well!

Dear years of youth and laughter!

Who knows, what time may bring hereafter?

Whose tongue can fate foretell?

Nay! let that pass:

Fill up the glass,

With *Auld Lang Syne* to the rafter!

And, *Omnibus Wiccamicis!*  
 To honour one another,  
 Becomes the children of one mother;  
 A mother, such as this!  
 Honour, and health,  
 And righteous wealth,  
 To brother and to brother!

Ah, truest, sweetest, commonplace!  
 True lovers nought can sever:  
 Our love to thee, then, falters never,  
 Dear mother of our race!  
*Wykehamists*, we  
 Cry, *Hail to thee!*  
 With a love, that lasts for ever.

*Wykeham!* to whom our joys are due,  
 Shall we not fall before thee?  
 Love thee, and thank thee, and adore thee,  
 With passionate praises true?  
 What she too owes  
 To thee, well knows  
 The motherland, that bore thee!

Year after year, to honour thee,  
 Thy *Wykehamists* will gather:  
 Not strangers, young and old; nay, rather  
 One loving family:  
 Thy name, a bond  
 All ties beyond:  
 Our *Founder* and our *Father!*

Before thine altar tomb we fall,  
The silence growing vaster:  
Our *Founder, Father, gracious Master!*  
Thine always, one and all:  
Thine! and as days  
Grow, so thy praise  
But firmer grows and faster.

*Winchester!* Home, to whom our hearts,  
Full of glad memories, take us:  
Let all else fail, thou wilt forsake us  
Never: and though time parts  
Us from thy side,  
We still abide  
The lovers, thou didst make us.

Lovers: for we have known thee well,  
And love thee, since we know thee.  
But how with heart and soul to show thee  
Our love, we cannot tell.  
Ah! may we be  
But worthy thee:  
Or evermore forgo thee,

Now once more let the old words come,  
The old *Eia! quid silemus?*  
Now, *Dulce Domum resonemus!*  
For love of thee, Sweet Home!  
*Vivas et stes!*  
*Te indies*  
*Amantius amemus.*

*Videte, finem dum facere cupio, nullum mihi modum statuo. Et quis enim modus adsit amori? Quia vos amo, Wiccamnici, de vobis multum ac saepe cogitare,, et vobis bene esse cupere debeo. . . .*

*Richard Willes: 1573.*

# UNCOLLECTED POEMS



## WALTER PATER

GRACIOUS God rest him! he who toiled so well  
Secrets of grace to tell  
Graciously; as the awed rejoicing priest  
Officiates at the feast,  
Knowing how deep within the liturgies  
Lie hid the mysteries.  
Half of a passionately pensive soul  
He showed us, not the whole:  
Who loved him best, they best, they only, knew  
The deeps they might not view;  
That which was private between God and him;  
To others, justly dim.  
Calm Oxford autumns and preluding springs!  
To me your memory brings  
Delight upon delight, but chiefest one:  
The thought of Oxford's son,  
Who gave me of his welcome and his praise,  
When white were still my days;  
Ere death had left life darkling, nor had sent  
• Lament upon lament:  
Ere sorrow told me how I loved my lost,  
And bade me base love's cost.  
Scholarship's constant saint, he kept her light  
• In him divinely white:•



With cloistral jealousy of ardour strove  
To guard her sacred grove,  
Inviolatè by worldly feet, nor paced  
In desecrating haste.  
Oh, sweet grave smiling of that wisdom, brought  
From arduous ways of thought;  
Oh, golden patience of that travailing soul  
So hungered for the goal,  
And vowed to keep, through subtly vigilant pain,  
From pastime on the plain,  
Enamoured of the difficult mountain air  
Up beauty's Hill of Prayer!  
Stern is the faith of art, right stern, and he  
Loved her severity.  
Momentous things he prized, gradual and fair  
Births of a passionate air:  
Some austere setting of an ancient sun,  
Its midday glories done,  
Over a silent melancholy sea  
In sad serenity:  
Some delicate dawning of a new desire,  
Distilling fragrant fire  
On hearts of men prophetically fain  
To feel earth young again:  
Some strange rich passage of the dreaming earth,  
Fulfilled with warmth and worth.  
Ended, his service: yet, albeit farewell  
Tolls the faint vesper bell,  
Patient beneath his Oxford trees and towers  
He still is gently ours:  
Hierarch of the spirit, pure and strong,  
Worthy Uranian song.

Gracious God keep him: and God grant to me  
By miracle to see  
That unforgettably most gracious friend,  
In the never-ending end!

## BROTHERS

IN MEMORY OF AUSTIN FARRAND, KILLED IN THE  
SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

Now hath Death dealt a generous violence,  
Calling thee swiftly hence  
By the like instrument of instant fire,  
To join thy heart's desire,  
Thy brother, slain before thee; but whom thou,  
Slain friend! regainest now.  
True brother wast thou, whom from his dear side  
Death did not long divide.  
How often, till the golden stars grew dim,  
Our speech was but of him,  
Exiled beneath those Afric stars, whose deep  
Radiance adorns your sleep!  
Fair warrior brothers, excellently dead,  
Your loyal lifeblood shed,  
In death's gray distant land do thou and he  
Keep any mind of me,  
Of old days filled with laughter of delight,  
And many a laughing night?  
Yes! for although your stars in storm have set,  
Nor you, nor I, forget:  
Earthward you long and lean, earthward: and I

Toward your eternity.  
 Death cannot conquer all; your love and mine  
 Live, deathlessly divine.  
 You wait, I wait, a little while we wait:  
 And then, the wide-flung Gate,  
 The impassionate Heavens, the white-horsed, white-  
     robed Knights,  
 The chaunting on the heights,  
 The beauty of the Bright and Morning Star!  
 Then, burst our prison-bar,  
 Shall we for evermore each other see,  
 We three, we happy three,  
 Where, in the white perfection of God's peace,  
 Old love shall find increase.  
 In faith and hope endure our hearts till then:  
*Amen! Amen!*

### TO A FRIEND

SWEET, hard and wise, your choice so early made,  
 To cast the world away, a derelict:  
 To wear within the pure and austere shade  
 The sacred sable of Saint Benedict.  
 I give you praise: give me your better prayers.  
 The nothingness, which you have flung away,  
 To me seems full of fond delightful cares,  
 Visions, and dangers of the crowded day.  
 Give me your prayers: you keep no other wealth,  
 And therefore are the wealthiest of my friends.  
 So shall you lure me by an holy stealth  
 At last into the Land where wandering ends;

## PROLOGUE

THE May fire once on every dreaming hill  
 All the fair land with burning bloom would fill:  
 All the fair land, at visionary night,  
 Gave loving glory to the Lord of Light.  
 Have we no leaping flames of Beltane praise  
 To kindle in the joyous ancient ways;  
 No fire of song, of vision, of white dream,  
 Fit for the Master of the Heavenly Gleam;  
 For him who first made Ireland move in chime,  
 Musical from the misty dawn of time?

Ah, yes: for sacrifice this night we bring  
 The passion of a lost soul's triumphing:  
 All rich with faery airs that, wandering long  
 Uncaught, here gather into Irish song;  
 Sweet as the old remembering winds that wail  
 From hill to hill of gracious Inisfail;  
 Sad as the unforgetting winds that pass  
 Over her children in her holy grass  
 At home, and sleeping well upon her breast,  
 Where snowy Déirdre and her sorrows rest.

Another tale we tell you: how a man,  
 Filled with high dreams, his race of longing ran  
 Haunted by fair and infinite desire;  
 Whose life was music, yet a wounding fire.  
 Stern is the story: welcome it no less,  
 Aching and lofty in its loveliness.  
 Come, then, and keep with us an Irish feast,  
 Wherein the Lord of Light and Song is priest;

Now, at this opening of the gentle May  
 Watch warring passions at their storm and play;  
 Wrought with the flaming Ecstasy of art,  
 Sprung from the dreaming of an Irish heart.

*Beltaine, 1899.*

### SYLVAN MORFYDD

White Morfydd through the woods  
 Went on a moonlit night:  
 Never so pure a sight  
     As that, as white  
 White Morfydd in the woods.

White Morfydd through the woods  
 Moved, as a spirit might:  
 The cool leaves with delight  
     Stirred round the white  
 White Morfydd in the woods.

White Morfydd through the woods  
 Went lonely and went bright:  
 She was those woodlands' light,  
     My lost, most white  
 White Morfydd in the woods.

*Outlook, 28 Dec. 1901.*

### PARADISE LOST

THERE is sorrow on the sea:  
 For the land of my delight,  
 Of my love, is lost to me.  
 I am lonely day and night,  
 With my sorrow on the sea

I and sorrow sail the sea.  
 Would that I a glad wave were,  
 Ireland! swift to leap to thee;  
 But afar from thee I fare:  
 Now is sorrow on the sea.

Sorrow, sorrow, on the sea!  
 I, no soft Hesperides  
 Look to find and solaced be:  
 Lying thee, I seek not these;  
 Sweeter, sorrow on the sea.

There is sorrow on the sea.  
 I would wander evermore,  
 Landing never, might I see  
 Sometimes something of thy shore,  
 I and sorrow, from the sea.

*Outlook*, 12 Oct. 1902.

## ENDS OF THE EARTH

WHAT cordial part in you is ours,  
 Who in the ancient isle had birth:  
 You, of strange stars and other flowers,  
 Ends of the endless earth.

You fire us to imperial thought:  
 Proud passion kindles at your names,  
 Other Englands, vastly wrought,  
 • Fashioned from our great flames!

But some across the worlds of waves  
Gaze with more intimate intent:  
To lifelong homes and deathlong graves  
Half of our hearts we lent:

Half of our hearts! Oh! worlds away  
Beat they or sleep, where many a friend  
Through luminous night and burning day  
Waits, or has found, his end.

Our wastes of fame no more they see,  
Our memoried winds they may not hear:  
Their worlds to us will ever be  
Alien: yet near and dear!

Through Oxford summers, London days,  
Who walked with us, now set their feet,  
Ends of the earth! on your far ways,  
That ours will never meet.

We bide within the English seas  
Among the fields of home: but yet,  
Far realms and marvellous distances!  
On you our eyes are set.

You prison us in loving chains,  
You bind us fast with treasured bands:  
Our hearts are on your vasty plains,  
Afric and Austral lands!

*Outlook*, 19 Feb. 1898.

## TO THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN

ALL mothers of a young man child,  
 Madam! are praying for you: wild,  
 Bitter and wild the waves that beat  
 About your King's, your Son's, young feet:  
 Too tender yet for aught but play,  
 Fate sets them on a sterner way.  
 Ah, can it hold, that little hand,  
 Teresa's and Cervantes' land?  
 Must glorious and golden Spain  
 Pass through the purging fires again,  
 To learn, with tears and bloody sweat,  
 The truth, no nation may forget:  
 That wrong for evermore is wrong,  
 And vengeance to God belong?  
 If noble Spain hath once forgot  
 The way of honour, shall there not  
 Come God in His own anger? Can  
 Even proud Spain dare play the man  
 In a wrong quarrel? Quick, to prayers!  
 Immeasurable power is theirs:  
 Christ's Vicar from the heart of Rome  
 Is praying for his godchild's home;  
 And all the mothers of a son  
 Pray for Spain's royal little one.  
*Peace upon earth!* Yes: but if war  
 Kindle its devastating star,

Madam! be none the less comforted:  
 You to the memory of your dead  
 Have paid a queenly homage: you,  
 To him and Spain devoutly true,



Have toiled, and ever manlike worn  
 A crown, the weariest burden borne.  
 Fired and inspired by you must be  
 The high Castilian chivalry:  
 And all the love of all Spain cling  
 Around the powerless child its King.  
 God be with him and you! God send  
 These troubles a courageous end:  
 God be with you, and with your Spain,  
 And peace be upon earth again.

*Outlook, 7 May 1898.*

### TO HIS FRIEND SELWYN IMAGE

UPON HIS GIVING HIM A COPY OF SUCKLING'S *FRAG-  
 MENTA AUREA*, THE EDITION OF 1658

To send brave Suckling's Muse so bright  
 Travelling for a friend's delight,  
     Is yours by right,  
 You, who can play and sing.  
 Upon as fair a string  
 To me comes like from like: shall I,  
 In Suckling's measure fondly try  
     To make reply?  
 Dispatching in such strain  
 Like to like back again?

That were an idle task for me!  
 The Muses grant their high degree  
     And dignity  
 Only to men of worth  
 In music and in mirth.

So, Muse of Suckling! To my friend,  
Where, too, art thou: to him commend  
Me to the end,  
I from without thy ranks  
Give him all hail and thanks.

London, 1900.

### LIGHT! FOR THE STARS ARE PALE

"Non, l'avenir n'est à personne."—HUGO.

"Les morts, les pauvres morts, ont des grandes douleurs."—

BAUDELAIRE.

LIGHT! for the stars are pale; light! for the high  
moon wanes;

Whither now hides the sun, that all we stricken blind,  
Feel not his eyes, hear not the thunders of the wind  
Flung round him trumpet-toned about his clear  
domains?

Morn's rose along night's verge with folded wing  
disdains

Our twilight miserable and hopes of humankind,  
Hardly we catch its breath; is the great sun less kind,  
Than falling stars, frail moons, than night's cloud  
hurricanes?

Darkling we dwindle deathward, and our dying sight  
Strains back to pierce the living gloom; ere night be  
done

We pass from night to night; our sons shall see the  
light,

Children of us shall laugh to welcome the free sun;  
 Yet pity for the poor dead must mar their fair joy  
     won,—

That all we died too soon, passing from night to night.  
*The Wykehamist*, 26 June 1885.

### THAT THOU ART DEAD IS LITTLE

(ON THE MONUMENT SHORTLY TO BE RAISED IN  
 HONOUR OF ROSSETTI)

THAT thou art dead is little, never a Death  
 Hath power upon the power of our live love;  
 Thy breathing verse hath ever thy life breath,  
 And scarce we heed what our heart's passion saith,—  
 That thou art dead, who livest in our love.

Yet what we can, we give thee; not alone  
 Voices of praise and all life hath of love;  
 Our sun shall strike along thy lips of stone,  
 That still will make not music's antiphon  
 As when thy life chaunted past Death to Love.  
*The Wykehamist*, 26 June 1885.

### DOWN MEADS

SOFT-falling rain  
 Blown by warm winds abroad at evening,  
 Flying and gathering together again,  
     Anoints mine eyes that strain  
 Against a wonderful and solemn thing,

Visible in the vaulted height.  
 A light, but no light from a fallen sun,  
 A light, that sleepless eyes look not upon,  
     An angry light,  
 Cavernous and unrejoicing, floods with fire,  
 Even such as leaps on a smoke-lurid pyre,  
     The western space of sky,  
 Casting grim shadows on the ways of men.  
     Hushed is each bird's homing cry,  
 And all the air is fearsome to their ken.  
     But lo! the holier orient  
 Shows keen and gray-blue as a trenchant sword,  
     While faery drifts of flashing cloud,  
     Tenderly aureoled  
     With flushes of pale primrose gold,  
 Are flowers afloat where mounts on high light's Lord  
 At dawn triumphant on the starry crowd  
     Driven to their continent  
 Dusk-barred and viewless, and their day-long fold.  
 The face o' the world grows unfamiliar;  
     And from afar  
 Trembles a voice of wailing utterless  
 Lingered along the blowing of the wind,  
     If haply it may find  
 A spirit to touch with fear, or eyes to fill  
     With tears that not express  
 The passion of the pity of their sight,  
     When to their hungering sense  
 The secret purpose of the world seems ill,  
 And ruined each high old-world excellence.  
     Strange miracle of gloom  
 With dreadful splendour travelling across

The untroubled glory of a summer skyl  
 Yet now no thunders dear to fierce July  
     Expend their heart of doom;  
         Silence prevails,  
 Silence, until the tortured spirit quails,  
     And life is at a loss,  
 Confronted with so rare a stress of pain  
     As this that grasps the brain  
     Despite the gentle rain,  
 Turning the twilight to a haunt of cares.  
     Still through fast-trampling depths of dark  
     Discoloured cloud drives the fleet fire  
         That soars and flares  
 On sombre wings about the next vault; mark  
     The horror of its hurrying! hark  
 The moaning of tall trees beneath its glare,  
 When on their shaken spires fall and expire,  
     While lime-flowers load the air,  
 The sullen after-glows that leave them bare,  
 As from a deathward face dies the mind's fire.  
 Ah, winds and airs, tempests of cloud and flame,  
 Ah, deep strange language and beyond our thought,  
     Ah, world hushed for an hour!  
 Is melancholy all that you have brought,  
     Sorrow and shame,  
 And dust foreshadowed in the fragrant flower?  
     Yet pity dwells with perfect power,  
 Crystalline at the centre of just wrath,  
     And somewhere on your path,  
 Angels of dreadful grace, pity hath shed  
 Balm for the health of souls discomforted;  
 Shining, a star of the unchastened sea,

From twilight to twilight;  
 Whilst love eternal out of night  
 Lingers a faultless plenitude of light,  
 The Sun that is not fearful, but of Love  
 Daily the splendid ensign, set above  
 All moods and phantasies of men forlorn  
 Who fear, as I this hour. O music-borne,  
 Crystalline, fire-bringer, thou Sun the priest  
 Of constant benediction to thine East,  
 Thine house fragrant with frankincense, with light  
 Innumerable a splendour and delight;  
 Sun, king of loveliness, fashion my thought  
 With the deep beauty of thine eyes flame-wrought  
 That flood their light upon all things that live:  
 Light, light and fire! these gifts thou givest, give  
 Unto me too, thy lover, fain to sing.  
 Ever in honour of thy triumphing.  
 O Sun, through melancholy and through mirth.

O light-giver, on Earth,  
 Constrain me to the music that expires  
 At evening along thy fallen fires;  
 Compel me to the thunders wherewithal  
 Thine orient voice makes morning musical.  
 In flame my lips with strength of song, set free  
 The pulses of my heart to beat for thee,  
 That so, thine unction on my brow, even I,  
 'Mid thoughts of musical accord may die;  
 And pass through purity of loving fires,  
 To hear heaven's lovelier lyres  
 Make music of all days in high-exalted quires.

*The Wykehamist.*

## MORNING TWILIGHT.

NOW the night's long murmur of awful incense  
 Breathed away from colourless fields of folded  
 Flowers about mine eyes to the silent air-vault

Sweeps: paradisal

Airs float down diaphanous lawns of dawnlight  
 Sloping out from infinite fields of utter  
 Darkness, whence calm pallor of moonlit cloud-cirques  
 Glows to the full moon.

Light with light, gloom swiftly with ardent gloom now  
 Counterchanges; high overhead supernal  
 Stars with keen flames fluctuating await the  
 Glory of sunrise.

Sanguine-cinctured, pitiless: yet a little  
 Longer round me plays the malignant lustre,  
 Yet a little longer about the night's far

Arduous air-ways

Rings her music, ring the melodious angel  
 Harps of darkness, cool as upon a low shore  
 Fall lithe ripples, fall the reluctant ripples,

Fall, till the morning

Backward fold them. Break, for the sun resumes the  
 Fields with glancing feet; whither linger longer  
 Now your echoes, voices of argent night, now

Slowly to silence

Dying? dawn upon the supreme of high heaven  
 Flares, empurpled past the low verge of skyland,  
 Flares, and flames illimitable relume night's

Holy of Holies.

Equal-fated, shades of the under-world love  
 Ruined moonlight, wreckage of sunrise fury;

Us yet living, us in the hold of sorrows,  
     Us may the sunlight  
 Glorify to death of remembered anguish,  
 Break the labours, shatter the hard remembrance?  
 Yet us too the chilly revolving waters  
     Alway await: us  
 Too the golden passion of instant ardour  
 Shall not likewise more than a little longer  
 Glorify to gladness: a little longer  
     While we go deathward.

*The Wykehamist.*

### VITA VENTURI SAECULI

BE glad with beauty, white with perfect grace,  
     Sweet Age to come, whose face  
 Dawns dimly in our prophesying eyes  
     Eager with good surmise!  
 Dim we discern thee, Daughter of God's Will,  
     Descending to fulfil  
 The august decrees that were when Time was not:  
     Time, man's compatriot;  
 Time, but an happy accident of God,  
     Gone at His dooming nod.  
 What golden gifts are plenteous in thine hands?  
     For now the longing lands  
 Await thee, Saviour and expect the Queen,  
     Beneficent, serene,  
 Redemptress of wronged beauty, injured grace,  
     Restoring them their place.  
 Light on the heights! we hunger for full day  
     And the high sun's display;



Life flooded with bright beauty in full stream;  
That is our faithful dream!  
Sweet Age to come, whose wings are of white fire,  
Deny not our desire:  
O kingdom of the Spirit, conquering all  
Take willing earth in Thrall!  
Let green woods wave thee welcome, and blue seas  
Laugh welcome, and each breeze  
Be sacred incense round thee: peace appear  
Through crystal atmosphere,  
Impassioned, perdurable, omnipotent;  
Given by God, not lent.  
Foretaste of Heaven, ere Heaven be all in all,  
Come to the vexed world's call;  
Come to the faithful dreaming heart of man,  
Whose wistful dreams began  
When earth, for earth's no fault, but man's, was marred,  
Vastly accursed, and scarred.  
Man dreams! and sometimes beneath Olive trees  
Plato divinely sees  
Divinity, and Dante's pilgrim soul  
Toils toward it; and the whole  
Vision of Shakespeare craves it, and the least  
Of men cast off the beast  
At touch of love or sorrow of love's pain,  
And Paradise regain.  
What, though there be dark perjurers, who swear  
To precepts of despair?  
The world still tremblingly toward God returns,  
And ardently, and yearns  
Godward, and knows Him for the First and Last,  
All Future and all Past;

- Knows Him the Innumerable and the One,  
 Endless and Unbegun.
- We perjure not our necessary dreams,  
 Whatever lie blasphemes
- The high necessities of God and man:  
 Ere the Four Rivers ran,  
 Dreams and desires were made for men, whereby  
 • They drink eternity  
 Beforehand, as in ecstasy, and feel  
 • Heirs of its Commonweal,  
 Heirs of the King of Beauty and of Grace;  
 Most royal in their race.
  - Sweet Age to come, declare the doctrine clear;  
 • We wait thee now, wait here!  
 Sweet Age to come, upon our ready ground  
 Let lily and rose abound,  
 With pure supremacy of fragrant state  
 Sweetening this world of hate,  
 Which does the wrongs, it knows not, and it knows;  
 Plant thou thy lily and rose!  
 Have there not blossomed upon gentle seas  
 Gentle Hesperides,  
 Fortunate Isles irrevocably fair?  
 Ah, to set sail, and there
  - Landing, lay hold on an immortal rest;  
 Land, and become the Blest,  
 Lapped in enamouring Elysian light  
 And musical delight!  
 A dream? Ah, dreams! Their poignancy is this:  
 They are, what only is,  
 Yet still escapes us: but we know them sure,  
 Eternal in allure.

Sweet Age to come, bring thou our dreams to birth,  
Peopling the appealing earth  
With all audacities of fiery faith:  
Hear me! Hear me! it saith,  
And thou, faint Dawnstar, herald of our hope,  
Star of our horoscope,  
We love thee, prophet light! love thee, but yet  
Speed swiftness to thy set,  
That swiftness prophecy and presage be  
Proven of their verity,  
Morn bides thy passing! Spring to us, our Morn.  
Rejoicing to be born:  
Rise on us, suffer us to share with thee  
Thy dread immaculacy!  
Kings are we, Principalities and Powers,  
By right divine not ours,  
But God's poured down upon us: help us then  
To stand up royal men,  
Olympian children, rosy in the light  
Streaming from Sion Height;  
Compassed about with echoes of its song,  
Most heavenly clear and strong!  
The impotence of death is plain to us,  
Whose faith victorious  
Laughs death into defeat, and spurns all dread  
Of nothingness, and dead  
Lifeblood, and deathless spirit bound to death,  
And man an empty breath.  
Thou knowest: even when our faith is dumb,  
Thou knowest. Come, then, come,  
Its passionate silence thou canst pierce; thine ear  
Mistakes it not for fear.

Thou knowest; the vast silences of night,  
Trembling with dumb delight,  
Pulse with more passion than the voice of day  
Attains, attempts, to say.  
But now we hail thee: and our battling speech  
Ways to thine heart can reach,  
And by its weakness touch thee to our will,  
• And from the Holy Hill  
• Woo thee and win thee to the great descent,  
• Our hope and God's intent  
O mighty Angel of the Eternal Mind,  
Shine on us, Predesigned:  
Hear us, hear us, hear us, sweet Age to Come!  
Our hearts prepare thy home.



MEMORIAL  
TO  
HIS GRACE  
THE DUKE OF  
CAMBRIDGE  
K. G.  
BY  
JAMES  
H. STUART  
ESQ.  
OF  
THE  
BARRISTERS  
AT  
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